This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

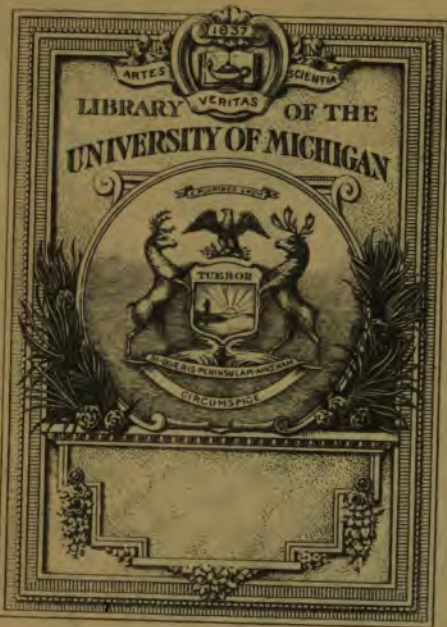
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


1837
ARTES
SCIENTIA
VERITAS
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
CIRCUMSPICE

828
D647tr

TRIFLES:

VIZ.

The TOY-SHOP.

The KING and the MILLER of MANSFIELD.

The BLIND BEGGAR of BETHNAL-GREEN.

REX & PONTIFEX.

The CHRONICLE of the KINGS of ENGLAND.

The ART of PREACHING, in Imitation of HORACE's ART of POETRY.

The Right of Mankind *to do what they will*, aſſerted.

With ſeveral others, not more Conſiderable.

By R. DODSLEY.

At TULLY's Head in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.XLV.

English
Braun
10-2-28
18027

To the Worthy

Patron and Encourager

OF ALL

Human Projects and Designs,

TO-MORROW.

GREAT SIR!

THE following Pieces have most of them had the good fortune to be favourably received by some of your predecessors;

deceſſors; how much of that honour I muſt place to the account of Indulgence, and how little to that of Merit, I doubt not but your great penetration will eaſily diſcover. You will however be ſo juſt, as to take into your conſideration the author's want of that aſſiſtance and improvement which a liberal education beſtows, and make ſuch allowances for it as to your great wiſdom and candour ſhall ſeem meet.

I ſhall

I ſhall perhaps be accuſed of preſumption, in hoping that ſuch ſickly productions ſhould live long enough to throw themſelves at your feet, or feel the influence of that protection to which they aſpire; but ſhould they have the happineſs to arrive at ſo diſtant a period, the utmoſt bounds of my ambition extend no farther than that they may be honour'd with a favourable recommendation from

from YOU to your Worthy Son and Succeſſor, the NEXT DAY. I am with great reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted

and obedient Servant.

THE

TOY-SHOP:

A

DRAMATIC SATIRE.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

A N

EPISTLE

TO A

FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

SIR,

THE opinion which you ſay has prevail'd with ſome, that this piece is not my own, but from a better hand, gives me too much pleaſure to be angry, and would do me too much honour to contradict, did it not ſhew their want of judgment who entertain it. I ſhould be very glad if I could perſuade myſelf there were any juſt grounds in the merit of the thing, to countenance ſuch an opinion; but ſince it has been ſo favourably received, that I am now to print an eighth edition of it, I find I have pride enough to vindicate to myſelf any credit I may receive from it.

You may remember, long before I had the honour of being known to mr POPE, *the regard I had for him; and it was a great mortification to me, that I uſed to think myſelf too inconſiderable ever to merit his notice or eſteem. However, ſome time after I had wrote the Toy-Shop, hoping there was ſomething in it which might recommend me to him in a moral capacity, at leaſt, tho' not in a poetical one, I ſent it to him, and deſired his opinion of it; expreſſing ſome doubt that, tho' I deſign'd it for the ſtage, yet unleſs its novelty would recommend it, I was afraid it would not bear a publick repreſentation, and therefore had not offered it to the Actors.*

In anſwer to this, I receiv'd the following inſtance of mr POPE*'s good-nature and humanity.*

Feb. 5, 1732-3.

S I R,

I Was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular judgment goes. Whether it has action enough to pleaſe on the ſtage, I doubt: but the morality and ſatire ought to be reliſhed by the reader. I will do more than you aſk me; I will recommend it to mr RICH. If he

can

can join it to any play, with ſuitable repreſentations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I ſincerely wiſh it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could ſhew you my friendſhip in any Inſtance.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

He was as good as his word; he recommended it to mr RICH; *by his intereſt it was brought upon the ſtage; and by the indulgence of the town, it was very favourably received.*

This is the hiſtory of the Toy-Shop; and I ſhall always think myſelf happy in having wrote it, ſince it firſt procured me the favour and acquaintance of mr POPE.

I am, &c.

R. DODSLEY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

MASTER *of the* Shop.	Mr. *Chapman.*
1 GENTLEMAN.	Mr. *Bridgewater.*
2 GENTLEMAN.	Mr. *Wignell.*
3 GENTLEMAN.	Mr. *Hallam.*
4 GENTLEMAN.	Mr. *Hale.*
BEAU.	Mr. *Neale.*
1 OLD MAN.	Mr. *James.*
2 OLD MAN.	Mr. *Hippeſley.*

WOMEN.

1 LADY.	Mrs. *Bullock.*
2 LADY.	Mrs. *Norſa.*
3 LADY.	Mrs. *Mullart.*
4 LADY.	Miſs *Binks.*

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.

GENTLEMAN.

AND you have never been at this extraordinary toy-ſhop, you ſay, madam?

FIRST LADY.

No, ſir: I have heard of the man, indeed; but moſt people ſay, he's a very impertinent, ſilly fellow.

GENTLEMAN.

That's becauſe he ſometimes tells them of their faults.

FIRST LADY.

And that's ſufficient. I ſhould think any man impertinent that ſhould pretend to tell me of my faults, if they did not concern him.

GENTLEMAN.

Yes, madam. But people that know him, take no exceptions. And really, tho' ſome may think him impertinent, in my opinion, he's very entertaining.

SECOND LADY.

Pray, who is the man you are talking of? I never heard of him.

GENTLEMAN.

He's one who has lately ſet up a toy-ſhop, madam, and is, perhaps, the moſt extraordinary perſon in his way that ever was heard of. He is a general ſatiriſt, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a cuſtom of moralizing upon every trifle he ſells, and will ſtrike a leſſon of inſtruction out of a ſnuff-box, a thimble, or a cockle-ſhell.

FIRST LADY.

Isn't he craz'd?

GENTLEMAN.

Madam, he may be call'd a humouriſt; but does not want ſenſe, I do aſſure you.

SECOND LADY.

Methinks I ſhould be glad to ſee him.

GENTLEMAN.

I dare ſay you will be very much diverted. And, if you'll give me leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

SECOND LADY.

What ſay you, madam, ſhall we go?

FIRST LADY.

I can't help thinking he's a coxcomb; however, to ſatisfy my curioſity, I don't care if I do.

GENTLEMAN.

I believe the coach is at the door.

SECOND LADY.

I hope he won't affront us.

GENTLEMAN.

He won't deſignedly, I'm ſure, madam. [*Exeunt.*

THE

THE TOY-SHOP.

The SCENE opens and diſcovers a Toy-ſhop; the maſter ſtanding behind the counter looking over his books.

MASTER.

METHINKS I have had a tolerable good day of it to-day. A gold watch, five and thirty guineas---Let me ſee---what did that watch ſtand me in?---* Where is it? O here---Lent to lady Baſſet eighteen guineas upon her gold watch. Ay, ſhe died and never redeemed it.---A ſet of old china, five pounds,----bought of an old cloaths man for five ſhillings. Right.---A curious ſhell for a ſnuff-box, two

* *Turning to another book backwards and forwards.*

two guineas.----Bought of a poor fiſher-boy for a half-penny. Now, if I had offered that ſhell for ſixpence, nobody would have bought it. Well, thanks to the whimſical extravagance and folly of mankind. I believe, from theſe childiſh toys, and gilded baubles, I ſhall pick up a comfortable maintenance. For, really, as it is a trifling age, ſo nothing but trifles are valued in it. Men read none but trifling authors, purſue none but trifling amuſements, and contend for none but trifling opinions. A trifling fellow is preferr'd; a trifling woman admir'd. Nay, as if there were not real trifles enow, they now make trifles of the moſt ſerious and valuable things. Their time, their health, their money, their reputation, are trifled away. Honeſty is become a trifle, conſcience a trifle, honour a mere trifle, and religion the greateſt trifle of all.

Enter the Gentleman and two Ladies.

MASTER.

Sir, your humble ſervant; I'm very glad to ſee you.

GENTLEMAN.

Sir, I am yours. I have brought you ſome cuſtomers here.

MASTER.

You are very good, ſir. What do you pleaſe to want, ladies?

FIRST LADY.

Pleaſe to want! people ſeldom pleaſe to want any thing, ſir.

MASTER.

MASTER.

O dear, madam, yes; I always imagine when people come into a toy-ſhop, it muſt be for ſomething they pleaſe to want.

SECOND LADY.

Here is a mighty pretty looking-glaſs: pray, ſir, what's the price of it?

MASTER.

This looking-glaſs, madam, is the fineſt in all England. In this glaſs a coquet may ſee her vanity, and a prude her hypocriſy. Some ladies may ſee more beauty than modeſty, more airs than graces, and more wit than good-nature.

FIRST LADY.

He begins already. [*Aſide.*]

MASTER.

If a beau was to buy this glaſs, and look earneſtly in it, he might ſee his folly almoſt as ſoon as his finery. 'Tis true, ſome people may not ſee their generoſity in it, nor others their charity, yet it is a very clear glaſs. Some fine gentlemen may not ſee their good-manners in it, perhaps, nor ſome parſons their religion, yet it is a very clear glaſs. In ſhort, tho' every one that paſſes for a maid ſhould not happen to ſee a virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear glaſs, you know, for all that.

SECOND LADY.

Yes, ſir, but I did not aſk you the virtues of it; I aſk'd you the price.

MASTER.

It was neceſſary to tell you the virtues, madam, in

home the text, perhaps, but mind the ſermon no more than if they had not heard one

FIRST LADY.

Why, ſir, when a ſhort text has more in it than a long ſermon, it's no wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

THIRD LADY.

Pray, ſir, let me look at ſome of your little dogs.

SECOND LADY.

[*Aſide.*] Little dogs! My ſtars! How cheaply ſome people are entertain'd! Well, it's a ſign human converſation is grown low and inſipid, whilſt that of dogs and monkies is prefer'd to it.

MASTER.

Here are very beautiful dogs, madam. Theſe dogs, when they were alive, were ſome of them the greateſt dogs of their age. I don't mean the largeſt, but dogs of the greateſt quality and merit.

FIRST LADY.

I love a dog of merit dearly; has not he a dog of honour too, I wonder? [*Aſide.*]

MASTER.

Here's a dog now that never eat but upon plate or china, nor ſet his foot but upon a carpet or a cuſhion. Here's one too; this dog belonged to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England; he was her moſt intimate friend and particular favourite; and upon that account has received more compliments, more reſpect, and more addreſſes, than

than a firſt miniſter of ſtate. Here's another, which was, doubtleſs, a dog of ſingular worth and great importance, ſince, at his death, one of the greateſt families in the kingdom were all in tears, received no viſits for the ſpace of a week, but ſhut themſelves up and mourn'd their loſs with inconſolable ſorrow. This dog, while he liv'd, either for contempt of his perſon, neglect of his buſineſs, or ſaucy and impertinent behaviours in their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away upwards of thirty ſervants. He died at laſt of a cold caught by following one of the maids into a damp room, for which ſhe loſt her place, her wages, and her character.

THIRD LADY.

O the careleſs, wicked wretch! I would have had her try'd for murder at leaſt. That, that is juſt my caſe! The ſad relation revives my grief ſo ſtrongly, I cannot contain. Lucy, bring in the box. † See! ſee the charming creature, here lies dead! Its precious life is gone! Oh, my dear Chloe, no more wilt thou lie hugg'd in my warm boſom! no more will that ſweet tongue lick o'er my face, nor that dear mouth eat dainty bits from mine. Oh, death, what haſt thou robb'd me of?

GENTLEMAN.

A proper object to diſplay your folly. [*Aſide.*]

MASTER.

† *Here her maid enters and delivers a box, from which the lady pulls out a dead dog, kiſſing it, and weeping.* Lucy *too pretends great ſorrow, but turning aſide burſts out a laughing, and cries,* She little thinks I poiſon'd it.

MASTER.

Pray, madam, moderate your grief; you ought to thank heaven 'tis not your husband.

THIRD LADY.

Oh, what is husband, father, mother, son, to my dear precious Chloe! ——— No, no, I cannot live without the sight of his dear image; and if you cannot make me the exact effigies of this poor dead creature, I must never hope to see one happy day in life.

MASTER.

Well, madam, be comforted, I will do it to your satisfaction. [*Taking the box.*

THIRD LADY.

Let me have one look more: Poor creature! O cruel fate, that dogs are born to die!

[*Exit weeping.*

GENTLEMAN.

What a scene is here! Are not the real and unvoidable evils of life sufficient, that people thus create themselves imaginary woes?

MASTER.

These, sir, are the griefs of those who have no other. Did they once truly feel the real miseries of life, ten thousand dogs might die without a tear.

Enter a second Gentleman.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

I want an ivory pocket-book.

MASTER.

Do you please to have it with directions, or without? SECOND

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

Directions! what, how to uſe it?

MASTER.

Yes, ſir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

I ſhould think, every man's own buſineſs his beſt direction.

MASTER.

It may be ſo. Yet there are ſome general rules which it equally behoves every man to be acquainted with. As for inſtance: always to make a memorandum of the benefits you receive from others; always to ſet down the faults or failings, which from time to time you diſcover in yourſelf. And, if you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natur'd deſign to hurt or expoſe them, at any time, but with a *nota bene*, that it is only for a caution to yourſelf, not to be guilty of the like. With a great many other rules of ſuch a nature as makes one of my pocket-books both a uſual monitor, and a very entertaining companion.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

And pray, what's the price of one of them?

MASTER.

The price is a guinea, ſir.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.

That's very dear: but as it is a curioſity-----

[*Pays for it, and Exit.*

Enter a Beau.

BEAU.

Pray, ſir, let me ſee ſome of your handſomeſt ſnuff-boxes.

MASTER.

Here's a plain gold one, ſir, a very neat box; here's a gold enamelled; here's a ſilver one neatly carved and gilt; here's a curious ſhell, ſir, ſet in gold.

BEAU.

Damn your ſhells; there's not one of them fit for a gentleman to put his fingers into. I want one with ſome pretty device on the inſide of the lid; ſomething that may ſerve to joke upon, or help one to an occaſion to be witty, that is, ſmutty, now and then.

MASTER.

And are witty and ſmutty then ſynonymous terms?

BEAU.

O dear, ſir, yes; a little decent ſmut is the very life of all converſation; 'tis the wit of drawing-rooms, aſſemblies, and tea-tables; 'tis the ſmart raillery of fine gentlemen, and the innocent freedom of fine ladies; 'tis a *double entendre*, at which the coquet laughs, the prude looks grave, the modeſt bluſh, but all are pleaſed with.

MASTER.

That it is the wit and entertainment of all converſations, I believe, ſir, may poſſibly be a miſtake.

take. 'Tis true, thoſe who are ſo rude as to uſe it in all converſations, may poſſibly be ſo depraved themſelves, as to fancy every body elſe as agreeably entertained in hearing it, as they are in uttering it: but, I dare ſay, any man or woman of real virtue and modeſty, has as little taſte for ſuch ribaldry, as thoſe coxcombs have for what is good ſenſe, or true politeneſs.

BEAU.

Good ſenſe, ſir! Damme, ſir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good ſenſe as well as any man. Good ſenſe is a true ---- a right ---- a ---- a ---- a ---- damn it, I ſcorn to be ſo pedantick as to make definitions; but I can invent a cramp oath, ſir; drink a ſmutty health, ſir; ridicule prieſts, laugh at all religion, and make ſuch a grave prig as you look juſt like a fool, ſir. Now, damme, I take this to be good ſenſe.

MASTER.

And I, unmov'd, can hear ſuch ſenſeleſs ridicule, and look upon its author with an eye of pity and contempt. And this I take to be good ſenſe.

BEAU.

Pſhaw, pſhaw, damn'd hypocriſy and affectation; nothing elſe, nothing elſe. [*Exit.*

MASTER.

There is nothing ſo much my averſion as a coxcomb. They are a ridicule upon human nature, and make one almoſt aſham'd to be of the ſame ſpecies. And, for that reaſon, I can't forbear affronting them, whenever they fall in my way. I hope the

ladies will excuſe ſuch behaviour in their preſence.

SECOND LADY.

Indeed, ſir, I wiſh we had always ſome body to treat them with ſuch behaviour in our preſence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their impertinence.

Enter a young Gentleman.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

I want a plain gold ring, ſir, exactly this ſize.

MASTER.

Then, 'tis not for yourſelf, ſir?

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

No.

MASTER.

A wedding-ring, I preſume.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

No, ſir; I thank you kindly; that's a toy I never deſign to play with. 'Tis the moſt dangerous piece of goods in your whole ſhop. People are perpetually doing themſelves a miſchief with it. They hang themſelves faſt together firſt, and afterwards are ready to hang themſelves ſeparately, to get looſe again.

FIRST LADY.

This is but a faſhionable cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended railer at matrimony is not juſt upon the point of making ſome poor woman miſerable. [*Aſide.*

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Well------happy are we whilſt we are children; we

we can then lay down one toy and take up another, and pleaſe ourſelves with variety: but growing more fooliſh, as we grow older, there's no toy will pleaſe us then but a wife; and that, indeed, as it is a toy for life, ſo it is all toys in one. She is a rattle in a man's ears which he cannot throw aſide; a drum which is perpetually beating him a point of war; a top which he ought to whip for his exerciſe; for, like that, ſhe is beſt when laſh'd to ſleep; a hobby-horſe for the booby to ride on when the maggot takes him; a ------

MASTER.

You may go on, ſir, in this ludicrous ſtrain, if you pleaſe, and fancy 'tis wit; but, in my opinion, a good wife is the greateſt bleſſing, and the moſt valuable poſſeſſion, that heaven, in this life, can beſtow: ſhe makes the cares of the world ſit eaſy, and adds a ſweetneſs to its pleaſures; ſhe is a man's beſt companion in proſperity, and his only friend in adverſity; the carefulleſt preſerver of his health, and the kindeſt attendant on his ſickneſs; a faithful adviſer in diſtreſs, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domeſtick affairs.

SECOND LADY.

Charming doctrine! [*Aſide.*

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

Well, ſir, ſince I find you ſo ſtaunch an advocate for matrimony, I confeſs, 'tis a wedding ring I want; the reaſon why I deny'd it, and of what I ſaid in ridicule of marriage, was only to avoid the ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

MASTER.

Why, that now is juſt the way of the world in every thing, eſpecially amongſt young people: they are aſhamed to do a good action, becauſe it is not a faſhionable one; and, in compliance with cuſtom, act contrary to their own conſciences. They diſpleaſe themſelves, to pleaſe the coxcombs of the world, and chuſe rather to be objects of divine wrath than human ridicule.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one man in a thouſand that dare be virtuous for fear of being ſingular. 'Tis a weakneſs which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myſelf; but for the future, I am reſolved upon a more ſteady rule of action.

MASTER.

I am very glad of it.----Here's your ring, ſir; I think it comes to about a guinea.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

There's the money.

MASTER.

Sir, I wiſh you all the joy that a good wife can give you.

THIRD GENTLEMAN.

I thank you, ſir. [*Exit.*

FIRST LADY.

Well, ſir, but after all, don't you think marriage a kind of a deſperate venture?

MASTER.

It is a deſperate venture, madam, to be ſure. But, provided there be a tolerable ſhare of ſenſe and diſcretion

cretion on the man's part, and of mildneſs and condeſcenſion on the woman's, there is no danger of leading as comfortable and happy a life in that ſtate, as in any other.

Enter a fourth Lady.

FOURTH LADY.

I want a maſk, ſir; have you got any?

MASTER.

No, madam, I have not one, indeed. The people of this age are arrived to ſuch perfection in the art of maſking themſelves, that they have no occaſion for any foreign diſguiſes at all. You ſhall find infidelity maſk'd in a gown and caſſock; and wantonneſs and immodeſty under a bluſhing countenance. Oppreſſion is veil'd under the name of juſtice; and fraud and cunning under that of wiſdom. The fool is maſk'd under an affected gravity; and the vileſt hypocrite under the greateſt profeſſions of ſincerity. The flatterer paſſes upon you under the air of a friend; and he that now hugs you in his boſom, for a ſhilling would cut your throat. Calumny and detraction impoſe themſelves upon the world for wit; and an eternal laugh would fain be thought good-nature. An humble demeanour is aſſumed from a principle of pride; and the wants of the indigent relieved out of oſtentation. In ſhort, worthleſneſs and villainy are oft diſguiſed and dignified in gold and jewels, whilſt honeſty and merit lie hid under rags and miſery. The whole world is in a maſk; and it is impoſſible to ſee the natural face of any one individual.

FOURTH LADY.

That's a miſtake, ſir; you yourſelf are an inſtance, that no diſguiſe will hide a coxcomb; and ſo your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

MASTER.

Humph! ---- Have I but juſt now been exclaiming againſt coxcombs, and am I accuſed of being one myſelf? Well---- we can none of us ſee the ridiculous part of our own character. Could we but once learn to criticize ourſelves; and to find out and expoſe to ourſelves our own weak ſides, it would be the ſureſt means to conceal them from the criticiſm of others. But I would fain hope I am not a coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am elſe.

GENTLEMAN.

I ſuppoſe you have ſaid ſomething which her conſcience would not ſuffer her to paſs over without making the ungrateful application to herſelf; and that, as it often happens, inſtead of awaking in her a ſenſe of her fault, has only ſerved to put her in a paſſion.

MASTER.

May be ſo indeed: at leaſt I am willing to think ſo.

Enter an Old Man.

OLD MAN.

I want a pair of ſpectacles, ſir.

MASTER.

Do you pleaſe to have them plain tortoiſe-ſhell, or ſet in gold or ſilver?

OLD

OLD MAN.

Pho! Do you think I buy ſpectacles as your fine gentlemen buy books? If I wanted a pair of ſpectacles only to look at, I would have 'em fine ones; but as I want them to look with, do you ſee, I'll have them good ones.

MASTER.

Very well, ſir. Here's a pair I'm ſure will pleaſe you. Thro' theſe ſpectacles all the follies of youth are ſeen in their true light. Thoſe vices which to the ſtrongeſt youthful eyes appear in characters ſcarce legible, are, thro' theſe glaſſes, diſcern'd with the greateſt plainneſs. A powder'd wig upon an empty head, attracts no more reſpect thro' theſe opticks than a greaſy cap; and the laced coat of a coxcomb ſeems altogether as contemptible as his footman's livery.

OLD MAN.

That, indeed, is ſhewing things in their true light.

MASTER.

The common virtue of the world appears only a cloak for knavery; and its friendſhips no more than bargains of ſelf-intereſt. In ſhort, he who is now paſſing away his days in a conſtant round of vanity, folly, intemperance, and extravagance; when he comes ſeriouſly to look back upon his paſt actions, through theſe undiſguiſing opticks, will certainly be convinced, that a regular life, ſpent in the ſtudy of truth and virtue, and adorn'd with acts of juſtice, generoſity, charity and benevolence, would not only have

have afforded him more delight and ſatisfaction in the preſent moment, but would likewiſe have raiſed to his memory a laſting monument of fame and honour.

OLD MAN.

Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that ſuch ſerious ware ſhould be the commodity of a toy-ſhop. [*Aſide.*] --- Well, ſir, and what's the price of theſe extraordinary ſpectacles?

MASTER.

Half a crown.

OLD MAN.

There's your money. [*Exit.*

Enter a fourth young Gentleman.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

I want a pair of ſcales.

MASTER.

You ſhall have them, ſir.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

Are they exactly true?

MASTER.

The very emblem of juſtice, ſir; a hair will turn them. [*Ballancing the ſcales.*

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

I would have them true, for they muſt determine ſome very nice ſtatical experiments.

MASTER.

I'll engage they ſhall juſtly determine the niceſt experiments in ſtaticks. I have try'd them myſelf in ſome uncommon ſubjects, and have prov'd their goodneſs.

goodneſs. I have taken a large handful of great men's promiſes, and put into one end; and lo! the breath of a fly in the other has kicked up the beam. I have ſeen four peacock's feathers, and the four gold clocks in lord Tawdry's ſtockings, ſuſpend the ſcales in equilibrio. I have found by experiment, that the learning of a Beau, and the wit of a pedant, are a juſt counterpoiſe to each other; that the pride and vanity of any man are in exact proportion to his ignorance; that a grain of good-nature will preponderate againſt an ounce of wit; a heart full of virtue, againſt a head full of learning; and a thimble full of content, againſt a cheſt full of gold.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

This muſt be a very pretty ſcience, I fancy.

MASTER.

It would be endleſs to enumerate all the experiments that might be made in theſe ſcales; but there is one which every man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a moderate fortune, enjoy'd with content, freedom, and independency, will turn the ſcales againſt whatever can be put in the other end.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

Well, this is a branch of ſtaticks, which, I muſt own, I had but little thoughts of entering into. However, I begin to be perſuaded, that to know the true ſpecifick gravity of this kind of ſubjects, is of infinitely more importance than that of any other bodies in the univerſe.

MASTER.

It is indeed. And that you may not want encourage-

couragement to proceed in ſo uſeful a ſtudy, I will let you have the ſcales for ten ſhillings. If you make a right uſe of them, they will be worth more to you than ten thouſand pounds.

FOURTH GENTLEMAN.

I confeſs I am ſtruck with the beauty and uſefulneſs of this kind of moral ſtaticks, and believe I ſhall apply myſelf to make experiments with great delight. There's your money, ſir: you ſhall hear ſhortly what diſcoveries I make; in the mean time, I am your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

MASTER.

Sir, I am your's.

Enter a ſecond Old Man.

SECOND OLD MAN.

Sir, I underſtand you deal in curioſities. Have you any thing in your ſhop, at preſent, that's pretty and curious?

MASTER.

Yes, ſir, I have a great many things: but the moſt ancient curioſity I have got, is, a ſmall braſs plate, on which is engrav'd the ſpeech which Adam made to his wife on their firſt meeting, together with her anſwer. The characters, thro' age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient piece is, that Eve's ſpeech is about three times as long as her huſband's. I have a ram's horn, one of thoſe which help'd to blow down the walls of Jerico. A lock of Sampſon's hair, tied up in a

ſhred

ſhred of Joſeph's garment. With ſeveral other Jewiſh antiquities, which I purchaſed of that people at a very great price. Then I have the tune which Orpheus play'd to the devil when he charm'd back his wife.

GENTLEMAN.

That was thought to be a ſilly tune, I believe, for no-body has ever cared to learn it ſince.

MASTER.

Cloſe cork'd up in a thumb phial, I have ſome of thoſe tears which Alexander wept becauſe he could do no more miſchief. I have a ſnuff-box made out of the tub in which Diogenes liv'd, and took ſnuff at all the world. I have the net in which Vulcan caught his ſpouſe and her gallant; but our modern wives are grown ſo exceeding chaſte, that there has not been an opportunity of caſting it theſe many years.

GENTLEMAN.

Some would be ſo malicious as, inſtead of chaſte, to think he meant cunning. [*Aſide to the Ladies.*

MASTER.

I have the pitch-pipe of Gracchus the Roman orator, who being apt, in diſpute, to raiſe his voice too high, by touching a certain ſoft note in this pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate key.

SECOND LADY.

Such a pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very uſeful in coffee-houſes, and other publick places of debate and modern diſputation.

GENTLE-

GENTLEMAN.

Yes, madam, and I believe many a poor husband would be glad of ſuch a regulator of the voice in his own private family too.

MASTER.

There you was even with her, ſir.-----But the moſt valuable curioſity I have, is a certain little tube, which I call a Diſtinguiſher: contriv'd with ſuch art, that, when rightly applied to the ear, it obſtructs all falſhood, nonſenſe, and abſurdity, from ſtriking upon the tympanum: nothing but truth and reaſon can make the leaſt impreſſion upon the auditory nerves. I have ſat in a coffee-houſe, ſometimes, for the ſpace of half an hour, and amongſt what is generally called the beſt company, without hearing a ſingle word. At a diſpute too, when I could perceive, by the eager motions of both parties, that they made the greateſt noiſe, I have enjoyed the moſt profound ſilence. It is a very uſeful thing to have about one, either at Church, Play-houſe, or Weſtminſter-hall; at all which places a vaſt variety both of uſeful and diverting experiments may be made with it. The only inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make himſelf a complete maſter of it under twenty years cloſe and diligent practice: and that term of time is beſt commenced at ten or twelve years old.

GENTLEMAN.

That, indeed, is an inconvenience that will make it not every body's money. But one would think thoſe parents, who ſee the beauty and the uſefulneſs

neſs of knowledge, virtue, and a diſtinguiſhing judgment, ſhould take particular care to engage their children early in the uſe and practice of ſuch a diſtinguiſher, whilſt they have time before them, and no other concerns to interrupt their application.

MASTER.

Some few do. But the generality are ſo entirely taken up with the care of little maſter's complexion, his dreſs, his dancing, and ſuch like effeminacies, that they have not the leaſt regard for any internal accompliſhments whatſoever: and are ſo far from teaching him to ſubdue his paſſions, that they make it their whole buſineſs to gratify them all.

SECOND OLD MAN.

Well, ſir; to ſome people theſe may be thought curious things, perhaps, and a very valuable collection. But, to confeſs the truth, theſe are not the ſort of curious things I wanted. Have you no little box, repreſenting a wounded heart, on the inſide the lid? Nor pretty ring, with an amorous poeſy? Nothing of that ſort, which is pretty and not common in your ſhop?

MASTER.

O yes, ſir! I have a pretty ſnuff-box here; on the inſide of the lid, do you ſee, is a man of threeſcore and ten acting the lover, and hunting, like a boy, after gewgaws and trifles, to pleaſe a girl with.

SECOND OLD MAN.

Meaning me, ſir? Do you banter me, ſir?

MASTER.

If you take it to yourſelf, ſir, I can't help it.

SECOND OLD MAN.

And is a perſon of my years and gravity to be laugh'd at?

MASTER.

Why, really, ſir, years and gravity do make ſuch childiſhneſs very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very ſorry I have none of thoſe curious trifles for your diverſion; but I have delicate hobby-horſes and rattles, if you pleaſe.

SECOND OLD MAN.

By all the charms of Araminta, I will revenge this affront. [*Exit.*

GENTLEMAN.

Ha! ha! ha! How contemptible is rage in impotence! But, pray, ſir, don't you think this kind of freedom with your cuſtomers detrimental to your trade?

MASTER.

No, no, ſir; the odd character I have acquired by this rough kind of ſincerity and plain dealing, together with the whimſical humour of moralizing upon every trifle I ſell; are the things, which, by raiſing people's curioſity, furniſh me with all my cuſtomers: and it is only fools and coxcombs I am ſo free with.

FIRST LADY.

And, in my opinion, you are in the right of it. Folly and impertinence ought always to be the objects of ſatire and ridicule.

GENTLEMAN.

Nay, upon ſecond thoughts, I don't know but

this odd turn of mind, which you have given yourſelf, may not only be entertaining to ſeveral of your cuſtomers, but, perhaps, very much ſo to yourſelf.

MASTER.

Vaſtly ſo, ſir. It very often helps me to ſpeculations infinitely agreeable. I can ſit behind this counter, and fancy my little ſhop, and the tranſactions of it, an agreeable repreſentation of the grand theatre of the world. When I ſee a fool come in here, and throw away fifty or an hundred guineas for a trifle that is not really worth a ſhilling, I am ſurpriz'd. But when I look out into the world, and ſee lordſhips and manors barter'd away for gilt coaches and equipage; an eſtate for a title; and an eaſy freedom in retirement for a ſervile attendance in a crowd; when I ſee health with eagerneſs exchanged for diſeaſes, and happineſs for a game at hazzard; my wonder ceaſes. Surely the world is a great toy-ſhop, and all its inhabitants run mad for rattles. Nay, even the very wiſeſt of us, however we may flatter ourſelves, have ſome failing or weakneſs, ſome toy or trifle, that we are ridiculouſly fond of. Yet, ſo very partial are we to our own dear ſelves, that we overlook thoſe miſcarriages in our own conduct, which we loudly exclaim againſt in that of others; and, tho' the ſame fool's turban fits us all,

You ſay that I, I ſay that you are He,
And each man ſwears, "The cap's not made for Me.

GENTLEMAN.

'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine you now

begin to think it time to ſhut upſhop. --- Ladies, do you want any thing elſe?

FIRST LADY.

No, I think not.-----If you pleaſe to put up that looking-glaſs, and the perſpective, I will pay you for them.

GENTLEMAN.

Well, madam, how do you like this whimſical humouriſt?

FIRST LADY.

Why, really, in my opinion, the man's as great a curioſity himſelf, as any thing he has got in his ſhop.

GENTLEMAN.

He is ſo, indeed.

In this gay thoughtleſs age he's found a way,
In trifling things juſt morals to convey;
'Tis his at once to pleaſe, and to reform,
And give old ſatire a new power to charm.
And, would you guide your lives and actions right,
Think on the maxims you have heard to night.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WELL, heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave
ſermon's done;
(For faith our author might have call'd it one.)
I wonder who the devil he thought to pleaſe!
Is this a time o' day for things like theſe?
Good ſenſe and honeſt ſatire now offend;
We're grown too wiſe to learn, too proud to mend.
And ſo divinely wrapt in ſongs and tunes,
The next wiſe age will all be --- fiddlers ſons.
And did he think plain truth wou'd favour find?
Ah! 'tis a ſign he little knows mankind!
To pleaſe, he ought to have a ſong or dance,
The tune from Italy, the caper France:
Theſe, theſe might charm --- But hope to do't with ſenſe!
Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!
But, tho' we told him, ---- Faith, 'twill never do ----
Pho! never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tis new:
The whim, perhaps, may pleaſe, if not the wit,
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submiſſive bend, and thus for pardon plead.

"Ye gen'rous few, to you our author ſues,
"His firſt eſſay with candour to excuſe.
"'T has faults, he owns, but if they are but ſmall,
"He hopes your kind applauſe will hide them all.

THE KING AND THE MILLER of *Mansfield*.

A DRAMATICK TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

The KING,	Mr. *Cibber.*
The MILLER.	Mr. *Miller.*
RICHARD the *Miller's* Son,	Mr. *Berry.*
Lord LUREWELL,	Mr. *Eſte.*
COURTIERS and KEEPERS of the Foreſt.	

WOMEN.

PEGGY,	Mrs. *Pritchard.*
MARGERY,	Mrs. *Bennet.*
KATE,	Mrs. *Croſs.*

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

SCENE, *Sherwood Foreſt.*

Enter ſeveral COURTIERS *as loſt.*

FIRST COURTIER.

'TIS horrid dark! and this wood, I believe, has neither end nor ſide.

FOURTH COURTIER.

You mean to get out at, for we have found one in, you ſee.

SECOND COURTIER.

I wiſh our good king Harry had kept nearer home to hunt; in my mind, the pretty tame deer in

London make much better ſport than the wild ones in Sherwood Foreſt.

THIRD COURTIER.

I can't tell which way his majeſty went, nor whether any body is with him or not, but let us keep together pray.

FOURTH COURTIER.

Ay, ay, like true courtiers, take care of ourſelves, whatever becomes of our maſter.

SECOND COURTIER.

Well, it's a terrible thing to be loſt in the dark.

FOURTH COURTIER.

It is. And yet it's ſo common a caſe, that one would not think it ſhould be at all ſo. Why, we are all of us loſt in the dark every day of our lives. Knaves keep us in the dark by their cunning, and fools by their ignorance. Divines loſe us in dark myſteries; Lawyers in dark caſes; and ſtateſmen in dark intrigues: Nay, the light of reaſon, which we ſo much boaſt of, what is it but a dark-lanthorn, which juſt ſerves to prevent us from running our noſe againſt a poſt, perhaps; but is no more able to lead us out of the dark miſts of error and ignorance, in which we are loſt, than an *Ignis fatuus* would be to conduct us out of this wood.

FIRST COURTIER.

But, my lord, this is no time for preaching, methinks. And, for all your morals, day-light would be much preferable to this darkneſs, I believe,

THIRD

THIRD COURTIER.

Indeed wou'd it. But come, let us go on, we ſhall find ſome houſe or other by and by.

FOURTH COURTIER.

Come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING *alone.*

No, no, this can be no publick road, that's certain: I am loſt, quite loſt indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night ſhews me no reſpect: I cannot ſee better, nor walk ſo well, as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiſer than another man? Not without his counſellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told ſo, indeed, but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When ſeated on his throne, and ſurrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think ſo; but when loſt in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wiſdom knows not which is north and which is ſouth; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatneſs the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with theſe falſe attributes? Well, in loſing the monarch, I have found the man.

[*The report of a gun is heard.*

Hark! ſome villain ſure is near. What were it beſt to do? Will my majeſty protect me? No. Throw majeſty aſide then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the MILLER

I believe I hear the rogue-----Who's there?

KING.

KING.

No rogue, I aſſure you.

MILLER.

Little better, friend, I believe. Who fir'd that gun?

KING.

Not I, indeed.

MILLER.

You lie, I believe.

KING.

Lie! lie! how ſtrange it ſeems to me to be talk'd to in this ſtile! [*Aſide.*]----Upon my word I don't.

MILLER.

Come, come, ſirrah, confeſs; you have ſhot one of the king's deer, have not you?

KING.

No, indeed; I owe the king more reſpect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid ſome robbers might have been near.

MILLER.

I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are are you? what's your name?

KING.

Name!

MILLER.

Name! yes, name. Why you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your buſineſs here?

KING.

Theſe are queſtions I have not been us'd to, honeſt man.

MILLER,

MILLER.

May be ſo; but they are queſtions no honeſt man would be afraid to anſwer, I think: ſo if you can give no better account of yourſelf, I ſhall make bold to take you along with me, if you pleaſe.

KING.

With you! What authority have you to -------

MILLER.

The king's authority, if I muſt give you an account, ſir. I am John Cockle, the miller of Manſfield, one of his majeſty's keepers in this foreſt of Sherwood; and I will let no ſuſpected fellow paſs this way that cannot give a better account of himſelf than you have done, I promiſe you.

KING.

I muſt ſubmit to my own authority. [*Aſide.*] Very well, ſir, I am glad to hear the king has ſo good an officer; and ſince I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myſelf, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

MILLER.

It's more than you deſerve, I believe; but let's hear what you can ſay for yourſelf.

KING.

I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, ſhould be as unwilling to ſee any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this foreſt, and the chaſe leading us to day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have loſt my way.

MILLER.

MILLER.

This does not ſound well---If you have been a hunting, pray where is your horſe?

KING.

I have tired my horſe ſo, that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

MILLER.

If I thought I might believe this now---

KING.

I am not uſed to lie, honeſt man.

MILLER.

What, do you live at court, and not lie! that's a likely ſtory indeed.

KING.

Be that as it will, I ſpeak truth now I aſſure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own houſe, here is ſomething to pay you for your trouble; and if that is not ſufficient, I will ſatisfy you in the morning to your utmoſt deſire.

MILLER.

Ay, now I am convinc'd you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promiſe to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again, and take this along with it ---------- John Cockle is no courtier, he can do what he ought ------without a bribe.

KING.

Thou art a very extraordinary man I muſt own, and I ſhoud be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

MILLER.

MILLER.

Thee! and thou! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourſelf at leaſt.

KING.

Sir, I beg your pardon.

MILLER.

Nay, I am not angry, friend, only I don't love to be too familiar with any-body, before I know whether they deſerve it or not.

KING.

You are in the right. But what am I to do?

MILLER.

You may do what you pleaſe. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way thro' this thick wood; but if you are reſolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the beſt I can; or if you will accept of ſuch poor entertainment as a miller can give, you ſhall be welcome to ſtay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myſelf.

KING.

And cannot you go with me to-night?

MILLER.

I would not go with you to-night if you were the king.

KING.

Then I muſt go with you, I think.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the town of* Mansfield.

DICK *alone.*

Well, dear Mansfield, I am glad to ſee thy face again. But my heart akes, methinks, for fear this ſhould be only a trick of theirs to get me into their power. Yet the letter ſeems to be wrote with an air of ſincerity, I confeſs; and the girl was never us'd to lie till ſhe kept a lord company. Let me ſee, I'll read it once more.

Dear RICHARD,

I am, at laſt (tho' much too late for me) convinc'd of the injury done to us both by that baſe man, who made me think you falſe; he contriv'd theſe letters which I ſend you, to make me think you juſt upon the point of being married to another, a thought I could not bear with patience, ſo, aiming at revenge on you, conſented to my own undoing. But, for your own ſake, I beg you to return hither, for I have ſome hopes of being able to do you juſtice, which is the only comfort of your moſt diſtreſs'd, but ever affectionate,

PEGGY.

There can be no cheat in this ſure! The letters ſhe has ſent are, I think, a proof of her ſincerity. Well, I will go to her however: I cannot think ſhe will again betray me: If ſhe has as much tenderneſs left for me, as, in ſpite of her ill-uſage, I ſtill feel for her, I'm ſure ſhe won't. Let me ſee, I am not far from the houſe, I believe. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

PEGGY *and* PHOEBE.

PHOEBE.

Pray, madam, make yourſelf eaſy.

PEGGY.

Ah! Phœbe, ſhe that has loſt her virtue, has with it loſt her eaſe, and all her happineſs. Believing, cheated fool! to think him falſe.

PHOEBE.

Be patient, madam, I hope you will ſhortly be reveng'd on that deceitful lord.

PEGGY.

I hope I ſhall, for that were juſt revenge. But will revenge make me happy? Will it excuſe my falſhood? Will it reſtore me to the heart of my much-injur'd lover? Ah! no. That blooming innocence he us'd to praiſe, and call the greateſt beauty of our ſex, is gone. I have no charm left that might renew that flame I took ſo much pains to quench. [*Knocking at the door.*

See who's there.----O heavens, 'tis he! alas! that ever I ſhou'd be aſham'd to ſee the man I love!

Enter RICHARD, *who ſtands looking at her at a diſtance, ſhe weeping.*

DICK.

Well, Peggy (but I ſuppoſe you're madam now in

in that fine dreſs) you ſee you have brought me back; is it to triumph in your falſhood? or am I to receive the ſlighted leavings of your fine lord?

PEGGY.

O Richard! after the injury I have done you, I cannot look on you without confuſion: But do not think ſo hardly of me; I ſtay'd not to be ſlighted by him, for the moment I diſcover'd his vile plot on you, I fled his ſight, nor could he ever prevail to ſee me ſince.

DICK.

Ah, Peggy, you were too haſty in believing, and much I fear, the vengeance aim'd at me, had other charms to recommend it to you: ſuch bravery as that [*Pointing to her cloaths*] I had not to beſtow; but if a tender honeſt heart could pleaſe, you had it all; and if I wiſh'd for more, 'twas for your ſake.

PEGGY.

O Richard! when you conſider the ſtratagem he contriv'd to make me think you baſe and deceitful, I hope you will, at leaſt, pity my folly, and, in ſome meaſure, excuſe my falſhood; that you will forgive me, I dare not hope.

DICK.

To be forc'd to fly from my friends and country, for a crime that I was innocent of, is an injury that I cannot eaſily forgive to be ſure: But if you are leſs guilty of it than I thought, I ſhall be very glad; and if your deſign be really as you ſay, to clear me, and to expoſe the baſeneſs of him that betray'd

and ruin'd you, I will join with you with all my heart. But how do you propoſe to do this?

PEGGY.

The king is now in this foreſt a hunting, and our young lord is every day with him: Now, I think, if we could take ſome opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his majeſty's feet, and complaining of the injuſtice of one of his courtiers, it might perhaps have ſome effect upon him.

DICK.

If we were ſuffer'd to make him ſenſible of it, perhaps it might; but the complaints of ſuch little folks as we ſeldom reach the ears of majeſty.

PEGGY.

We can but try.

DICK.

Well, if you will go with me to my father's, and ſtay there till ſuch an opportunity happens, I ſhall believe you in earneſt, and will join with you in your deſign.

PEGGY.

I will do any thing to convince you of my ſincerity, and to make ſatisfaction for the injuries which have been done you.

DICK.

Will you go now?

PEGGY.

I'll be with you in leſs than an hour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Mill.*

MARGERY *and* KATE *knitting.*

KATE.

O dear, I would not ſee a ſpirit for all the world; but I love dearly to hear ſtories of them.——Well, and what then?

MARGERY.

And ſo, at laſt, in a diſmal, hollow tone it cry'd——

[*A knocking at the door frights them both; they ſcream out, and throw down their Knitting.*

MARGERY *and* KATE.

Lord bleſs us! what's that?

KATE.

O dear, mother, it's ſome judgment upon us, I'm afraid. They ſay, talk of the devil and he'll appear.

MARGERY.

Kate, go and ſee who's at the door.

KATE.

I durſt not go, mother; do you go.

MARGERY.

Come, let's both go.

KATE.

Now don't ſpeak as if you was afraid.

MARGERY.

No, I won't, if I can help it.----Who's there?

DICK

DICK *without.*

What won't you let me in?

KATE.

O Gemini! it's like our Dick, I think: He's certainly dead, and it's his ſpirit.

MARGERY.

Heav'n forbid! I think in my heart it's he himſelf. Open the door, Kate.

KATE.

Nay, do you.

MARGERY.

Come, we'll both open it.

[*They open the door.*

Enter DICK.

Dear mother, how do you do? I thought you would not have let me in.

MARGERY.

Dear child, I'm overjoy'd to ſee thee; but I was ſo frighted, I did not know what to do.

KATE.

Dear brother, I'm glad to ſee you; how have done this long while?

DICK.

Very well, Kate. But where's my father?

MARGERY.

He heard a gun go off juſt now, and he's gone to ſee who 'tis.

DICK.

What, they love veniſon at Mansfield as well as ever, I ſuppoſe?

KATE.

Ay, and they will have it too.

MILLER *without.*

Hoa! Madge! Kate! bring a light here.

MARGERY.

Yonder he is.

KATE.

Has he catch'd the rogue, I wonder?

Enter the KING *and the* MILLER.

MARGERY.

Who have you got?

MILLER.

I have brought thee a ſtranger, Madge; thou muſt give him a ſupper, and a lodging if thou can'ſt.

MARGERY.

You have got a better ſtranger of your own, I can tell you: Dick's come.

MILLER.

Dick! Where is he? Why Dick! how is't my lad?

DICK.

Very well, I thank you, father.

KING.

A little more, and you had puſh'd me down.

MILLER.

Faith, ſir, you muſt excuſe me; I was over-joy'd to ſee my boy. He has been at London, and I have not ſeen him theſe four years.

KING.

Well, I ſhall once in my life have the happineſs

of

of being treated as a common man; and of ſeeing human nature without diſguiſe. [*Aſide.*

MILLER.

What has brought thee home ſo unexpected?

DICK.

You will know that preſently.

MILLER.

Of that by-and-by then. We have got the king down in the foreſt a hunting this ſeaſon, and this honeſt gentleman, who came down with his majeſty from London, has been with 'em to day, it ſeems, and has loſt his way. Come, Madge, ſee what thou can'ſt get for ſupper. Kill a couple of the beſt fowls; and go you, Kate, and draw a pitcher of ale.----We are famous, ſir, at Mansfield, for good ale, and for honeſt fellows that know how to drink it.

KING.

Good ale will be acceptable, at preſent, for I am very dry. But pray, how came your ſon to leave you, and go to London?

MILLER.

Why, that's a ſtory which Dick, perhaps, won't like to have told.

KING.

Then I don't deſire to hear it.

Enter KATE *with an earthen pitcher of ale and a horn.*

MILLER.

So, now do you go help your mother.----Sir, my hearty ſervice to you.

KING.

Thank ye, ſir.----This plain ſincerity and freedom is a happineſs unknown to kings. [*Aſide.*

MILLER.

Come, ſir.

KING.

Richard, my ſervice to you,

DICK.

Thank you, ſir.

MILLER.

Well, Dick, and how doſt thou like London? Come, tell us what thou haſt ſeen.

DICK.

Seen! I have ſeen the land of promiſe.

MILLER.

The land of promiſe! What doſt thou mean?

DICK.

The court, father.

MILLER.

Thou wilt never leave joking.

DICK.

To be ſerious then, I have ſeen the diſappointment of all my hopes and expectations; and that's more than one would wiſh to ſee.

MILLER.

What! would the great man, thou waſt recommended to, do nothing at all for thee at laſt?

DICK.

Why, yes; he would promiſe me to the laſt.

MILLER.

Zoons! do the courtiers think their dependents can eat promiſes?

DICK.

No, no; they never trouble their heads to think, whether we eat at all or not. I have now dangled after his lordſhip ſeveral years, tantaliz'd with hopes and expectations; this year promis'd one place, the next another, and the third in ſure and certain hope of----- a diſappointment. One falls, and it was promiſed before; another, and I am juſt half an hour too late; a third, and it ſtops the mouth of a creditor; a fourth, and it pays the hire of a flatterer; a fifth, and it bribes a vote; and, the ſixth, I am promis'd ſtill. But having thus ſlept away ſome years, I awoke from my dream: My lord, I found, was ſo far from having it in his power to get a place for me, that he had been all this while ſeeking after one for himſelf.

MILLER.

Poor Dick! And is plain honeſty then a recommendation to no place at court?

DICK.

It may recommend you to be a footman, perhaps, but nothing farther, nothing farther, indeed. If you look higher, you muſt furniſh yourſelf with other qualifications: You muſt learn to ſay ay, or no; to run, or ſtand; to fetch, or carry, or leap over a ſtick at command. You muſt be maſter of the arts of flattery, inſinuation, diſſimulation, application and [*Pointing to his palm*] right application too, if you hope to ſucceed.

KING.

You don't conſider I am a courtier, methinks.

DICK.

Not I, indeed; 'tis no concern of mine what you are. If in general my character of the court is true, 'tis not my fault if it's diſagreeable to your worſhip. There are particular exceptions I own, and I hope you may be one.

KING.

Nay, I don't want to be flatter'd, ſo let that paſs. Here's better ſucceſs to you the next time you come to London.

DICK.

I thank ye; but I don't deſign to ſee it again in haſte.

MILLER.

No, no, Dick; inſtead of depending upon lords promiſes, depend upon the labour of thine own hands; expect nothing but what thou can'ſt earn, and then thou wilt not be diſappointed. But come, I want a deſcription of London; thou haſt told us nothing thou haſt ſeen yet.

DICK.

O! 'tis a fine place! I have ſeen large houſes with ſmall hoſpitality; great men do little actions; and fine ladies do nothing at all. I have ſeen the honeſt lawyers of Weſtminſter-Hall, and the virtuous inhabitants of 'Change-Alley. The politick madmen of coffee-houſes, and the wiſe ſtateſmen of Bedlam. I have ſeen merry tragedies, and ſad comedies; devotion at an opera, and mirth at a ſermon; I have ſeen fine cloaths at St. James's, and long bills at Ludgate-hill. I have ſeen poor grandeur, and rich poverty; high honours, and low flattery;

great

great pride, and no merit. In ſhort, I have ſeen a fool with a title, a knave with a penſion, and an honeſt man with a thread-bare coat. Pray how do you like London?

MILLER.

And is this the beſt deſcription thou can'ſt give of it?

DICK.

Yes.

KING.

Why, Richard, you are a ſatiriſt, I find.

DICK.

I love to ſpeak truth, ſir; if that happens to be ſatire, I can't help it.

MILLER.

Well, if this be London, give me my country cottage; which, tho' it is not a great houſe, nor a fine houſe, is my own houſe, and I can ſhew a receipt for the building on't.----But come, ſir, our ſupper, I believe, is ready for us by this time; and to ſuch as I have, you're as welcome as a prince.

KING.

I thank you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Wood.*

Enter ſeveral KEEPERS.

FIRST KEEPER.

The report of the gun was ſomewhere this way, I'm ſure.

SECOND

SECOND KEEPER.

Yes; but I can never believe that any-body would come a deer-ſtealing ſo dark a night as this.

THIRD KEEPER.

Where did the deer harbour to-day?

FOURTH KEEPER.

There was a herd lay upon Hamilton-hill, another juſt by Robin-Hood's chair, and a third here in Mansfield wood.

FIRST KEEPER.

Ay; thoſe they have been amongſt.

SECOND KEEPER.

But we ſhall never be able to find 'em to-night, 'tis ſo dark.

THIRD KEEPER.

No, no; let's go back again.

FIRST KEEPER.

Zoons! you're afraid of a broken head, I ſuppoſe, if we ſhould find 'em; and ſo had rather ſlink back again.----Hark! ſtand cloſe: I hear 'em coming this way.

Enter the COURTIERS.

FIRST COURTIER.

Did not you hear ſome-body juſt now? Faith I begin to be afraid we ſhall meet with ſome misfortune to-night.

SECOND COURTIER.

Why if any-body ſhould take what we have got, we have made a fine buſineſs of it.

THIRD

THIRD COURTIER.

Let them take it if they will; I am ſo tir'd I ſhall make but ſmall reſiſtance.

[*The keepers ruſh in upon them.*

SECOND KEEPER.

Ay, rogues, raſcals, and villains; you have got it, have you?

SECOND COURTIER.

Indeed we have got but very little, but what we have you're welcome to, if you will but uſe us civilly.

FIRST KEEPER.

O, yes! very civilly; you deſerve to be us'd civilly, to be ſure.

FOURTH COURTIER.

Why what have we done that we may not be civily us'd?

FIRST KEEPER.

Come, come, don't trifle, ſurrender.

FIRST COURTIER.

I have but three half-crowns about me.

SECOND COURTIER.

Here's three and ſix-pence for you, gentlemen.

THIRD COURTIER.

Here's my watch; I have no money at all.

FOURTH COURTIER.

Indeed I have nothing in my pocket but a ſnuff-box.

FOURTH KEEPER.

What, the dogs want to bribe us, do they? No, raſcals; you ſhall go before the juſtice to-morrow, depend on't.

FOURTH

FOURTH COURTIER.

Before the juſtice! What for being robb'd?

FIRST KEEPER.

For being robb'd! What, do you mean? Who has robb'd you?

FOURTH COURTIER.

Why, did not you juſt now demand our money, gentlemen?

SECOND KEEPER.

O the raſcals! they will ſwear a robbery againſt us, I warrant.

FOURTH COURTIER.

A robbery! ay, to beſure.

FIRST KEEPER.

No, no; we did not demand your money, we demanded the deer you have kill'd.

FOURTH COURTIER.

The devil take the deer, I ſay; he led us a chaſe of ſix hours, and got away from us at laſt.

FIRST KEEPER.

Zoons! ye dogs, do you think to banter us? I tell ye you have this night ſhot one of the king's deer; did not we hear the gun go off? Did not we hear you ſay, you was afraid it ſhould be taken from you?

SECOND COURTIER.

We were afraid our money ſhould be taken from us.

FIRST KEEPER.

Come, come, no more ſhuffling: I tell ye, you're lla rogues, and we'll have you hanged, you may depend

depend on't. Come, let's take 'em to old Cockle's, we're not far off, we'll keep 'em there all night, and to-morrow-morning we'll away with 'em before the juſtice.

FOURTH COURTIER.

A very pretty adventure! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Mill.*

KING, MILLER, MARGERY, *and* DICK *at Supper.*

MILLER.

Come, ſir, you muſt mend a bad ſupper with a glaſs of good ale---Here's king Harry's health.

KING.

With all my heart. Come, Richard, here's king Harry's health; I hope you are courtier enough to pledge me, are not you?

DICK.

Yes, yes, ſir, I'll drink the king's health with all my heart.

MARGERY.

Come, ſir, my humble ſervice to you, and much good may do ye with your poor ſupper; I wiſh it had been better.

KING.

You need make no apologies.

MARGERY.

We are obliged to your goodneſs in excuſing our rudeneſs.

MILLER.

MILLER.

Pr'ythee, Margery, don't trouble the gentleman with compliments.

MARGERY.

Lord, husband, if one had no more manners than you, the gentleman would takes us all for hogs.

MILLER.

Now I think, the more compliments the less manners.

KING.

I think so too. Compliments in discourse, I believe, are like ceremonies in religion; the one has destroy'd all true piety, and the other all sincerity and plain-dealing.

MILLER.

Then a fig for all ceremony and compliments too: give us thy hand, and let's drink and be merry.

KING.

Right, honest miller, let us drink and be merry. Come, have you got e'er a good song?

MILLER.

Ah! my singing days are over, but my man Joe has an excellent one; and if you have a mind to hear it, I'll call him in.

KING.

With all my heart.

MILLER.

Joe!

Enter

Enter JOE.

MILLER.

Come, Joe, drink boy; I have promis'd this gentleman that you ſhall ſing him your laſt new ſong.

JOE.

Well, maſter, if you have promis'd it him, he ſhall have it.

SONG.

I.

How happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs!
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs;
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.

II.

What tho' he all duſty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in this dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

III.

Tho' his hands are ſo dawb'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will ſtick to the fingers like meal.

IV.

IV.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other men's ſacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

V.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this he would mimick the tools of the ſtate;
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.

VI.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

MILLER.

There's a ſong for you.

KING.

He ſhould ſing this at court, I think.

DICK.

I believe, if he's wife, he will chuſe to ſtay at home tho'.

Enter PEGGY.

MILLER.

What wind blew you hither, pray? You have a good ſhare of impudence, or you would be aſham'd to ſet your foot within my houſe, methinks.

PEGGY.

PEGGY.

Aſham'd I am, indeed, but do not call me impudent. [*Weeps.*

DICK.

Dear father, ſuſpend your anger for the preſent; that ſhe is here now is by my direction, and to do me juſtice.

PEGGY.

To do that is all that is in my power; for as to myſelf, I am ruin'd paſt redemption: my character, my virtue, my peace, are gone: I am abandon'd by my friends, deſpis'd by the world, and expos'd to miſery and want.

KING.

Pray let me know the ſtory of your misfortunes; perhaps it may be in my power to do ſomething towards redreſſing them.

PEGGY.

That you may learn from him whom I have wrong'd; but as for me, ſhame will not let me ſpeak, or hear it told. [*Exit.*

KING.

She's very pretty.

DICK.

O, ſir, I once thought her an angel; I lov'd her dearer than my life, and did believe her paſſion was the ſame for me: but a young nobleman of this neighbourhood happening to ſee her, her youth and blooming beauty preſently ſtruck his fancy; a thouſand artifices were immediately employ'd to debauch and ruin her. But all his arts were vain; not even

the promiſe of making her his wife, could prevail upon her: in a little time he found out her love to me, and, imagining this to be the cauſe of her refuſal, he, by forg'd letters, and fain'd ſtories, contriv'd to make her believe I was upon the point of marriage with another woman. Poſſeſs'd with this opinion, ſhe, in a rage, writes me word, never to ſee her more; and, in revenge, conſented to her own undoing. Not contented with this, nor eaſy while I was ſo near her, he brib'd one of his caſt-off miſtreſſes to ſwear a child to me, which ſhe did: this was the occaſion of my leaving my friends, and flying to London.

KING.

And how does ſhe propoſe to do you juſtice?

DICK.

Why, the king being now in this foreſt a hunting, we deſign to take ſome opportunity of throwing ourſelves at his majeſty's feet, and complaining of the injuſtice done us by this noble villain.

MILLER.

Ah, Dick! I expect but little redreſs from ſuch an application. Things of this nature are ſo common amongſt the great, that I am afraid it will only be made a jeſt of.

KING.

Thoſe that can make a jeſt of what ought to be ſhocking to humanity, ſurely deſerve not the name of great or noble men.

DICK.

What do you think of it, ſir? If you belong to

the court, you, perhaps, may know ſomething of the king's temper.

KING.

Why, if I can judge of his temper at all, I think he would not ſuffer the greateſt nobleman in his court, to do an injuſtice to the meaneſt ſubject in his kingdom. But pray, who is the nobleman that is capable of ſuch actions as theſe?

DICK.

Do you know my lord Lurewell?

KING.

Yes.

DICK.

That's the man.

KING.

Well, I would have you put your deſign in execution. 'Tis my opinion the king will not only hear your complaint, but redreſs your injuries.

MILLER.

I wiſh it may prove ſo.

Enter the KEEPERS, *leading in the* COURTIERS.

FIRST KEEPER.

Hola! Cockle! Where are ye? Why, man, we have nabb'd a pack of rogues here juſt in the fact.

KING.

Ha, ha, ha! What turn'd highwaymen, my lords? or deer-ſtealers?

FIRST COURTIER.

I am very glad to find your majeſty in health and ſafety.

SECOND COURTIER.

We have run thro' a great many perils and dangers to-night, but the joy of finding your majeſty ſo unexpectedly, will make us forget all we have ſuffer'd.

MILLER *and* DICK.

What! is this the king?

KING.

I am very glad to ſee you, my lords, I confeſs; and particularly you, my lord Lurewell.

LUREWELL.

Your majeſty does me honour.

KING.

Yes, my lord, and I will do you juſtice too; your honour has been highly wrong'd by this young man.

LUREWELL.

Wrong'd, my liege!

KING.

I hope ſo, my lord; for I would fain believe you can't be guilty of baſeneſs and treachery.

LUREWELL.

I hope your majeſty will never find me ſo. What dares this villain ſay?

DICK.

I am not to be frighted, my lord: I dare ſpeak truth at any time.

LUREWELL.

Whatever ſtains my honour muſt be falſe.

KING.

I know it muſt, my lord; yet has this man, not knowing who I was, preſum'd to charge your lordſhip,

ſhip, not only with great injuſtice to himſelf, but alſo with ruining an innocent virgin whom he lov'd, and who was to have been his wife; which, if true, were baſe and treacherous; but I know 'tis falſe, and therefore leave it to your lordſhip to ſay what puniſhment I ſhall inflict upon him, for the injury done to your honour.

LUREWELL.

I thank your majeſty. I will not be ſevere; he ſhall only aſk my pardon, and to-morrow morning be oblig'd to marry the creature he has traduc'd me with.

KING.

This is mild.----Well, you hear your ſentence.

DICK.

May I not have leave to ſpeak before your majeſty?

KING.

What can'ſt thou ſay?

DICK.

If I had your majeſty's permiſſion, I believe I have certain witneſſes, which will undeniably prove the truth of all I have accus'd his lordſhip of.

KING.

Produce them.

DICK.

Peggy!

Enter PEGGY.

KING.

Do you know this woman, my lord?

LUREWELL.

I know her, please your majesty, by sight; she is a tenant's daughter.

BEGGY,

[*Aside.*] Majesty! What, is this the king?

DICK,

Yes.

KING.

Have you no particular acquaintance with her?

LUREWELL.

Hum——— I have not seen her these several months.

DICK.

True, my lord; and that is part of your accusation; for, I believe, I have letters which will prove your lordship had once a more particular acquaintance with her.---Here is one of the first his lordship wrote to her, full of the tendereſt and moſt ſolemn proteſtations of love and conſtancy; here is another which will inform your majeſty of the pains he took to ruin her; there is an abſolute promiſe of marriage before he could accompliſh it.

KING.

What ſay you, my lord, are theſe your hand?

LUREWELL.

I believe, pleaſe your majeſty, I might have a little affair of gallantry with the girl ſometime ago.

KING.

It was a *little* affair, my lord; a *mean* affair; and what you call *gallantry*, I call *infamy*. Do you think, my lord, that greatneſs gives a ſanction to wicked-

wickedneſs? Or that it is the prerogative of lords to be unjuſt and inhumane? You remember the ſentence which yourſelf pronounc'd upon this innocent man; you cannot think it hard that it ſhould paſs on you who are guilty.

LUREWELL.

I hope your majeſty will conſider my rank, and not oblige me to marry her.

KING.

Your rank? my lord. Greatneſs that ſtoops to actions baſe and low, deſerts its rank, and pulls its honours down. What makes your lordſhip great? Is it your gilded equipage and dreſs? Then put it on your meaneſt ſlave, and he's as great as you. Is it your riches or eſtate? The villain that ſhould plunder you of all, would then be as great as you. No, my lord, he that acts greatly, is the true great man. I therefore think you ought, in juſtice, to marry her you thus have wrong'd.

PEGGY.

Let my tears thank your majeſty. But, alas! I am afraid to marry this young lord; that would only give him power to uſe me worſe, and ſtill encreaſe my miſery: I therefore beg your majeſty will not command him to do it.

KING.

Riſe then, and hear me. My lord, you ſee how low the greateſt nobleman may be reduced by ungenerous actions. Here is, under your own hand, an abſolute promiſe of marriage to this young woman, which, from a thorough knowledge of your

unworthineſs, ſhe has prudently declin'd to make you fulfil. I ſhall therefore not inſiſt upon it; but I command you, upon pain of my diſpleaſure, immediately to ſettle on her three hundred pounds a year.

PEGGY.

May heaven reward your majeſty's goodneſs. 'Tis too much for me; but if your majeſty thinks fit, let it be ſettled upon this much-injur'd man, to make ſome ſatisfaction for the wrongs which have been done him. As to myſelf, I only ſought to clear the innocence of him I lov'd and wrong'd, then hide me from the world, and die forgiven.

DICK.

This act of generous virtue cancels all paſt failings; come to my arms, and be as dear as ever.

PEGGY.

You cannot ſure forgive me!

DICK.

I can, I do, and ſtill will make you mine.

PEGGY.

O! why did I ever wrong ſuch generous love?

DICK.

Talk no more of it. Here let us kneel, and thank the goodneſs which has made us bleſt.

KING.

May you be happy.

MILLER.

[*Kneels.*] After I have ſeen ſo much of your majeſty's goodneſs, I cannot deſpair of pardon, even for the rough uſage your majeſty receiv'd from me.

[*The*

[*The king draws his ſword, the miller is frighted, and riſes up, thinking he was going to kill him.*

What have I done that I ſhould loſe my life!

KING.

Kneel without fear. No, my good hoſt, ſo far are you from having any thing to pardon, that I am much your debtor. I cannot think but ſo good and honeſt a man will make a worthy and honourable knight, ſo riſe up, Sir John Cockle: and, to ſupport your ſtate, and in ſome ſort requite the pleaſure you have done us, a thouſand marks a year ſhall be your revenue.

MILLER.

Your majeſty's bounty I receive with thankfulneſs; I have been guilty of no meanneſs to obtain it, and hope I ſhall not be obliged to keep it upon baſe conditions; for tho' I am willing to be a faithful ſubject, I am reſolved to be a free, and an honeſt man.

KING.

I rely upon your being ſo: and, to gain the friendſhip of ſuch a one, I ſhall always think an addittion to my happineſs, tho' a king.

Worth, in whatever ſtate, is ſure a prize
Which kings, of all men, ought not to deſpiſe;
By ſelfiſh ſycophants ſo cloſe beſieg'd,
'Tis by meer chance a worthy man's oblig'd:
But hence, to every courtier be it known,
Virtue ſhall find protection from the throne.

Sir JOHN COCKLE

AT

COURT.

Being the SEQUEL to the

KING and the MILLER.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

AS ſome poor orphan, at the friendly gate
Where once reliev'd, again preſumes to wait;
So mov'd by former kindneſs to him ſhewn,
Our honeſt MILLER *ventures up to town.*
He greets you all. His hearty thanks I bear
To each kind friend. He hopes you're all ſo here.
Hopes the ſame favour you'll continue ſtill
At court, which late you ſhew'd him at the mill.
Why ſhould you not? If plain untutor'd ſenſe
Should ſpeak blunt truths, who here will take offence?
For common right he pleads, no party's ſlave;
A foe, on either ſide, to fool and knave.
Free, as at Mansfield, he at court appears,
Still uncorrupted by mean hopes and fears.
Plainly his mind does to his prince impart,
Alone emboldened by an honeſt heart.
Theſe are his merits--------on this plea I ſue----
But humbly he refers his cauſe to you.

"Small

* " *Small faults, we hope, with candour you'll excuſe,*
" *Nor harſhly treat a ſelf-convicted muſe.*
If, after tryal, he ſhould mercy find,
He'll own that mercy with a grateful mind;
Or, by ſtrict juſtice, if he's doom'd to death,
Will then, without appeal, reſign his breath.

---

* Theſe two lines were added after the firſt night's performance, occaſioned by ſome things which the audience very juſtly found fault with; and which, the ſecond time, were left out, or alter'd as much as poſſible: and the author takes this opportunity of thanking the town for ſo judiciouſly and favourably correcting him.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LORD! what a ſtupid race theſe poets are!
This tim'rous fool has made me mad, I ſwear:
Here have I teas'd him every day this week
To get an Epilogue----'tis till to ſeek.
No, no, he cry'd: I fear 'twill meet ſad fate;
And can one thank an audience after that?
Well, Mr. What-d'ye-call't, ſaid I, ſuppoſe it ſhou'd;
A merry Epilogue might do it good.
Yes, madam, ſaid he, and ſmil'd-----if I cou'd write
With humour, fit for you to ſpeak, it might.
'Twas very civil of the man, indeed-----
Come, come, ſaid I, write ſomething, never heed.
Well---if it pleaſe, ſaid he,-------on that condition,
Pray make my compliments with due ſubmiſſion.
The matter and the words I leave to you------
I thank'd him; and I'll try what I can do.

Our author thanks you for this favour ſhewn him,
The man is modeſt; that I muſt ſay on him.
He ſays, 'tis your indulgence, not his merit-----
But, were I he, faith I'd pluck up a ſpirit;
I think 'tis meanly giving up his cauſe,
To claim no merit, when he has your applauſe.
Were I to compliment you as I wou'd,
I'd ſay, you lik'd the thing, becauſe 'twas good.
But he muſt have his way---- and ſo to you
His grateful thanks I give, as juſtly due.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

The KING.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir JOHN COCKLE.	Mr. *Miller.*
Sir TIMOTHY FLASH.	Mr. *Beard.*
GREENWOOD.	Mr. *Hill.*
BUCKRAM, a Taylor.	Mr. *Gray.*
BARBER.	Mr. *Ray.*
French COOK.	Mr. *Woodward.*
VINTNER.	Mr. *Turbett.*
JOE.	Mr. *Marſhall.*
THREE COURTIERS.	Mr. *Raſtor.* Mr. *Woodbourn.* Mr. *Leigh.*

WOMEN.

Miſs KITTY.	Mrs. *Clive.*
Mrs. STARCH.	Miſs *Tollett.*

Sir

Sir JOHN COCKLE AT COURT.

SCENE I.

SIR JOHN, TAYLOR, BARBER, *and* JOE.

TAYLOR.

'TIS the fashion, sir, I assure you.

SIR JOHN.

Fashions are for fools; don't tell me of fashion. Must a man make an ass of himself, because it's the fashion?

TAYLOR.

But, you would be like other folks, sir, wou'd not you?

SIR JOHN.

No, sir, if this is their likeness, I wou'd not be like other folks. Why, a man might as well be cas'd up in armour; here's buckram and whalebone enough to turn a bullet.

JOE.

Sir, here's the barber has brought you home a new periwig.

SIR JOHN.

Let him come in. Come, friend, let's ſee if you're as good at faſhions as Mr. Buckram here. What the devil's this?

BARBER.

The bag, ſir.

SIR JOHN.

The bag, ſir! And what's this bag for, ſir? This is not the faſhion too, I hope.

BARBER.

It's what is very much wore, ſir, indeed.

SIR JOHN.

Wore, ſir! how is it wore? where is it wore? what is it for?

BARBER.

Sir, it is only for ornament.

SIR JOHN.

O, 'tis an ornament! I beg your pardon. Now, poſitively, I ſhould not have taken this for an ornament. My poor grey hairs are, in my opinion, much more becoming. But, come, put it on. There, now what do you think I am like?

JOE.

I cod meaſter, you're not like the ſame man, I'm ſure.

BARBER.

Sir, 'tis very genteel, I aſſure you.

SIR JOHN.

Genteel! ay, that it may for aught I know, but I'm ſure 'tis very ugly.

BARBER.

They wear nothing elſe in France, ſir.

SIR JOHN.

In France, ſir! what's France to me? I'm an Engliſhman, ſir, and know no right the fools of France have to be my examples. Here, take it again; I'll have none of your new-fangled French fopperies: and, if you pleaſe, I'll make you a preſent of this fine faſhionable coat again. Faſhion, indeed! [*Exeunt Taylor, Barber, and Joe.*

Re-enter JOE *with the French Cook.*

JOE.

Sir, here's a fine gentleman wants to ſpeak with you.

COOK.

Sir, me have hear dat your honour want one cook.

SIR JOHN.

Sir, you are very obliging; I ſuppoſe you wou'd recommend one to me. But, as I don't know you------

COOK.

No, no, ſir, me am one cook myſelf, and wou'd be proud of de honour to ſerve you.

SIR JOHN.

You a cook! And pray, what wages may you expect, to afford ſuch finery as that?

COOK.

Me vill have one hundred guinea a year, no more; and two or tree ſervant under me to do de work.

SIR JOHN.

Hum! very reaſonable truly! And, pray, what

extraordinary matters can you do to deſerve ſuch wages?

COOK.

O, me can make you one hundred diſh de Englis know nothing of; me can make you de portable ſoup to put in your pocket; me can dreſs you de fowl *a la Marli*, *en Galantine*, *a la Montmorancy*; *de* duck, *en Grinadin*; *de* chicken *a la Chombre*; *de* turkey *en Botine*; *de* pigeon, *en Mirliton*, *a l'Italienne*, *a la d'Huxelles*: en fine, me can give you de eſſence of five or ſix ham, and de juice of ten or twelve ſtone of beef, all in de ſauce of one litel diſh.

SIR JOHN.

Very fine! At this rate, no wonder the poor are ſtarv'd, and the butcher unpaid. No, I will have no ſuch cooks, I promiſe you; it is the luxury and extravagance introduc'd by ſuch French kickſhaw-mongers as you, that has devour'd and deſtroy'd old Engliſh hoſpitality. Go, go about your buſineſs; I have no mind to be beggar'd, nor to beggar honeſt tradeſmen. Joe!

[*Exit* COOK.

JOE.

Sir.

SIR JOHN.

Let my daughter know the king has ſent for me, and I am gone to court to wait on his majeſty.

JOE.

Yes, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The KING *and ſeveral* COURTIERS.

KING.

Well, my lords, our old friend the miller of Mansfield is arriv'd at laſt.

FIRST COURTIER.

He has been in town two or three days; has not your majeſty ſeen him yet?

KING.

No, but I have ſent for him to attend me this evening; and I deſign, with only you, my lords, who are now preſent, to entertain myſelf a while with his honeſt freedom. He will be here preſently.

SECOND COURTIER.

He muſt certainly divert your majeſty.

THIRD COURTIER.

He may be diverting, perhaps; but if I may ſpeak my mind freely, I think there is ſomething too plain and rough in his behaviour for your majeſty to bear.

KING.

Your lordſhip, perhaps, may be afraid of plain truth and ſincerity, but I am not.

THIRD COURTIER.

I beg your majeſty's pardon; I did not ſuppoſe you was; I only think there is a certain awe and reverence due to your majeſty, which I am afraid his want of politeneſs may make him tranſgreſs.

KING.

My lord, whilſt I love my ſubjects, and preſerve to them all their rights and liberties, I doubt not of meeting with a proper reſpect from the rougheſt of them: but as for that awe and reverence which your politeneſs would flatter me with, I love it not. I will, that all my ſubjects treat me with ſincerity. An honeſt freedom of ſpeech, as it is every honeſt man's right, ſo none can be afraid of it but he that is conſcious to himſelf of ill-deſervings. Sound maxims, and right conduct, can never be ridicul'd; and where the contrary prevail, the ſevereſt cenſure is the greateſt kindneſs.

THIRD COURTIER.

I believe your majeſty is in the right, I ſtand corrected.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

May it pleaſe your majeſty, here is a perſon who calls himſelf ſir John Cockle, the miller of Manſfield, begs admittance to your majeſty.

KING,

Conduct him in.

Enter SIR JOHN.

KING.

Honeſt ſir John Cockle, you are welcome to London.

SIR JOHN.

I thank your majeſty for the honour you do me, and am glad to find your majeſty in good health.

KING.

KING.

But pray, ſir John, why in the habit of a miller yet? What I gave you was with a deſign to ſet you above the mean dependence of a trade for ſubſiſtance.

SIR JOHN.

Your majeſty will pardon my freedom. Whilſt my trade will ſupport me, I am independent, and I look upon that to be more honourable in an Engliſhman than any dependence whatſoever. I am a plain, blunt man, and may poſſibly, ſometime or other, offend your majeſty; and where then is my ſubſiſtance?

KING.

And dare you not truſt the honour of a king?

SIR JOHN.

Without doubt I might truſt your majeſty very ſafely; but in general, though the honour of kings ought to be moſt ſacred, the humour of kings is like that of other men; and when they pleaſe to change their mind, who ſhall dare to call their honour in queſtion?

KING.

Sir John, you are in the right, and I am glad to ſee you maintain that noble freedom of ſpirit: I wiſh all my ſubjects were as independent on me as you reſolve to be; I ſhould then hear more truth, and leſs flattery. But come, what news? How does my lady and your ſon Richard?

SIR JOHN.

I thank your majeſty, Margery is very well, and ſo is Dick.

KING.

I hope you have brought her up to town with you.

SIR JOHN.

No; I have only brought my daughter, and her rather to be under my eye, than any thing elſe.

KING.

Why ſo, ſir John?

SIR JOHN.

She has diſpleas'd me of late very much.

KING.

In what?

SIR JOHN.

You ſhall hear. When I was only plain John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, a farmer's ſon in the neighbourhood made love to my daughter. He was a worthy honeſt man; he lov'd my daughter ſincerely, and, to all appearance, her affections were placed on him. I approved of the match, and gave him my conſent. But, when your majeſty's bounty had raiſed my fortune and condition, my daughter Kate became miſs Kitty: ſhe grew a fine girl, and was preſently taken notice of by the young gentlemen of the country. Amongſt the reſt, ſir Timothy Flaſh, a young, rakiſh, extravagant knight, made his addreſſes to her; his title, his dreſs, his equipage, dazzled her eyes and her underſtanding; and fond, I ſuppoſe, of being made a lady, ſhe deſpiſes and forſakes her firſt lover, the honeſt farmer, and is determined to marry this mad, wrongheaded knight.

KING.

KING.

And is this the occaſion of your diſpleaſure? I ſhould think you had rather cauſe to rejoice that ſhe was ſo prudent. What! do you think it no advantage to your daughter, nor honour to yourſelf, to be ally'd to ſo great a man?

SIR JOHN.

It may be an honour to be ally'd to a great man, when a great man is a man of honour; but that is not always the caſe. Beſides, nothing that is unjuſt, can be either prudent or honourable: And the breaking her faith and promiſe with a man that lov'd, and every way deſerv'd her, merely for the ſake of a little vanity, or ſelf-intereſt, is an action that I am aſham'd my daughter could be guilty of.

KING.

Why, you are the moſt extraordinary man I ever knew: I have heard of fathers quarrelling with their children for marrying fooliſhly for love; but you are ſo ſingular, as to blame your's for marrying wiſely for intereſt.

SIR JOHN.

Why, I may differ a little from the common practice of my neighbours---------But I hope your majeſty does not, therefore, think me to blame.

KING.

No; Singularity, in the right, is never a crime. If you are ſatisfied your actions are juſt, let the world bluſh that they are ſingular.

SIR JOHN.

Nay, and I am, perhaps, not ſo regardleſs of intereſt

intereſt as your majeſty may apprehend. It is very poſſible a knight, or even a lord, may be poor as well as a farmer. No offence, I hope.

[*Turning to the courtiers.*

COURTIER.

No, no, no.---Impertinent fellow! [*Aſide.*

KING.

Well, ſir John, I ſhall be glad to hear more of this affair another time; but tell me now how you like London. Your ſon Richard, I remember, gave a very ſatirical deſcription of it; I hope you are better entertain'd.

SIR JOHN.

So well, that I aſſure your majeſty, I am in admiration and wonder all day long.

KING.

Ay! well, let us hear what it is you admire and wonder at.

SIR JOHN.

Almoſt every thing I ſee or hear of. When I ſee the ſplendor and magnificence in which ſome noblemen appear, I admire their riches; but when I hear of their debts and mortgages, I wonder at their folly. When I hear of a dinner coſting a hundred pounds, I am ſurpriz'd that one man ſhould have ſo many friends to entertain; but when I am told, that it was made only for five or ſix ſqueamiſh lords, or piddling ladies, that eat not, perhaps, an ounce a piece, I am quite aſtoniſh'd. When I hear of an eſtate of twenty or thirty thouſand a year, I envy the man who has it in his power to do ſo much good,

good, and wonder how he diſpoſes of it; but when I am told of the neceſſary expences of a gentleman in horſes and whores, and eating and drinking, and dreſſing and gaming, I am ſurpriz'd that the poor man is able to live. In ſhort, when I conſider our publick credit, our honour, our courage, our freedom, our publick ſpirit, I am ſurpris'd, amaz'd, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.

FIRST COURTIER.

Is not this bold, ſir?

SIR JOHN.

Perhaps it may; and I ſuppoſe his majeſty would not have an Engliſhman otherwiſe.

KING.

I would not. Let the generous ſpirit of freedom reign uncheck'd: To ſpeak his mind, is the undoubted right of every Briton; and be it the glory of my reign, that all my ſubjects enjoy that honeſt liberty. 'Tis my wiſh to redreſs all grievances; to right all wrongs; but kings, alas! are but fallible men; errors in government will happen, as well as failings in private life, and ought to be as candidly imputed. But let me aſk you one queſtion, ſir John: Do you really think you could honeſtly withſtand all the temptations that wealth and power would lay before you?

SIR JOHN.

I will not boaſt before your majeſty; perhaps I could not. Yet give me leave to ſay, the man whom wealth or power can make a villain, is ſure unworthy of poſſeſſing either.

KING.

KING.

Suppoſe ſelf-intereſt too ſhould claſh with publick duty?

SIR JOHN.

Suppoſe it ſhould: 'Tis always a man's duty to be juſt; and doubly his with whom the publick truſt their rights and liberties.

KING.

I think ſo; nay, he who cannot ſcorn the narrow intereſt of his own poor ſelf, to ſerve his country, and defend her rights, deſerves not the protection of a country to defend his own: at leaſt, ſhould not be truſted with the rights of other men.

SIR JOHN.

I wiſh no ſuch were ever truſted.

KING.

I wiſh ſo too: But how are kings to know the hearts of men?

SIR JOHN.

'Tis difficult indeed; yet ſomething might be done.

KING.

What?

SIR JOHN.

The man whom a king employs, or a nation truſts, ſhould firſt be thoroughly try'd. Examine his private character; mark how he lives; is he luxurious, or proud, or ambitious, or extravagant? avoid him: The ſoul of that man is mean; neceſſity will preſs him, and publick fraud muſt pay his private debts. But if you find a man with a clear head,

head, ſound judgment, and a right honeſt heart; that is the man to ſerve both you and his country.

KING.

You're right; and ſuch by me ſhall ever be diſtinguiſh'd. 'Tis both my duty and my intereſt to promote 'em. To ſuch, if I give wealth, it will enrich the publick; to ſuch, if I give power, the nation will be mighty; to ſuch if I give honour, I ſhall raiſe my own. But ſurely, ſir John, your's is not the language, nor the ſentiments of a common miller; how, in a cottage, could you gain this ſuperior wiſdom?

SIR JOHN.

Wiſdom is not confin'd to palaces; nor always to be bought with gold. I read often, and think ſometimes; and he who does that, may gain ſome knowledge even in a cottage. As for any thing ſuperior, I pretend not to it. What I have ſaid, I hope is plain good ſenſe; at leaſt 'tis honeſt, and well meant.

KING.

Sir John, I think ſo; and to convince you how much I eſteem your plain dealing and ſincerity of heart, receive this ring as a mark of my favour.

SIR JOHN.

I thank your majeſty.

KING.

At preſent I have ſome buſineſs that muſt be diſpatch'd, and will deſire you to leave me; before 'tis long let me ſee you again.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

I wiſh your majeſty a good night. [*Exit.*

KING.

Well, my lords, what do you think of this miller?

FIRST COURTIER.

He talks well; what he is in the bottom I don't know.

SECOND COURTIER.

I'm afraid not ſound.

THIRD COURTIER.

I fancy he's ſet on by ſomebody to impoſe upon your majeſty with this fair ſhew of honeſty.

FIRST COURTIER.

Or is not he ſome cunning knave that wants to work himſelf into your majeſty's favour?

KING.

I have a fancy come into my head to try him; which I'll communicate to you, and put it in execution immediately. An hour hence, my lords, I ſhall expect to ſee you at ſir John's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Tavern.*

SIR TIMOTHY FLASH, *the* LANDLORD, *and* GREENWOOD.

SIR TIMOTHY.

Honeſt Bacchus, how doſt thou do?

LANDLORD.

LANDLORD.

Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; pray when did you come to town?

SIR TIMOTHY.

Yeſterday; and on an affair that I ſhall want a little of your aſſiſtance in.

LANDLORD.

Any thing in my power, you know, you may command.

SIR TIMOTHY.

You muſt know then, I have an intrigue with a young lady that's juſt come to town with her father, and want an agreeable houſe to meet her at; can you recommend one to me?

LANDLORD.

I can recommend you, ſir, to the moſt convenient woman in all London. What think you of Mrs. Wheedle?

SIR TIMOTHY.

The beſt woman in all the world: I know her very well; how cou'd I be ſo ſtupid not to think of her?---Greenwood, do you know where our country neighbour, ſir John Cockle, lodges?

GREENWOOD.

Yes, ſir.

SIR TIMOTHY.

Don't be out of the way then; I ſhall ſend a letter by you preſently, which you muſt deliver privately into miſs Kitty's own hand. If ſhe comes with you, I ſhall give you directions where to conduct her, and do you come back here and let me know.

GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD.

Yes, ſir.---Poor Kitty! is it thus thy falſhood to me is to be puniſh'd? I will prevent thy ruin, however. [*Exit.*

SIR TIMOTHY *Sings.*

O the pleaſing, pleaſing joys
Which in women we poſſeſs!
O the raptures which ariſe!
They alone have power to bleſs!

Beauty ſmiling,
Wit beguiling,
Kindneſs charming,
Fancy warming;
Kiſſing, toying,
Melting, dying;
O the raptures which ariſe!
O the pleaſing, pleaſing joys!

LANDLORD.

You are a merry wag.

SIR TIMOTHY.

Merry! ay, why what is life without enjoying the pleaſures of it? Come, I'll write this letter, and then, honeſt Bacchus, we'll taſte what wine thou haſt got. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

MISS KITTY *and* MRS. STARCH.

MISS.

But pray, Mrs. Starch, does all new fashions come up first at court?

MRS. STARCH.

O dear, madam, yes. They do nothing else there but study new fashions. That's what the court is for: and we milleners, and taylors, and barbers, and mantua-makers, go there to learn fashions for the good of the publick.

MISS.

But, madam; was not you saying just now that it was the fashion for the ladies to paint themselves?

MRS. STARCH.

Yes.

MISS.

Well, that is pure; then one may be as handsome as ever one will, you know. And if it was not for a few freckles, I believe I should be very well, should not I, Mrs. Starch?

MRS. STARCH.

Indeed, madam, you are very handsome.

MISS.

Nay, don't flatter me now; do you really think I am handsome?

MRS. STARCH.

Upon my word you are. What a ſhape is there! What a genteel air! What a ſparkling eye!

MISS.

Indeed, I doubt you flatter me. Not but I have an eye, and can make uſe of it too as well as the beſt of them, if I pleaſe.

SONG.

Tho' born in a country town,
The beauties of London unknown,
My heart is as tender,
My waiſt is as ſlender,
My ſkin is as white,
My eyes are as bright
As the beſt of them all,
That twinkle or ſparkle at court or ball.
I can ogle and ſigh,
Then frown and be coy;
Falſe ſorrow
Now borrow,
And riſe in a rage;
Then languiſh
In anguiſh,
And ſoftly, and ſoftly engage.

But pray, Mrs. Starch, which do you think the moſt genteel walk now? To trip it away o'this manner? or to ſwim ſmoothly along, thus?

MRS. STARCH.

They both become you extremely.

MISS.

MISS.

Do they really? I'm glad you think ſo, for, indeed, I believe you are a very good judge. And, now I think on't, I'll have your opinion in ſomething elſe. What do you think it is that makes a fine lady?

MRS. STARCH.

Why, madam, a fine perſon, fine wit, fine airs, and fine cloaths.

MISS.

Well, you have told me already that I'm very handſome, you know, ſo that's one thing; but, as for wit, what's that? I don't know what that is, Mrs. Starch.

MRS. STARCH.

O, madam, wit is, as one may ſay,-----the----- the being very witty; that is-----comical, as it were; doing ſomething to make every body laugh.

MISS.

O, is that all? nay, then I can be as witty as any body, for I am very comical. Well, but what's the next? Fine airs, O let me alone for fine airs, I have airs enough, if I can but get lovers to practiſe 'em upon. And then, fine cloaths, why, theſe are very fine cloaths, I think; don't you think ſo, Mrs. Starch?

MRS. STARCH.

Yes, madam.

Enter SIR JOHN, *obſerving them.*

MISS.

And is not this a very pretty cap too? Does not it become me?

MRS. STARCH.

Yes, madam.

MISS.

But don't you think this hoop a little too big?

SIR JOHN.

No, no, too big! no. Not above ſix or ſeven yards round. [*Walks round her.*

MRS. STARCH.

Indeed, ſir, it's within the circumference of the mode a great deal.

SIR JOHN.

That it may be, but I'm ſure it's beyond the circumference of modeſty a great deal.

MISS.

Lord, papa, can't you dreſs yourſelf as you've a mind, and let us alone? How ſhould you know any thing of women's faſhions? Come, let us go into the next room.

[*Exeunt* MISS *and* MRS. STARCH.

Enter JOE *with* GREENWOOD.

JOE.

Sir, here's one that you'll be very glad to ſee.

SIR JOHN.

Who is it?------What, honeſt Greenwood! May I believe my eyes?

GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD.

Sir, I am very glad to ſee you; I hope all your family are well.

SIR JOHN.

Very well. But, for heaven's ſake, what has brought thee to London? What's the meaning of this livery? I don't underſtand thee.

GREENWOOD.

I don't wonder that you are ſuprized; but I will explain myſelf. You know the faithful, honeſt love I bear your daughter, and you are ſenſible, ſince the addreſſes of ſir Timothy Flaſh, how much her falſhood has grieved me; yet, more for her ſake, even than my own; my own unhappineſs I could endure with patience, but the thoughts of ſeeing her reduced to ſhame and miſery, I cannot bear.

SIR JOHN.

What doſt thou mean?

GREENWOOD.

I very much ſuſpect his deſigns upon her are not honourable.

SIR JOHN.

Not honourable! he dare not wrong me ſo!---- But, go on.

GREENWOOD.

Immediately after you had left the country, hearing that he was haſtening to London after you, and wanted a ſervant, I went and offer'd myſelf, reſolving, by a ſtrict watch on all his actions, to prevent, if poſſible, the ruin of her I cannot but love, how ill ſoever I have been treated. Not knowing me

to be his rival, he brought me along with him. We arriv'd in London yeſterday, and I am now ſent by him to give your daughter privately this letter.

SIR JOHN.

What can it tend to? I know not what to think; but if I find he dares to mean me wrong, by this good hand------

GREENWOOD.

Then, let me tell ye, he means you villainous wrong. The ruin of your daughter is contrived; I heard the plot; and this very letter is to put it in execution.

SIR JOHN.

What ſhall I do?

GREENWOOD.

Leave all to me. I'll deliver the letter, and, by her behaviour, we ſhall know better how to take our meaſures. But how ſhall I ſee her?

SIR JOHN.

She is in the next room; I'll go and ſend her to you.

GREENWOOD.

If you tell her who it is, perhaps ſhe will not be ſeen.

SIR JOHN.

I won't. [*Exit.*

Enter MISS KITTY.

MISS.

Bleſs me! is not that ſir Timothy's livery! (*aſide.*) Pray, ſir, is Sir Timothy Flaſh come to town?

GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD.

Yes, madam.

MISS.

Good lack! is it you? What new whim have you got in your head now, pray?

GREENWOOD.

No new whim in my head, but an old one in my heart, which, I am afraid, will not eaſily be removed.

MISS.

Indeed, young man, I am ſorry for it; but you have had my anſwer already, and I wonder you ſhould trouble me again.

GREENWOOD.

And is it thus you receive me? Is this the reward of all my faithful love?

MISS.

Can I help your being in love? I'm ſure I don't deſire it; I wiſh you wou'd not teaze me with your impertinent love any more.

GREENWOOD.

Why then did you encourage it? For, give me leave to ſay, you once did love me.

MISS.

Perhaps I might, when I thought myſelf but your equal; but now, I think, you cannot in modeſty pretend to me any longer?

GREENWOOD.

Vain, fooliſh girl! for heaven's ſake, what alteration do you find in yourſelf for the better? In what, I wonder, does the fine lady differ from the miller's daughter? Have you more wit, more ſenſe,

or more virtue, than you had before? or are you in any thing altered from your former ſelf, except in pride, folly, and affectation?

MISS.

Sir, let me tell you, theſe are liberties that don't become you at all. Miller's daughter!

GREENWOOD.

Come, come, Kitty, for ſhame lay aſide theſe fooliſh airs of the fine lady; return to yourſelf, and let me aſk you one ſerious queſtion; do you really think ſir Timothy deſigns to marry you?

MISS.

You are very impertinent to aſk me ſuch a queſtion: but to ſilence your preſumption for ever------ I'm ſure he deſigns it.

GREENWOOD.

I'm glad ſhe thinks ſo however. *(aſide.)* Nay, then, I do not expect you will reſign the flattering proſpect of wealth and grandeur, to live in a cottage on a little farm. 'Tis true, I ſhall be independent of all the world; my farm, however ſmall, will be my own, unmortgaged.

MISS.

Pſha! can you buy me fine cloaths? Can you keep me a coach? Can you make me a lady? If not, I adviſe you to go down to your pitiful farm, and marry ſomebody ſuitable to your rank.

SONG.

Adieu to your cart and your plough;
I ſcorn to milk your cow.

Your

Your turkeys and geeſe,
Your butter and cheeſe,
Are much below me now.
If ever I wed,
I'll hold up my head,
And be a fine lady, I vow.

And ſo, ſir, your very humble ſervant.

GREENWOOD.

Nay, madam, you ſhall not leave me yet; I have ſomething more to ſay before we part. Suppoſe this worthy, honourable knight, inſtead of marriage, ſhould have only a baſe deſign upon your virtue.

MISS.

He ſcorns it: no, he loves me, and I know will marry me.

GREENWOOD.

Dear Kitty, be not deceived; I know he will not. Read that, and be convinc'd.

[*She reads.*]

My dear angel,

I *Could no longer ſtay in the country, when you was not there to make it agreeable. I came to town yeſterday; and beg, if poſſible, you will, this evening, make me happy with your company. I will meet you at a relation's; my ſervant will conduct you to the houſe. I am impatient till I throw myſelf into your arms, and convince you how much I am*

Your fond and paſſionate admirer,

TIMOTHY FLASH.

MISS.

MISS.

Well, and what is there in this to convince me of his ill intentions?

GREENWOOD.

Enough, I think. If his deſigns are honourable, why are they not open? Why does not he come to your father's houſe and make his propoſals? Why are you to be met in the dark at a ſtranger's?

MISS.

Let me ſee; "I'll meet you at a relation's; my "ſervant will conduct you;" indeed I don't know what to think of that.

GREENWOOD.

I'll tell you, madam; that pretended relation is a notorious bawd.

MISS.

'Tis falſe; you have contriv'd this ſtory to abuſe me.

GREENWOOD.

No, Kitty, ſo well I love you, that, if I thought his deſigns were juſt, I could rejoice in your happineſs, though at the expence of my own.

MISS.

You ſtrangely ſurprize me; I wiſh I knew the truth.

GREENWOOD.

To convince you of my truth, here is a direction to the houſe in his own hand, which he himſelf gave me, leſt I ſhould miſtake: whither, if you ſtill doubt my ſincerity, and think proper to go, I am ready to be your conductor.

MISS.

MISS.

And is this the end of all his designs! have I been courted only to my ruin! My eyes are now too clearly open'd. What have I been doing?

GREENWOOD.

If you are but so convinc'd of your danger, as to avoid it, I am satisfy'd.

Enter SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN.

What do I hear! are you reconcil'd then?

MISS.

My dear father! I have been cheated and abused.

SIR JOHN.

I hope your virtue is untouch'd.

MISS.

That I will always preserve.

SIR JOHN.

Then I forgive you any thing. But how shall we be reveng'd on this scoundrel knight?

MISS.

Contrive but that, and I am easy.

GREENWOOD.

As his base designs have not been executed, I think if we could expose and laugh at him, it would be sufficient punishment.

SIR JOHN.

If it could be done severely.

MISS.

I think it may. I believe I have found out a way.

way to be reveng'd on him; come with me into the next room, and we'll put it in execution.

Enter a Servant.

Sir, a gentleman deſires to ſpeak with you.

SIR JOHN.

I'll come to him----Go you together, d'ye hear, and contrive your deſign.

[*They go out ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

SIR JOHN, *and the* KING *diſguiſed as a Collegiate.*

SIR JOHN.

No compliments, I tell ye, but come to the point: What is your buſineſs?

KING.

As I appear to you in the habit of a collegiate, you may fancy I am ſome queer pedantick fellow; but I aſſure you I am a perſon of ſome birth, and had a liberal education. I have ſeen the world, and kept the beſt company. But living a little too freely, and having ſpent the greateſt part of my fortune on women and wine, I was perſuaded, by a certain nobleman, to take orders, and he would give me a living, which he ſaid was coming into his hands. I was juſt cloſing with the propoſal, when the ſpiteful incumbent recover'd, and I was diſappointed.

SIR

SIR JOHN.

Well, and what's all this to me?

KING.

Why, ſir, there is a living now fallen, which is in the king's gift, and I hear you have ſo good an intereſt with his majeſty, that I am perſuaded a word from you, in my favour, would be of great ſervice to me.

SIR JOHN.

And what muſt that word be, pray?

KING.

Nay, that I leave to you.

SIR JOHN.

You are in the right; and I'll tell you what it ſhall be. That you being a ſenſeleſs, idle-headed fellow, and having ruin'd yourſelf by your own folly and extravagance; you therefore think yourſelf highly qualified to teach mankind their duty. Will that do?

KING.

You are in jeſt, ſir.

SIR JOHN.

Upon my word but I am in earneſt. I think, he that recommends a profligate wretch to the moſt ſerious function in life, meerly for the ſake of a joke, gives as bad a proof of his morals, as he does of his wit.

KING.

Sir, I honour your plain dealing. You exactly anſwer the character I have heard of your uncommon ſincerity; and, to let you ſee that I am capable

ble of ſomething, I have wrote a poem in praiſe of that virtue, which I beg leave to preſent to you, and hope you will receive it kindly.

[*Gives him the poem.*

SIR JOHN.

Sir, I am not uſed to theſe things; I don't underſtand 'em at all; but, let's ſee.

SIR JOHN *reads.*

A poem in praiſe of the incomparable ſincerity and uncommon honeſty of the worthy ſir JOHN COCKLE, &c.--------.

SIR JOHN.

Enough, enough; a poem in praiſe of ſincerity, with a fulſome complement in the very title, is extraordinary indeed.---Sir, I am obliged to you for your kind intentions; your wit and your poetry may be very fine, for aught I know; but a little more common ſenſe, I believe, could do you no harm.

KING.

He is not to be flatter'd, I find; but I'll try what bribery will do. That, I'm afraid, hits every body's taſte. (*aſide.*) ----Shall I beg one word more with you? Sir, you are a gentleman of the greateſt ſincerity and honour I ever met with, and for that reaſon, I ſhall always have the higheſt regard for you in the world, and for all that belong to you. I hear your daughter is going to be married; let me beg leave to preſent her with this diamond buckle.

SIR JOHN.

Sir, you ſurprize me very much; pray, what may the value of this be?

KING.

KING.

That's not worth mentioning; about five hundred pounds, I believe.

SIR JOHN.

Why, did not you tell me, juſt now, that you had ſpent all your fortune?

KING.

I did ſo: but it was for a particular reaſon; and you ſhall find I am not ſo poor as I repreſented myſelf.

SIR JOHN.

I am glad of it. But, pray how am I to return this extraordinary generoſity?

KING.

I expect no return, ſir, upon my honour. Tho' you have it in your power to oblige me very much.

SIR JOHN.

Don't mention the living, for that I have told you already you are not fit for.

KING.

I won't. But there is a certain place at court of another kind, which I have long had a mind to: 'tis true, there is a ſorry, inſignificant fellow in poſſeſſion of it at preſent; but he's of no ſervice; and, I know your power with the king, a word or two from you would ſoon diſpoſſeſs him.

SIR JOHN.

But what muſt he be diſpoſſeſs'd for?

KING.

To make room for me, that's all.

SIR JOHN.

Hum------Indeed, it won't do with me------ Here, take it again; and, let me tell you, I am not to be flatter'd into a fooliſh thing, nor brib'd into a baſe one.

KING, *diſcovering himſelf.*

Then thou art my friend; and I will keep thee next my heart.

SIR JOHN.

And is it your majeſty?

KING.

Be not ſurpriz'd; it is your own maxim, that a king cannot be too cautious in trying thoſe whom he deſigns to truſt. Forgive this diſguiſe; I have try'd thy honeſty, and will no longer ſuſpect it.

Enter GREENWOOD.

GREENWOOD.

Sir, I am come to let miſs Kitty know privately, that my maſter will be here diſguis'd immediately.

SIR JOHN.

Will he? Well, go into the next room and tell her ſo. If your majeſty will be ſo good as to retire in this chamber a while, you will hear ſomething, perhaps, that will divert you.

Enter JOE.

JOE.

Sir, here's a ſervant maid come to be hir'd.

SIR JOHN.

Let her come in, I'll ſpeak to her preſently.

[*Exit with the King.*

Enter SIR TIMOTHY, *diſguiſed as a maid ſervant.*

SIR TIMOTHY.

Well, I am obliged to the dear girl for this contrivance of getting me into the houſe with her. 'Twill be charmingly convenient-------

Re-enter SIR JOHN.

SIR TIMOTHY.

Sir, I heard that the young lady, your daughter, wanted a ſervant, and I ſhould be proud of the honour to ſerve her.

SIR JOHN.

My daughter will be here preſently. Pray, my dear, what's your name?

SIR TIMOTHY.

Faith I never thought of that, what ſhall I ſay? *(aſide.)* Betty, ſir.

SIR JOHN.

And, pray, Mrs. Betty, who did you live with laſt?

SIR TIMOTHY.

Pox of his impertinence; he has non-plus'd me again. *(aſide.)* Sir, I---I--- liv'd with ſir Timothy Flaſh.

SIR JOHN.

Ah! a vile fellow that; a very vile fellow, was not he? Did he pay you your wages?

SIR TIMOTHY.

Yes, ſir.----I ſhall be even with you for this, by-and by. *(aſide.)*

SIR JOHN.

You was well off, then; for, they ſay, it's what he very ſeldom does. Sad pay!---I can tell you, one part of your buſineſs muſt be to watch that villain, that he does not debauch my daughter; for I hear he deſigns it. But I hope we ſhall prevent him.

SIR TIMOTHY.

I'll take care of her to be ſure.---I burſt with laughter, to think how charmingly we ſhall gull the old fellow. *(aſide.)*

SIR JOHN.

Kate!

Enter MISS KITTY.

Here's a maid for you, Kate, if you like her.

MISS.

O lord! a maid! why ſhe's a monſter! I never ſaw ſo ugly a thing in all my life.

SIR TIMOTHY.

The cunning jade does this to blind the old fool. *(aſide.)*

MISS.

Pray, child, what can you do?

SIR TIMOTHY.

I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe you, madam, and I don't queſtion but I ſhall do.

MISS.

Indeed you won't do.

SIR TIMOTHY.

I hope I ſhall, madam, if you pleaſe to try me.

MISS.

MISS.

No, I durſt not try you, indeed.

SIR TIMOTHY.

Why, madam?

MISS.

Methinks you look like a fool, and I hate a fool.

SIR JOHN.

Nay, my dear, don't abuſe the young woman; upon my word I think ſhe looks mighty well. Hold up your head, child. O Lord! Mrs. Betty, you have got a beard, methinks.

[*Strokes her under the chin.*

MISS.

What! has Betty got a beard! ha, ha, ha. Ah Betty! why did you not ſhave cloſer? But I told ye you was a fool!

SIR JOHN.

Well-----and what wages do you expect, my dear?

MISS.

Ay, what work do you deſign to do, my dear?

SIR JOHN.

How cleverly you have bit the old fool, ha?

MISS.

And how charmingly we ſhall laugh at him by-and-by, ha?

SIR JOHN.

Now don't you think you look like a puppy?

MISS.

Poor ſir Timothy! are you diſappointed, love? Come, don't be nangry, and I'll ſing it a ſong.

SONG.

Ah, luckleſs knight! I mourn thy caſe:
Alas! what haſt thou done?
Poor Betty! thou haſt loſt thy place;
Poor knight! thy ſex is gone.

Learn henceforth, from this diſaſter,
When for girls you lay your plots,
That each miſs expects a maſter
In breeches, not in petticoats.

SIR JOHN *and* MISS.

Ha, ha, ha!

SIR TIMOTHY.

Zoons! am I to be us'd in this manner? and do you think I will bear it unreveng'd?

MISS.

And have you the impudence to think you are not well us'd?

SIR JOHN.

Nay, nay, if he is not ſatisfied; inſtead of the entertainment he expected, ſuppoſe we give him what he deſerves.----Who's within, there?

Enter three or four Servants. SIR TIMOTHY *runs off, and they after him.*

SIR JOHN.

They'll overtake him; and I don't doubt but give him the diſcipline he deſerves.

Enter

Enter KING, GREENWOOD, *and* COURTIERS.

KING.

After what you have told me, I think they cannot uſe him too ill.---Madam, I wiſh you joy of your eſcape from the ruin which threaten'd you.

MISS.

The king! I thank your majeſty.

KING.

And I am glad to hear that you are reconcil'd to an honeſt man that deſerves you.

MISS.

I ſee my error, and I hope, by my future conduct, to make amends for the uneaſineſs I have given to ſo good a father.

SIR JOHN.

My dear child, I am fully ſatisfied: and I hope thou wilt every day be more and more convinc'd, that the happineſs of a wife does not conſiſt in the title, or fine appearance of her huſband, but in the worthineſs of his ſentiments, and the fondneſs of his heart.

KING.

And now, my good old man, henceforth be thou my friend. I will give thee an apartment in my palace, that thou may'ſt always be near my perſon. And let me conjure thee ever to preſerve that honeſt, plain ſincerity. Speak to me freely, and let me hear the voice of truth. If my people complain, convey their grievances faithfully to my ear;

for how ſhould kings redreſs thoſe ills which flatterers hide, or wicked men diſguiſe?

SIR JOHN.

I thank your majeſty for the confidence you have in me: my heart, I know, is honeſt, and my affection to your majeſty ſincere: but as to my abilities, alas! they are but ſmall; yet, ſuch as they are, if it claſh not with my duty to the publick, they ſhall always be at your majeſty's ſervice.

KING.

I'd have you juſt to both.

But let your country's good be your firſt aim,
On this our honeſt miller builds his claim,
At leaſt for pardon; if you pleaſe, for fame.

THE

THE

Blind Beggar

OF

BETHNAL GREEN.

PERSONS.

The Blind BEGGAR,	*Mr.* Berry.
BESSY, *his Daughter,*	*Mrs.* Clive.
Sir WILLIAM MORLEY, *in love with her,*	*Mr.* Caſhell.
WELFORD, *in love with, and belov'd by her,*	*Mr.* Lowe.
Lord RANBY, JOHN SLY, *Suitors to* BESSY *as a Miſtreſs,*	*Mr.* Ridout. *Mr.* Taſwel.

Neighbours, Paſſengers, &c.

SCENE, Bethnal Green, *and the* Beggar's *Houſe upon it.*

THE Blind Beggar OF BETHNAL GREEN.

SCENE I. *The Beggar's House.*

WELFORD *alone.*

TRUE, ſhe is but a beggar's daughter, yet her perſon is a miracle; and her amiable qualities ſuch as might well have a better Title. The fame of her uncommon beauty is now ſpread round the country, and every day produces ſome new rival of my happineſs. How can I hope her heart will continue

nue mine, againſt ſo many, and ſuch powerful competitors? But him whom I moſt fear is Sir WILLIAM MORLEY; and her letter to me concerning him has alarm'd me. But here ſhe comes.

SCENE II.

BESSY, WELFORD.

Ah Beſſy! What is it you tell me? Surely you will not be ſo unkind!

BESSY.

You ought not, Welford, you cannot juſtly accuſe me of unkindneſs!

WELFORD.

Is it not unkind, to tell me you will marry Sir William Morley?

BESSY.

I will obey my father.

WELFORD.

I am much afraid, Beſſy, your duty to your father is not the only motive to your obedience in this affair.----Sir William has wealth and titles to beſtow.

BESSY.

Now you are unkind, nay cruel, to think that any motive ſo mean as that of intereſt or vanity could have the leaſt influence over me.

WELFORD.

What can I think?

BESSY.

BESSY.

Think on the ſituation I am in; think on my father. Can I leave him, blind and helpleſs, to ſtruggle with infirmity and want, when it is in my power to make his old age comfortable and happy?

SONG.

The faithful ſtork behold,
A duteous wing prepare,
It's ſire, grown weak and old,
To feed with conſtant care.
Should I my father leave,
Grown old, and weak, and blind;
To think on ſtorks, would grieve
And ſhame my weaker mind.

WELFORD.

That ſhall be no objection; no, Beſſy, whilſt theſe hands can work, he never ſhall know want: Your father ſhall be mine, nay dearer, a thouſand times dearer to me than my own.

BESSY.

Why can I not requite ſuch faithful love? [*Aſide.* But Welford, ſuppoſe my father commands me to marry Sir William, would you have me diſobey him? 'Tis true, he is but a poor man, a beggar, yet he is my father; and the beſt of fathers he has been to me.

WELFORD.

He is the beſt of men: and, if report ſay true, far from a common beggar.

BESSY.

BESSY.

Sometimes, indeed, I myſelf ſuſpect that he is not what he ſeems; and what principally induces me to it is the extraordinary care he has taken of my education, inſtructing me himſelf, and teaching me a thouſand things above my ſphere of life; and this is a further reaſon why I ought not to diſobey him.

WELFORD.

You ſhall not diſobey him, I will not deſire it. But ſuppoſe it were poſſible for me to gain his conſent.

BESSY.

Then you have mine; for believe me, Welford, I can propoſe no happineſs to myſelf, if not with you; and ſhould I marry Sir William, it is only becauſe I chuſe rather to make myſelf unhappy than my father.

WELFORD.

Unequall'd goodneſs! Surely he will not make you miſerable, who are ſo afraid of making him ſo! And he is too wiſe to think all happineſs confin'd to greatneſs.

SONG.

Obſerve the fragrant bluſhing roſe,
Tho' in the humble vale it ſpring,
It ſmells as ſweet, as fair it blows,
As in the garden of a king:
So calm content as oft is found compleat
In the low cot, as in the lofty ſeat.

I will go this inſtant to him, and try how far I can prevail. I hope your wiſhes will be in my favour.

BESSY.

Go: I dare not wiſh, leſt they ſhould be too much ſo. For how ſtrongly ſoever I may be determined to obey my father, I fear that love will ſteal away my heart in ſpite of duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bethnal Green.*

Enter the BLIND BEGGAR *led in by a Boy.*

BEGGAR.

So, boy, we are at our journey's end I find: come ſtay by me, there's a good boy.

Two paſſengers croſs the ſtage.

Pray remember the blind!

FIRST PASSENGER.

I have nothing for you, friend. One cannot ſtir a ſtep without being plagu'd with the cant of beggars.

SECOND PASSENGER.

'Tis an infamous thing in a trading country, that the poor are not ſome way or other employ'd.

[*They go out.*

BEGGAR.

I am afraid the rich are employ'd full as ill; and what is ſtill worſe, the poor are not the only beggars.

Wants,

Wants, real or imaginary, reach all ſtates; and as ſome beg in rags, there are ſome not aſham'd to beg even in velvet. All men are beggars in ſome ſhape or other; thoſe only are ſcandalous ones, who beg by impudence what they ſhould earn by merit.

SONG.

Let begging no more then be taunted,
If honeſt and free from offence;
Were each man to beg what he wanted,
How many would beggars commence!
Grave church-men might beg for more grace,
Young ſoldiers for courage might call;
And many that beg for a penſion or place,
Might beg for ſome merit withall.

SCENE IV.

Enter another Paſſenger.

BEGGAR.

Pray remember the blind!

PASSENGER.

So, neighbour, you are got to your old ſeat this afternoon.

BEGGAR.

Is not that my neighbour Greenfield?

PASSENGER.

PASSENGER.

Ay.

BEGGAR.

You have been in town, I ſuppoſe, what news?

PASSENGER.

I hear none, but that the earl of Eſſex is dead this morning.

BEGGAR.

The earl of Eſſex dead! That's greater news to me than you imagine.

PASSENGER.

I hope it is not bad.

BEGGAR.

No.

PASSENGER.

Here's my lord Ranby ſeems to be coming this way, as if he wanted to ſpeak with you.

BEGGAR.

Does he? Well, I am prepar'd for him. This worthy man is one of thoſe who has the goodneſs, becauſe he thinks me poor, to ſollicit me to proſtitute my daughter, and ſell her virtue for his borrow'd gold.

PASSENGER.

Very charitable truly! and I don't doubt but you'll thank him as he deſerves. Good bye.

BEGGAR.

I wiſh you a good walk.

[*Exit* PASSENGER.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Lord RANBY.

RANBY.

Well, honeſt beggar, have you thought of the propoſals I made when I ſaw you laſt?

BEGGAR.

Yes, I have thought of you and your propoſals with contempt.

RANBY.

With contempt!

BEGGAR.

Yes, my lord, with contempt.

RANBY.

Don't be impudent, friend.

BEGGAR.

'Tis not I that am impudent, my lord.

RANBY.

Hark ye, old fellow, were it not for your daughter, your age ſhould not protect your inſolence.

BEGGAR.

And were it not for my age, young fellow, your quality ſhould not protect yours.---Inſolence! I'd have thee know, proud lord, my birth is at leaſt equal to thine; and tho' now a beggar, I have not yet diſgrac'd my family, as thou haſt done. Go home, young man, and pay yout debts, it will more become you than this infamous errand.

RANBY.

'Tis very well: but I ſhall perhaps make you repent his freedom.

BEGGAR.

Repent your own follies, child; no honeſt freedom ought to be repented of.

RANBY.

You are a brave fellow!

BEGGAR.

And you are not a brave fellow.

RANBY.

The old wretch confounds me ſo, I don't know what to ſay. (*Aſide.*) ------ I ſhall take a courſe with you, ſir, for this impudence.

BEGGAR.

An idle courſe you have taken all your life; be wiſe, and mend it.

RANBY.

Damn him! Why ſhould I talk to ſuch a creature? I muſt enjoy his daughter however; and ſince fair means won't prevail, foul muſt. [*Exit.*

BEGGAR.

What ſtrange creatures are the greateſt part of mankind! What a compoſition of contradictions! Always purſuing happineſs, yet generally thro' ſuch ways as lead to miſery: admiring every virtue in others, indulging themſelves in every vice: fond of fame, yet labouring for infamy. In ſo bad a world, the loſs of ſight is not really ſo great an evil as it may be apprehended.

SONG.

SONG.

Tho' darkneſs ſtill attends me,
It aids internal ſight;
And from ſuch ſcenes defends me,
As bluſh to ſee the light.
No villain's ſmile deceives me,
No gilded fop offends,
No weeping object grieves me,
Kind darkneſs me befriends.

Henceforth no uſeleſs wailings,
I find no reaſon why;
Mankind to their own failings
Are all as blind as I.
Who painted vice deſires,
Is blind, whate'er he thinks;
Who virtue not admires,
Is either blind, or winks.

SCENE VI. *Bethnal Green.*

Enter JOHN SLY.

SLY.

Friend, if thou beaſt at leiſure, I would commune with thee.

BEGGAR.

Is not that Mr. Sly?

SLY.

John Sly, at thy ſervice.

BEGGAR.

Well, friend Sly, what is your pleaſure with me?

SLY.

Thou haſt a daughter, friend, whoſe charms I have beheld with the eye of wonder and admiration. As a goldfinch among ſparrows, or as a peacock amongſt fowls, even ſuch is thy child amongſt the daughters of men. Her beauty maketh the roſe to bluſh with ſhame, and the lilly turneth pale with envy thereat. Ah, friend! what pity it were this innocent lamb ſhould fall amongſt wolves, and be devoured!

BEGGAR.

It were great pity indeed.

SLY.

My ſoul melteth in compaſſion, yea, my heart is moved with affection unto her: Let her be mine hand-maid, and I will protect her from the pollutions of the ungodly.

BEGGAR.

And ſo, friend, thou would'ſt debauch my daughter thyſelf, that the wicked may not have the ſin to anſwer for?

SLY.

Nay, friend, thou ſhould'ſt not call it debauching her. Come, come, I will make a propoſition that ſhall pleaſe thee. Thou art a poor man, and thou knoweſt that I am rich; what part of my fortune ſhall I give unto her? Name the ſum, and it ſhall be ſettled upon her according to thy direction.

BEG-

BEGGAR.

How dare any man have the impudence to aſk another the price of his virtue? Surely, friend, thou muſt be very glad that I am blind.

SLY.

Why ſo, friend?

BEGGAR.

Becauſe I cannot ſee how much like a rogue thou muſt now look. Out of my reach, vile hypocrite! or I will make thee feel the weight of my reſentment.

SLY.

Verily, friend, thou knoweſt not the ways of the world, nor the wiſdom thereof——But I will not be caſt down, the daughter may perhaps have more wit than her father; I will try at leaſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter WELFORD.

WELFORD.

How ſhall I addreſs him? Sure there is ſomething venerable about this poor old man; ſomething that commands more than common reverence and reſpect. (*Aſide.*)--I am come, ſir, to ſpeak with you about an affair that to me is of conſequence, and I beg you will not think me impertinent or troubleſome.

BEGGAR.

Who is it that can be afraid of being impertinent to a poor beggar?

WELFORD.

My name is Welford.

BEGGAR.

O, I know you very well, Mr. Welford; your father was formerly my very good friend and benefactor; I was ſorry, poor gentleman, for his misfortunes; all he had, I think, was loſt at ſea.

WELFORD.

'Tis true; and my chief misfortune in that loſs, is, that it has depriv'd me of the power of making it your's.

BEGGAR.

I underſtand ye; you have a kindneſs for my daughter, and would have married her; I have heard ſomething of it, and ſuppoſe that is the buſineſs you are come about, is it not?

WELFORD.

It is; and I hope I ſhall have your conſent.

BEGGAR.

Mr. Welford, I had a reſpect for your father, for his ſake I have a regard for you; and as you have unhappily no fortune of your own, I would not have you do ſo imprudent a thing as to marry the daughter of a beggar.

WELFORD.

I have already learnt not to place any part of my happineſs in the enjoyment of riches; and my heart tells me, that the greateſt pleaſure I could have,

would

would be to maintain you and your daughter by the honeſt labour of my hands.

SONG.

To keep my gentle Beſſy,
What labour would ſeem hard?
Each toilſome taſk how eaſy!
Her love the ſweet reward.
The bee thus uncomplaining,
Eſteems no toil ſevere,
The ſweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

BEGGAR.

Your intentions are very kind, and I don't doubt but your love to my daughter is ſincere; but I would have you ſuppreſs it: For, to deal plainly with you, I have already determined to marry my daughter to ſir William Morley.

WELFORD.

But will you marry her to ſir William againſt her conſent?

BEGGAR.

I doubt not her conſent; ſhe never diſobey'd me yet; and will not now, I dare ſay.

WELFORD.

I know ſhe will obey if you command; but ſurely, in an affair of ſo much conſequence to her, you will have ſome regard to her own happineſs. Let me only beg you to conſider this, and then I leave it

to your paternal affection. At preſent I will trouble you no further. [*Exit.*

BEGGAR.

I have conſider'd of it, and I hope ſhe will conſider of it too. I would not make my child unhappy, nor will I marry her againſt her mind: but ſir William, beſides the largeneſs of his fortune, is of ſo good-natur'd and agreeable a diſpoſition, that I hope ſhe will ſoon be won to taſte the happineſs of her condition, and then will thank me for my care.---Come, boy, the wind methinks blows cold here, we'll go to the other ſide of the green. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

SCENE *changes to the* BEGGAR'S *houſe.*

Sir WILLIAM MORLEY and BESSY.

BESSY.

I am very ſenſible, ſir William, of the honour you do me in deſcending ſo much beneath yourſelf, as to think of marrying the daughter of a beggar.

SIR WILLIAM.

My dear Beſſy, talk not of inequality; true love forgets condition, and deſpiſes any thought ſo mean as that of intereſt.

BESSY.

Some would eſteem ſuch love at beſt but weakneſs. Nay you yourſelf, as paſſion cools, and reaſon

ſon gathers ſtrength, perhaps may cenſure and regret as a folly, what now you ſeriouſly fancy to be love.

SONG.

The boy thus of a bird poſſeſt,
At firſt how great his joys!
He ſtrokes it ſoft, and in his breaſt
The little fav'rite lies:
But ſoon as grown to riper age,
The paſſion quits his mind,
He hangs it up in ſome cold cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

SIR WILLIAM.

This, my Beſſy, is impoſſible; as your beauties have ſubdu'd my heart, your virtues have endear'd, and will ſecure the conqueſt,

BESSY.

I wiſh, Sir William, you would excuſe my fears; I was not born for grandeur, and dare not venture on a ſtate ſo much above my rank.

SIR WILLIAM.

So far from truth is that unjuſt pretence, that 'tis your preſent rank alone you are unfit for. You have not only beauty to adorn, but ſenſe to ſupport a higher.

BESSY.

I know you flatter me; but granting what you ſay were true, yet I had rather attend my father on this humble green, than run the riſk of falling from that greatneſs which I neither covet nor deſerve.

SIR

BESSY.

He that would refuſe me all other ſecurity but his honour, I ſhould be afraid had too little of that to be truſted.

RANBY.

Well then, my dear Beſſy, to come cloſe to the point, you cannot ſuſpect my ſincerity, ſince I have not deſir'd you to truſt entirely to my honour, but have offered to make you a handſome ſettlement.

BESSY.

But, my lord, as I don't like the terms, I hope I may be excus'd accepting it.

RANBY.

Come, come, child, ſince I find you are ſo very obſtinate, that you will not accept of what is ſo much for your own good, I muſt be oblig'd to force you to it, my dear.

BESSY.

What do you mean, my lord?

RANBY.

Only to make you happy, my angel, whether you will or no.

BESSY.

O heaven, defend me!

RANBY.

Look ye, my dear, no noiſe, no ſtruggling; it will avail you nothing.——But let me not forget to turn the key.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Enter SLY.

SLY.

Indeed, friend, thou ſhould'ſt have done that before.

RANBY.

Curſe on the ſanctify'd hypocrite! What envious demon ſent him here?

BESSY.

Heaven rather ſent him to preſerve my virtue. O ſave me from the brutal violence of that monſter!

SLY.

Yea verily, I will protect thy virtue, and ſave thee---- for myſelf. [*Aſide.*]---Friend, friend, why walkeſt thou in vanity? Verily, thou haſt done the thing that is not right.----

RANBY.

Verily, friend, and ſo haſt thou: And unleſs thou doſt immediately return from whence thou cameſt, I will exalt the arm of fleſh againſt thee, and thy iniquity ſhall be upon thy bones.

SLY.

Hum! my ſpirit burneth within me, yea, my inward man is moved to wrath. Howbeit, I doubt he's ſtronger than I, therefore I will be peaceable, and try if I cannot gain my point by ſeeming to join with him. (*Aſide.*)---Reſtrain thy choler, friend; I mean not to diſappoint thee; for, to confeſs the

the truth, I came with the ſame deſign myſelf; wherefore I may, peradventure, be of ſervice unto thee, in perſuading the virgin to yield unto our ſolicitations. What, ſay'ſt thou, ſhall I try?

RANBY.

And does the carnal paſſion lurk beneath this ſober maſk of ſanctity? What the devil can he ſay to her! It muſt be a ridiculous ſcene, I'll hear it. [*Aſide.*]---Well, friend, pr'ythee try thy talent upon her; but, do ye hear, don't play falſe.

SLY.

Thy ſelf ſhall judge.

BESSY.

What means this parley? I don't like it. [*Aſide.*

SLY.

Fair maiden, I am moved, yea I am ſtrongly moved, and as it were puſhed forth by the ſpirit towards thee: Suffer me therefore to entreat thee, and to prevail upon thee to anſwer the end of thy creation. The ſun of thy beauty nouriſheth my love as a plant; my ſoul longeth, yea I do long exceedingly, to taſte thy ſweets, to feel the ſoftneſs of thy panting breaſt.---

BESSY.

Firſt feel my hand, thou holy hypocrite. [*Gives him a box on the ear.*] What will become of me!

RANBY.

How like ye her ſalute? methinks ſhe kiſs'd you with a ſmack.

SLY.

SLY.

Verily, if her hand is the ſofteſt part of her, her heart muſt be exceeding hard.

RANBY.

I ſee no likelihood of prevailing with her by fair means; ſuppoſe we force her into my coach, and drive her to a little houſe I have about ten miles off, we ſhall there bring her to a compliance.

SLY.

The propoſal is good, and I will aſſiſt thee in it.

RANBY.

Come, madam, 'tis in vain to reſiſt, you muſt along with us this inſtant.

BESSY *kneeling.*

For heaven's ſake, my lord, forbear! Think on my poor blind father, and take not from him the ſupport of his old age, his only child: alas! he will die diſtracted.

SONG.

Behold me on my bended knee,
Think on my father's cries!
O think the guſhing tears you ſee
Drop from his cloſed eyes!

Let this ſad ſight your ſoul poſſeſs,
Let kind regret take place;
And ſave my father from diſtreſs,
His daughter from diſgrace.

RANBY.

RANBY.

Off! 'tis vain.

BESSY.

Good heaven protect my virtue. Help! help!

[*As they are forcing her towards the door, enter* Welford, *who ſeizes Lord* Ranby's *ſword.*

SCENE XI.

WELFORD.

Villains! what means this outrage?

RANBY.

Hell and furies! are we diſappointed?

WELFORD.

Unhand her, or this moment is thy laſt.

[*Holds the ſword to his breaſt.*

RANBY.

Hold! hold! I will: Have a care, the point may hurt one.

WELFORD.

Baſe coward! why art thou ſo afraid to die? Shouldſt thou not rather be aſham'd to live? —— How fares my love?

BESSY.

O my deliverer! my dear preſerver! let my heart thank thee, for I cannot ſpeak.

WELFORD.

WELFORD.

Don't tremble ſo, my dear; compoſe yourſelf; the danger's over; come, look up. Vile raviſhers! how did you dare to rob the ſacred dwelling of this poor old man? did you not think the gods would take his part?

RANBY.

The god of love, methinks, ſhould have taken ours; and if he had been true to his character he would.

SCENE XII.

Enter the BEGGAR *and* SIR WILLIAM.

BESSY.

O my dear father! do I live to ſee you once again?

BEGGAR.

What means my child?

RANBY.

Ay, now we ſhall have a diſmal ſtory, how a trembling dove eſcap'd the bloody pounces of a hawk.

SLY.

Or how an innocent lamb was ſnatch'd from the jaws of a devouring wolf.

WELFORD.

And can you know your characters ſo well, and not deteſt yourſelves?

BEGGAR.

Are not theſe, lord Ranby and friend Sly? What has been done?

SLY.

Nothing, indeed.

BESSY.

Theſe wicked men had form'd a baſe deſign againſt my virtue; and would even now have forc'd me from you, had not the friendly arm of my dear Welford, that inſtant interpos'd to ſave me. Forgive me, father, that I call him dear, I owe my virtue and my life to his protection.

BEGGAR.

Unworthy men! what had I done, that you ſhould wiſh to make my old age miſerable?

RANBY.

We did not think of thy old age at all, but of thy daughter's youth and beauty.

BEGGAR.

Which I will this inſtant put beyond the reach of your ungenerous and ungovern'd paſſions. Sir William, my daughter's virtue———

BESSY.

My deareſt father, ſuffer me a word, and I have done. The worth and honour of Sir William Morley are what I highly do eſteem; and if 'tis your command that I muſt marry him, ſo much I value your repoſe beyond my own, that I will ſacrifice my

my happineſs to my obedience, and endeavour to give my heart where you command my hand. But O, forgive me, whilſt I freely own, I feel my heart will wiſh it otherwiſe.

BEGGAR.

Let me proceed. My daughter's virtue, ſir William—has conquer'd me. I did deſign to have given her to your honeſt love; but you yourſelf will own I ought not to compel a child ſo gentle, and ſo tender of me. Can I make her miſerable, who prefers my happineſs to her own?

SIR WILLIAM.

I own your juſtice, tho' my heart would fain plead againſt it. Dear Beſſy, I will endeavour to ſubdue that love, which cannot make me happy, ſince it would make you miſerable.

WELFORD.

Generous and kind!

RANBY.

Well, there is a pleaſure after all in virtue, which we looſe fellows know not how to taſte.

BEGGAR.

Welford, come hither. Your father was a worthy man, and my good friend; his bounty oft relieved my ſeeming want, and his good nature took me to his friendſhip. I am glad to find that you inherit his worth, tho' not his fortune. My daughter loves you; receive her therefore from my grateful hand, and with her full five thouſand pounds in gold.

WELFORD *and* BESSY.

Five thouſand pounds!

BEGGAR.

Be not ſurpriz'd. Tho' long conceal'd upon this green, beneath the poor appearance of a beggar, I am no other than ſir Simon Montford, whom the world thinks dead ſome years ago. Here I have liv'd, and ſav'd theſe poor remains of a once noble fortune.

BESSY.

I'm in amaze, and ſcarce know whether I ſhould believe my ſenſes! why did my father conceal himſelf ſo long from me?

BEGGAR.

It was neceſſary, child: but now I need no longer hide me from the world. The Earl of Eſſex, who long ſought my life, this morning died. The reaſon of his enmity was this: His father, who was ſtandard-bearer in an engagement againſt the Welch, where I had ſome command, moſt cowardly gave way, and occaſion'd the loſs of the battle; which when I upbraided him with, he gave me the lye, call'd me villain, and would have laid the blame on me. On this I challeng'd him, and it being his ill fortune to fall by my hand, I have ever ſince been oblig'd to conceal myſelf from the revenge of his ſon.

WELFORD.

My dear Beſſy, the ſurprize of this ſudden turn in our favour, has taken from me the power of expreſſion.

BESSY.

If your joy is but equal to mine, I am happy.

DUETT.

DUETT.

HE.

The man who in a dungeon lies for delt,
Eſteems not light and liberty ſo dear.

SHE.

The frighted bird juſt ſcap'd the fowler's net,
Its heart not flutters more 'twixt joy and fear.

HE.

Come to my arms,
And on my breaſt
From all alarms
Securely reſt.

SHE.

In this kind heaven let me lie,
In mutual pleaſure live and die.

BOTH.

In mutual pleaſure live and die.

WELFORD.

Dear father, let me indulge the joy to call you ſo, the happineſs you give me with your daughter, is half deſtroyed by this unexpected fortune. The pleaſure I had promiſed myſelf in labouring with my hands to maintain the father of my love, is now no more; but let me ſtill rejoice, that by this means

My Beſſy's gentle heart is free'd from care,
And her fair hand no labour needs to ſhare.
Hence let this maxim to the world be given,
True love and virtue are the care of heaven.

REX & PONTIFEX,

BEING

An Attempt to introduce upon the STAGE

a new Species of

PANTOMIME.

PERSONS.

Pagan, Jewiſh, Roman, and Mahometan PRIESTS *properly habited.*

TYRANNY, *in a coat of mail, a Gothic crown on his head, and chains in his hand.*

IMPOSTURE, *a phantom dreſs'd up by the prieſts with a cloak, maſk, &c.*

TRUTH, *a beautiful woman dreſt in white, with great plainneſs and ſimplicity.*

LIBERTY, *dreſt in her hair, with a flowing robe, a wand, &c.*

ZEAL, *has a fool's cap on his head painted with flames, a book in his hand, which he ſeems to read now and then, caſting up his eyes to heaven, and beating his breaſt with great violence.*

PERSECUTION *has an axe in one hand and a lighted firebrand in the other.*

AMBITION *is magnificently dreſt with ſtars, ribbons, coronets, and other enſigns of civil honour, eying them often.*

CORRUPTION *has a large bag of money in one hand, and a ſerpent in the other.*

PHILOSOPHERS *in Grecian habits.*

The ARTS *and the* MUSES *from antiquity.*

REX

REX & PONTIFEX.

The curtain riſes to ſolemn muſick, but ſomething harſh and diſſonant, and diſcovers a magnificent temple; where a cabal of Egyptian *Prieſts,* Jewiſh *Rabbins,* Mahometan *Mufti's, a Pope, a Cardinal, Jeſuit, and Capuchin ſeem, in cloſe combination, and are all earneſtly employed in dreſſing up the figure of* IMPOSTURE. *After a while they ſeem by their whiſpering, nodding, winking and ſneering amongſt themſelves, to have adjuſted matters very much to their own ſatisfaction. A large cloak is thrown over the ſhoulders of the figure, to hide its deformities; a maſk of a fine compos'd grave air is clapt upon its ugly viſage; and ſeveral others, curiouſly delineated for all occaſions, are cunningly diſpoſed of beneath the cloak: which done, the Prieſts withdraw. Then enters a band of ancient Philoſophers, properly habited; who, examining the figure of* IMPOSTURE *with great care, ſeem to debate amongſt themſelves with calmneſs*

neſs and moderation; and at length, having pull'd off its cloak and maſk, and diſcover'd and expos'd its ſtrange features and monſtrous deformities, they are juſt upon the point of demoliſhing the figure, when the Prieſts re-enter, leading in TYRANNY, *with all the enſigns and officers of Civil Power attending him: by the aſſiſtance of whom, the Philoſophers are driven off the ſtage, and* IMPOSTURE *is again inveſted with its cloak and maſk. The Prieſts making obeiſance to the Civil Power, ſeem to beg the continuance of his protection, and the chief of them addreſſes himſelf to* TYRANNY, *in the following manner.*

RECITATIVE.

THOU, regal power! vicegerent of the ſkies!
Supreme on earth, and ſubſtitute of heav'n!
O ſtretch thy powerful arm, protect and ſave
Its ſacred miniſters! nor let bold man,
With his preſumptuous reaſon, dare to mock
Our holy myſt'ries, or diſpute our rights.

AIR.

Kings the rights of Prieſts defending,
More ſecurely hold their own;
Prieſts to Kings aſſiſtance lending,
Merit ſuccour from the throne:
Then give us ſupreme dominion
Over conſcience and the ſoul;
You ſhall rule (by our opinion)
Lives and goods without controul.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

TYRANNY.

Moſt reverend fathers! delegates to man
From heaven's high king! ambaſſadors divine!
Be it as you have ſaid. Teach you mankind
That power unlimited belongs to Kings,
That ſubjects have no rights but to obey;
Then ſhall the arm of civil power protect
Your higheſt claims of reverence; and enforce
Aſſent to every tenet you ſhall judge
Conducive to eſtabliſh Prieſtly rule
O'er mind and conſcience.

AIR.

Thus in fetters doubly binding,
Souls enſlaving, bodies grinding,
We the ſtupid herd ſhall ſway;
And, ſupreme in wealth and grandeur,
Silence every bold withſtander
That ſhall dare to diſobey.

PRIEST.

But in this grand affair, this high attempt,
To blind, enſlave, and fleece a bubbled world;
What inſtruments, what tools ſhall we employ?

TYRANNY.

Ambition and Corruption be my tools.

PRIEST.

Be mine blind Zeal and furious Perſecution.

Enter

Enter to the PRIESTS, *at one door,* Zeal *and* Perſecution; *and to the* CIVIL POWER, *at the other,* Ambition *and* Corruption, *properly diſtinguiſh'd.*

TYRANNY.

Go forth, ye inſtruments of our high aims,
And in our cauſe poſſeſs the ſons of men.
Cramp and intimidate th' enquiring mind;
With baſe affections taint the human heart;
And tame the generous ſpirit that breathes in man,
And prompts him to reſiſt and brave oppreſſion:
So ſhall that head-ſtrong beaſt, the multitude,
Yield to the bit, and crouch beneath its burthen.

ZEAL, *leading* PERSECUTION, *goes out one way; and* CORRUPTION, *leading* AMBITION, *the other. Then enter the* MUSES *and the liberal* ARTS, *with proper habits and enſigns, who ſeem to beg protection of the Prieſts and the Civil Power; but being commanded to fall down and worſhip the figure of* IMPOSTURE, *they refuſe; upon which they are immediately chain'd and fetter'd, and caſt down bound before it.*

And now the Civil and Eccleſiaſtical Powers ſeem perfectly ſecure; they ſhake hands, they embrace, and after a formal ſolemn dance, in which they alternately bow and reverence each other, they are walking off the ſtage, when they meet with the Goddeſs of LIBERTY, *who leads in the Philoſophers, walks boldly*

boldly up to the figure of IMPOSTURE, *and ſtriking it with her wand, ſpeaks as follows.*

Hence, Deluſion, hence, away;
Nor in Britain dare to ſtay:
To ſome foreign land retire,
Where dull ign'rance may admire:
Here, amongſt the brave and free,
TRUTH ſhall riſe, and dwell with ME.

Then waving her wand, IMPOSTURE *immediately ſinks; and the goddeſs of* TRUTH, *array'd in robes of white, yet dreſt with the greateſt plainneſs and ſimplicity, ariſes in its room, whom* LIBERTY *addreſſes in the following*

AIR.

Faireſt daughter of the ſkies,
Hither turn thy radiant eyes;
Thou haſt lovers here ſhall trace,
Every charm and every grace:
Sons of wiſdom, who admire,
Sons of freedom, all on fire;
Hither, goddeſs, hither turn;
Britons for thy beauties burn.

And now the Arts *and* Muſes *ſeem rejoic'd, they riſe gradually upon their feet, their chains are taken off by* LIBERTY, *who leads up a dance, in which the Philoſophers join with the Muſes, all of them*

them in the dance making frequent obeiſance to the Goddeſs of TRUTH.

During all this, the powers of Tyranny and Prieſtcraft are in great dread and confuſion. Tyranny threatens with his ſword, and the Prieſt wields a thunder-bolt; but ineffectual and in vain; for at the end of the dance, TRUTH *and* LIBERTY *advancing fearleſs to their oppoſites, they drop their weapons and ſubmit. After which,* LIBERTY, *addreſſing herſelf to them, ſpeaks as follows.*

O why, ye powers, that rule the race of man,
And you that ſhould inſtruct him to be wiſe
And good; why will ye join, O why, in league
Unnatural, to blind and to enſlave!
When to reform his morals, and protect
His native rights, are your ſole provinces,
From which perform'd, your ſafety, glory, all
That make kings great, and prieſts rever'd, ariſe

A I R.

He whoſe heart with ſocial fire
Burns to do what good he can;
Sure, by the celeſtial fire,
Will be deem'd the worthieſt man:
So the patriot warmly preſt
In his country's ſacred cauſe,
Of all ſubjects is the beſt,
Beſt deſerves his king's applauſe.

TRUTH.

Princes, give ear; give ear, ye reverend ſeers;
And let the words of TRUTH make deep impreſſion.

Man

Man was not made for Kings, but Kings for Man.
And that proud tyrant who invades the rights
His hand was ſcepter'd to defend, becomes
A ſovereign rebel. As that Prieſt, who for
The oracles of heaven gives human creeds,
And, wrapt in myſteries, ſneering moral worth,
Delights to puzzle and confound the mind,
Which 'tis his ſacred office to enlighten,
Falls from heaven's miniſter to that of hell;
And for man's teacher under God, becomes,
Under the devil, deputy ſeducer,

AIR.

Yet how ſacred! how divine!
Kings and Prieſts have power to be!
At the throne, or at the ſhrine,
Man might bow, and ſtill be free:
Let the Prelate virtue bring,
Let the Prince with goodneſs ſway;
To the Prieſt and to the King,
All will due obedience pay.

CHORUS.

Power and goodneſs, when they join,
Make Kings ſacred, Prieſts divine.

THE

THE ART of PREACHING:

In Imitation of *HORACE*'s ART of POETRY.

SHOULD ſome ſtrange poet, in his piece, affect
Pope's nervous ſtile, with Cibber's jokes bedeck'd;
Prink Milton's true ſublime with Cowley's wit;
And garniſh Blackmore's Job with Swift's conceit;
Would you not laugh? Truſt me, that Prieſt's as bad,
Who in a ſtile now grave, now raving mad,
Gives the wild whims of dreaming ſchoolmen vent,
Whilſt drowſy congregations nod aſſent.

---

a *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam*
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne;
Spectatum admiſſi riſum teneatis, amici?
Credite, Piſones, iſti tabulæ fore librum
Perſimilem——

[b] Painters and priests, 'tis true, great licence claim,
And by bold strokes have often rose to fame:
But whales in woods, or elephants in air,
Serve only to make fools and children stare;
And in religion's name if priests dispense
Flat contradictions to all common sense;
Tho' gaping bigots wonder and believe,
The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

[c] Some take a text sublime, and fraught with sense,
But quickly fall into impertinence.
On trifles eloquent, with great delight
They flourish out on some strange mystick rite;
Clear up the darkness of some useless text,
Or make some crabbed passage more perplext:
But to subdue the passions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties, they neglect.

[d] Most preachers err (except the wiser few)
Thinking establish'd doctrines, *therefore* true:
[e] Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy idle dreams:
[f] Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,
Are rocks where bigots, or free-thinkers split.

---

[b] —— —— *Pictoribus atque poetis*
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas ——
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia ——

[c] *Incæptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis* ——

[d] *Maxima pars vatum* ——
Decipimur specie recti ——

[e] *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,*
Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

[f] *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.*

The

[g] The very meaneſt dabler at Whitehall
Can rail at papiſts, or poor quakers maul;
But when of ſome great truth he aims to preach,
Alas, he finds it far beyond his reach.
[h] Young deacons try your ſtrength, and ſtrive to find
A ſubject ſuited to your turn of mind;
Method and words are eaſily your own,
Or ſhould they fail you—ſteal from Tillotſon.
[i] Much of its beauty, uſefulneſs, and force,
Depends on rightly timing a diſcourſe.
Before the l—ds or c—mm—ns——far from nice,
Say boldly—*Brib'ry is a dirty vice*—
But quickly check yourſelf—and with a ſneer—
Of which this honourable houſe is clear.
[k] Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,
To bring forth hidden truths, and make them known.
Yet in all new opinions, have a care,
Truth is too ſtrong for ſome weak minds to bear:
[l] And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd?
Let them from ſcripture plainly be deriv'd.

---

[g] *Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues*
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis ſumma, quia ponere totum
Neſciet ——

[h] *Sumite materiam veſtris, qui ſcribitis, æquam*
Viribus ——

[i] *Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,*
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat; et præſens in tempus omittat ——

[k] *In verbis etiam tenuis cautuſque ſerendis* ——

[l] *Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, ſi*
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta.

[m] Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame
For innovations, yet approve the fame
In Wickliffe and in Luther? Why are theſe
Call'd wiſe reformers, thoſe mad ſectaries?
'Tis moſt unjuſt: [n] Men always had a right,
And ever will, to think, to ſpeak, to write
Their various minds; yet ſacred ought to be
The publick peace, as private liberty.
[o] Opinions are like leaves, which every year
Now flouriſh green, now fall and diſappear.
Once the pope's bulls could terrify his foes,
And kneeling princes kiſs'd his ſacred toes;
Now he may damn, or curſe, or what he will,
There's not a prince in chriſtendom will kneel.
Reaſon now reigns, and by her aid we hope
Truth may revive, and ſickening error droop:
She the ſole judge, the rule, the gracious light
Kind heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.
[p] States to embroil, and faction to diſplay,
In wild harangues, Sacheverel ſhow'd the way.
[q] The fun'ral ſermon, when it firſt began,
Was us'd to weep the loſs of ſome good man;

---

m ——— ——— ——— *Quid autem*
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ———

n ——— *Licuit, ſemperque licebit,*
Signatum præſente nota procudere nomen.

o *Ut ſylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos* ———

p *Res geſtæ regumque ducumque, et triſtia bella,*
Quo ſcribi poſſent numero, monſtravit Homerus.

q *Verſibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,*
Poſt etiam incluſa eſt voti ſententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiſerit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc ſub judice lis eſt.

Now

Now any wretch, for one ſmall piece of gold,
Shall have fine praiſes from the pulpit ſold:
But whence this cuſtom roſe, who can decide?
From prieſtly av'rice? or from human pride?
[r] Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,
Are noble ſubjects, and the pulpit grace:
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.
[s] Why was he honour'd with the name of prieſt,
And greateſt made, unworthy to be leaſt,
Whoſe zeal was fury, whoſe devotion pride,
Power his great god, and intereſt his ſole guide?
[t] To touch the paſſions, let your ſtile be plain;
The praiſe of virtue aſks a higher ſtrain:
Yet ſometimes the pathetick may receive
The utmoſt force that eloquence can give;
As ſometimes, in elogiums, 'tis the art,
With plain ſimplicity to win the heart.
[v] 'Tis not enough that what you ſay is true,
To make *us* feel it, *you* muſt feel it too:
Show your *ſelf* warm'd, and that will warmth impart
To every hearer's ſympathizing heart.

---

[r] *Muſa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum* ——
Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

[s] *Cur ego, ſi nequeo ignoroque, poëta ſalutor?*
Cur neſcire —— *quam diſcere malo?*

[t] *Verſibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult* ——
Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet ſermone pedeſtri.

[v] *Non ſatis, eſt pulchra eſſe poëmata* ——
—— *male ſi mandata loqueris,*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Does generous Foſter virtue's laws enforce?
All give attention to the warm diſcourſe:
But who a cold, dull, lifeleſs, drawling keeps,
One half his audience laughs, the other ſleeps.

w In cenſuring vice, be earneſt and ſevere;
In ſtating dubious points, conciſe and clear;
Anger requires ſtern looks and threat'ning ſtile;
But paint the charms of virtue with a ſmile.
Theſe different changes common ſenſe will teach,
And we expect them from you if you preach;
For ſhould your manner differ from your theme,
Or in quite different ſubjects be the ſame,
Deſpis'd and laugh'd at, you may travel down,
And hide ſuch talents in ſome country town.

x It much concerns a preacher firſt to learn
The genius of his audience, and their turn.
Amongſt the citizens be grave and ſlow;
Before the nobles let fine periods flow;
The Temple church aſks Sherlock's ſenſe and ſkill;
Beyond the Tow'r---no matter---what you will.

y In facts or notions drawn from ſacred writ,
Be orthodox, nor cavil to ſhow wit:
Let Adam loſe a rib to gain a wife,
Let Noah's ark contain all things with life,

---

w —— —— *Triſtia mœſtum*
Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, laſciva; ſeverum, ſeria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: ——

x *Intererit multum Davuſne loquator an heros* ——

y *Famam ſequere* ——

Let

Let Moſes work ſtrange wonders with his rod,
And let the ſun ſtand ſtill at Joſhua's nod,
Let Solomon be wiſe, and Samſon ſtrong,
Give Saul a witch, and Balaam's aſs a tongue.
[z] But if your daring genius is ſo bold
To teach new doctrines, or to cenſure old,
With care proceed; you tread a dangerous path;
Error eſtabliſh'd, grows eſtabliſh'd faith.
'Tis eaſier much, and much the ſafer rule
To teach in pulpit what you learnt at ſchool;
With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,
If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn ſleeves.
[a] Some loudly bluſter, and conſign to hell
All who dare doubt one word or ſyllable
Of what they call the faith; and which extends
To whims and trifles without uſe or ends:
[b] Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,
T' enlarge the path to heaven, than to confine:
Inſiſt alone on uſeful points, or plain;
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.
If you expect or hope that we ſhould ſtay
Your whole diſcourſe, nor ſtrive to ſlink away;
Some common faults there are you muſt avoid,
To every age and circumſtance ally'd.

---

[z] *Si quid inexpertum ſcenæ committis, & audes*
Perſonam formare novam;——
——tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus——
[a] *Nec ſic incipies, ut ſcriptor Cyclicus olim——*
[b] *Quanto rectius hic——*
[c] *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum deſiderct, audi.*
Si plauſoris eges aulæa manentis, & uſque
Seſſuri donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores——

[d] A pert young ſtudent juſt from college brought,
With many little pedantries is fraught:
Reaſons with ſyllogiſm, perſuades with wit,
Quotes ſcraps of Greek inſtead of ſacred writ;
Or deep immers'd in politick debate,
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering ſtate.
[e] Theſe trifles with maturer age forgot,
Now ſome good benefice employs his thought;
He ſeeks a patron, and will ſoon incline
To all his notions civil or divine;
Studies his principles both night and day,
And as that ſcripture guides, muſt preach and pray.
[f] Av'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind
Begins to grow right-reverendly inclin'd.
Power and preferment ſtill ſo ſweetly call,
The voice of heaven is never heard at all:
Set but a tempting biſhoprick in view,
He's ſtrictly orthodox and loyal too;
With equal zeal defends the church and ſtate,
And infidels and rebels ſhare his hate.
[g] Some things are plain, we can't miſunderſtand;
Some ſtill obſcure, tho' thouſands have explain'd:

---

[d] *Reddere qui voces jam ſcit puer———*
[e] *Converſis ſtudiis, ætas animuſque virilis*
Quærit opes & amicitias----
[f] *Multa ſenem circumveniunt——*
[g] *Aut agitur res in ſcenis, aut acta refertur:*
Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.——
——in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem;
Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

Thoſe

Thoſe influence more which reaſon can conceive,
Than ſuch as we thro' faith alone believe;
In thoſe we judge, in theſe you *may* deceive:
But what too deep in myſtery is thrown,
The wiſeſt preachers chuſe to let alone.
How Adam's fault affects all human kind;
How three is one, and one is three combin'd;
How certain preſcience checks not future will;
And why almighty goodneſs ſuffers ill;
Such points as theſe lie far too deep for man,
Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

[h] If paſtors more than thrice five minutes preach,
Their ſleepy flocks begin to yawn and ſtretch.

[i] Never preſume the name of God to bring
As ſacred ſanction to a trifling thing.

[k] Before, or after ſermon, hymns of praiſe
Exalt the ſoul, and true devotion raiſe.
In ſongs of wonder celebrate his name,
Who ſpread the ſkies, and built the ſtarry frame:
Or thence deſcending view this globe below,
And praiſe the ſource of every bliſs we know.

[l] In ancient times, when heaven was to be prais'd,
Our humble anceſtors their voices rais'd,

And

---

h *Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu*
Fabula.——

i *Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus*
Inciderit;——

k *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile*
Defendat.——

l *Tibia non, ut nunc orichalco vincta, tubæque*
Æmula; ſed tenuis ſimplexque——

Poſt

And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd:
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,
The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd;
Majestick organs then were taught to blow,
And plain religion grew a raree-show:
Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,
Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.
Mysterious turnpikes block up heaven's highway,
And for a ticket, we our reason pay.
[m] These superstitions quickly introduce
Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse;
Religion and its priests, by every fool
Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.
Some few indeed found where the medium lay,
And kept the * coat, but tore the fringe away.
[n] Of preaching well if you expect the fame,
Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.
Your sacred function often call to mind,
And think how great the trust, to teach mankind!
'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,
Both what we owe to God, and what to man.

Postquam cæpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari genius festis impune diebus;
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
[m] *Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper*
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit ——
[n] *Scribendi rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.*
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis.

Vide * Martin *in the Tale of a Tub.*

'Tis

'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,
His country's love in every breaſt to plant;
Yours every ſocial virtue to improve,
Juſtice, forbearance, charity, and love;
Yours too the private virtues to augment,
Of prudence, temperance, modeſty, content:
When ſuch the man, how amiable the prieſt!
Of all mankind the worthieſt, and the beſt.

[o] Tickliſh the point, I grant, and hard to find,
To pleaſe the various tempers of mankind.
Some love you ſhould the crabbed points explain,
Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain:
Some love a new, and ſome the beaten path,
Morals pleaſe ſome, and others points of faith;
But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,
In whoſe diſcourſes truth and virtue join:
Theſe are the ſermons which will ever live,
By theſe our Tonſons and our Knaptons thrive;
How ſuch are read, and prais'd, and how they ſell,
Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's ſermons tell.

[p] Preachers ſhould either make us good or wiſe,
Him that does neither, who but muſt deſpiſe?
If all your rules are uſeful, ſhort, and plain,
We ſoon ſhall learn them, and ſhall long retain;
But if on trifles you harangue, away
We turn our heads, and laugh at all you ſay.

---

o *Centuriæ ſeniorum agitant expertia frugis;*
Celſi prætereunt auſtera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.——

p *Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ* ——

But

[q] But prieſts are men, and men are prone to err,
On common failings none ſhould be ſevere;
All are not maſters of the ſame good ſenſe,
Nor bleſt with equal powers of eloquence.
'Tis true: and errors with an honeſt mind,
Will meet with eaſy pardon from mankind;
But who perſiſts in wrong with ſtubborn pride,
Him all muſt cenſure, many will deride.
[r] Yet few are judges of a fine diſcourſe,
Can ſee its beauties, or can feel its force;
With equal pleaſure ſome attentive ſit,
To ſober reaſoning, and to ſhallow wit.
What then? Becauſe your audience moſt are fools,
Will you neglect all method, and all rules?
Or ſince the pulpit is a ſacred place,
Where none dare contradict you to your face,
Will you preſume to tell a thouſand lyes?
If ſo, we may forgive, but muſt deſpiſe.
[s] In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to ſee
One word of ſenſe, I prize the rarity:
But if in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotſon,
A thought unworthy of themſelves is ſhown,
I grieve to ſee it, but 'tis no ſurprize,
The greateſt men are not at all times wiſe.

---

[q] *Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignoviſſe velimus*——
[r] *Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex.*——
[s] *Sic mihi, qui multum ceſſat, fit Chœrilus ille,*
Quem bis terve bonum, cum riſu miror; & idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.

Ser-

[t] Sermons, like plays, ſome pleaſe us at the ear,
But never will a ſerious reading bear;
Some in the cloſet edify enough,
That from the pulpit ſeem'd but ſorry ſtuff.
'Tis thus: there are, who by ill preaching ſpoil
Young's pointed ſenſe, or Atterbury's ſtile;
Whilſt others by the force of eloquence,
Make that ſeem fine, which ſcarce is common ſenſe.
[v] In every ſcience, they that hope to riſe,
Set great examples ſtill before their eyes.
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can;
Phyſicians Mead, and ſurgeons Cheſelden;
But all will preach, without the leaſt pretence
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.
Why not? you cry: they plainly ſee, no doubt,
A prieſt may grow right-reverend without.
[w] Preachers and preaching were at firſt deſign'd
For common benefit to all mankind.
Publick and private virtues they explain'd,
To goodneſs courted, and from vice reſtrain'd:

---

[t] *Ut pictura, poëſis erit: quæ, ſi propiùs ſtes,*
Te capiet magis; & quædam, ſi longius abſtes.

[v] *Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis—*
Qui neſcit, verſus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni?

[w] —— *Fuit hæc ſapientia quondam,*
Publica privatis ſecernere, ſacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno ——
—— *Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque*
Carminibus venit ——
—— *Poſt hos* ——
—— *Animos in triſtia bella*
Verſibus exacuit.

Love,

Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse,
And their examples gave their precepts force.
From these good men, the priests and all their line
Were honour'd with the title of *divine.*
But soon their proud successors left this path,
Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith;
Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,
And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.
[x] Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,
Virtue or learning? what they ask's a jest:
We daily see dull loads of reverend fat,
Without pretence to either this or that.
But who'd like Herring or like Hoadly shine,
Must with great learning real virtue join.
[y] He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,
To no small excellence directs his aim.
On every noted preacher he must wait;
The voice, the look, the action imitate:
And when compleat in stile, and eloquence,
Must then crown all with learning and good sense.
But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,
And never preach one sermon of their own;
'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,
So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.
[z] As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,
Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,

---

[x] *Natura fierct laudabile carmen, an arte,*
Quæsitum est.

[y] *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,*
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit———

[z] *Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas—*

Where

Where empty boaſts of much ſuperior ſenſe,
Draw from the cheated croud their idle pence;
So the great H—nley hires for half a crown,
A quack advertiſement to tell the town
Of ſome ſtrange point to be diſputed on:
Where all who love the ſcience of debate,
May hear themſelves, or other coxcombs prate.
[a] When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,
They firſt of his capacities enquire.
If ſtoutly qualify'd to drink and ſmoke,
If not too nice to bear an impious joke,
If tame enough to be the common jeſt,
This is a chaplain to his lordſhip's taſte.
[b] If bards to Pope indifferent verſes ſhow,
He is too honeſt not to tell them ſo.
This is obſcure, he cries, and this too rough,
Theſe trifling, or ſuperfluous; ſtrike them off.
How uſeful every word from ſuch a friend!
But parſons are too proud, *their* works to mend,
And every fault with arrogance defend:
Think them too ſacred to be criticiz'd,
And rather chuſe to let them be deſpis'd.

---

[a] *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,*
Et torquere mero, quem perſpexiſſe laborant,
An ſit amicitiâ dignus: ———

[b] *Vir bonus & prudens verſus reprehendet inertes*——.
——— *ambitioſa recidet*
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget.

[c]He that is wiſe will not preſume to laugh
At prieſts, or church-affairs; it is not ſafe.
Think there exiſts, and let it check your ſport,
That dreadful monſter call'd a ſpiritual court.
Into whoſe cruel jaws if once you fall,
In vain, alas! in vain for aid you call;
Clerks, proctors, prieſts, voracious round you ply,
Like leeches ſticking, till they've ſuck'd you dry.

---

[c] *Ut, mala quem ſcabies aut morbus regius urget,*
Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
Veſanum tetigiſſe timent fugiuntque poëtam,
Qui ſapiunt: ———
Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris hirudo.

EPIS-

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. *POPE*,

Occaſion'd by his

ESSAY on MAN.

GREAT bard! in whom united we admire,
The ſage's wiſdom, and the poet's fire:
In whom at once, the great and good commend
The fine companion, and the uſeful friend:—
'Twas thus the muſe her eager flight began,
Ardent to ſing the poet and the man:
But truth in verſe is clad too like a lie,
And you, at leaſt, would think it flattery;

Hating the thought, I check my forward ſtrain,
I change my ſtile, and thus begin again.

As when ſome ſtudent firſt with curious eye,
Thro' nature's wond'rous frame attempts to pry;
His doubtful reaſon ſeeming faults ſurpriſe,
He aſks if *this* be juſt? if *that* be wiſe?
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue in diſtreſs,
And vice unpuniſh'd, with ſtrange thoughts oppreſs:
Till thinking on, unclouded by degrees,
His mind is open'd, fair is all he ſees;
Storms, tempeſts, earthquakes, virtue's ragged plight,
And vice's triumph, all are juſt and right:
Beauty is found, and order, and deſign,
And the whole ſcheme acknowledg'd all divine.

So when at firſt I view'd thy wond'rous plan,
Leading thro' all the winding maze of man;
Bewilder'd, weak, unable to purſue,
My pride would fain have laid the fault on YOU.
This falſe, that ill-expreſt, this thought not good,
And all was wrong which I miſunderſtood.
But reading more attentive, ſoon I found,
The diction nervous, and the doctrine ſound.
Saw man, a part of that ſtupendous whole,
"*Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul.*"
Saw in the ſcale of things his middle ſtate,
And all his powers adapted juſt to that.
Saw reaſon, paſſion, weakneſs, how of uſe,
How all to good, to happineſs conduce.

Saw

Saw my own weakneſs, thy ſuperior power,
And ſtill the more I read, admire the more.

This ſimile drawn out, I now began
To think of forming ſome deſign or plan,
To aid my muſe, and guide her wand'ring lay,
When ſudden to my mind came honeſt GAY.
For form or method I no more contend,
But ſtrive to copy that ingenious friend: *
Like him to catch my thoughts juſt as they roſe——
And thus I caught them, laughing at thy foes.

Where are ye now——ye criticks, ſhall I ſay?
Or owls, who ſicken at this God of day?
What! mighty ſcriblers, will you let him go
Uncenſur'd, unabus'd, unhonour'd ſo?
Step forth, ſome great diſtinguiſh'd daring dunce,
Write but one page, you ſilence him at once:
Write without fear; you will, you muſt ſucceed;
He cannot anſwer---for he will not read.

Here paus'd the muſe---alas! the jade is bit,
She fain would copy GAY, *but wants his wit.*
She paus'd, indeed---broke off as he had done,
Wrote four unmeaning lines, and then went on.

Ye wits and fools; ye libertines and ſaints,
Come pour upon the foe your joint complaints.
Firſt, you who oft, with wiſdom too refin'd,
Can cenſure and direct th' ETERNAL MIND,

* In his firſt Epiſtle.

Ingenious *wits*, who modeſtly pretend
This bungling frame, the univerſe, to mend;
How can you bear, in your great reaſon's ſpight,
To hear him prove, "*Whatever is, is right?*
Alas! how eaſy to confute the ſong!
If all is right, how came your heads ſo wrong?

And come, ye ſolemn *fools*, a numerous band,
Who read, and read, but never underſtand,
Pronounce it nonſenſe—Can't you prove it too?
Good faith, my friends, it may be ſo—to *You*.

Come too, ye *libertines*, who luſt for power,
Or wealth, or fame, or greatneſs, or a whore;
All who true ſenſual happineſs adhere to,
And laugh him out of this old-faſhion'd virtue:
Virtue, where he has whimſically plac'd
Your only bliſs---How odd is ſome men's taſte!

And come, ye rigid *ſaints*, with looks demure,
Who boaſt yourſelves right holy, juſt, and pure;
Come, and with pious zeal the lines decry,
Which give your proud hypocriſy the lie:
Which own the beſt have failings, not a few;
And prove the worſt, ſometimes, as good as *You*.

What! ſhall he taint ſuch perfect ſouls with ill?
Shall ſots not place their bliſs in what they will?
Nor fools be fools? Nor wits ſublime deſcend
In charity to heaven its works to mend?
Laughs he at theſe?---'Tis monſtrous. To be plain,
I'd have ye write---He can but laugh again.

Here

Here lifting up my head, ſurpriz'd, I ſee
Cloſe at my elbow, flattering Vanity.
From her ſoft whiſpers ſoon I found it came,
That I ſuppos'd myſelf not one of them.
Alas! how eaſily ourſelves we ſooth!
I fear, in juſtice, he muſt laugh at both.

For Vanity *abaſh'd, up to my ear*
Steps honeſt Truth, *and theſe ſharp words I hear;*
"Forbear, vain bard, like them forbear thy lays;
"Alike to POPE *ſuch cenſure and ſuch praiſe.*
"Nor that can ſink, nor this exalt his name,
"Who owes to virtue, and himſelf, his fame.

ON

GOOD and ILL-NATURE.

To Mr. POPE.

IN virtue's cauſe to draw a daring pen,
Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
Freely to praiſe the virtues of the few,
And boldly cenſure the degenerate crew.
To ſcorn, with equal juſtice, to deride
The poor man's worth, or ſooth the great one's pride;
All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
Nay, ſome there are ſo odd to think ſo ſtill.

Old-faſhion'd ſouls! your men of modern taſte,
Are with new virtue, new politeneſs grac'd.
Good-nature now has chang'd her honeſt face,
For ſmiling flattery, compliment, grimace:
Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
And thieves and ſharpers compliment each other.
To ſuch extent good-nature now is ſpread,
To be ſincere is monſtrouſly ill-bred:
An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
And complaiſance goes round from rogue to rogue.
If this be good---'tis glorioufly true,
The moſt ill-natur'd man alive, is YOU.

THE

CAVE *of* POPE.

A Propheſy.

WHEN dark oblivion, in her ſable cloak
Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
And their high deeds, ſubmitting to the ſtroke
Of time, ſhall fall amongſt forgotten things:

Then (for the muſe that diſtant day can ſee)
On Thames's bank the ſtranger ſhall arrive,
With curious wiſh thy ſacred grott to ſee,
Thy ſacred grott ſhall with thy name ſurvive.

Grate-

Grateful poſterity, from age to age,
With pious hand the ruin ſhall repair:
Some good old man, to each enquiring ſage
Pointing the place, ſhall cry, The bard liv'd there,

Whoſe ſong was muſic to the liſtening ear,
Yet taught audacious vice and folly, ſhame;
Eaſy his manners, but his life ſevere;
His word alone gave infamy or fame.

Sequeſter'd from the fool, and coxcomb-wit,
Beneath this ſilent roof the muſe he found;
'Twas here he ſlept inſpir'd, or ſate and writ,
Here with his friends the ſocial glaſs went round.

With awful veneration ſhall they trace
The ſteps which thou ſo long before haſt trod;
With reverend wonder view the ſolemn place,
From whence thy genius ſoar'd to nature's God.

Then, ſome ſmall gem, or moſs, or ſhining oar,
Departing, each ſhall pilfer, in fond hope
To pleaſe their friends, on every diſtant ſhore,
Boaſting a relick from the Cave of POPE.

ON THE DEATH of Mr. *POPE*.

COME, ye whose souls harmonious sounds inspire,
Friends to the muse, and judges of her song;
Who catching from the bard his heavenly fire;
Soar as he soars, sublimely rapt along;
Mourn, mourn your loss: he's gone who had the art,
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

Who now shall dare to lift the sacred rod,
Truth's faithful guard, where vice escapes the law?
Who now, high-soaring to the throne of God,
In nature's moral cause his pen shall draw?
Let none pretend; he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

Vice now, secure, her blushless front shall raise,
And all her triumph be thro' Britain borne;
Whose worthless sons from guilt shall purchase praise,
Nor dread the hand that pointed them to scorn;
No check remains; he's gone, who had the art,
With sounds to sooth the ear, with sense to warm the heart.

Ye

Ye tuneleſs bards, now tire each venal quill,
And from the publick gather idle pence;
Ye taſteleſs peers, now build and plant your fill,
Tho' ſplendor borrows not one ray from ſenſe!
Fear no reſuke; he's gone, who had the art,
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

But, come, ye choſen, ye ſelected few,
Ye next in genius, as in friendſhip, join'd,
The ſocial virtues of his heart who knew,
And taſted all the beauties of his mind;
Drop, drop a tear; he's gone, who had the art,
With ſounds to charm the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

And, O great ſhade! permit thy humbleſt friend
His ſigh to waft, his grateful tear to pay
Thy honour'd memory; and condeſcend
To hear, well-pleas'd, the weak yet well-meant lay,
Lamenting thus; he's gone, who had the art,
With ſounds to ſooth the ear, with ſenſe to warm the heart.

MODERN REASONING.

An EPISTLE.

WHENCE comes it, L---, that ev'ry fool,
In reaſon's ſpite, in ſpite of ridicule,
Fondly his own wild whims for truth maintains,
And all the blind deluded world diſdains;
Himſelf the only perſon bleſt with ſight,
And his opinion the great rule of right?

'Tis ſtrange from folly this conceit ſhould riſe,
That want of ſenſe ſhould make us think we're wiſe:
Yet ſo it is. The moſt egregious elf
Thinks none ſo wiſe or witty as himſelf.
Who nothing knows, will all things comprehend;
And who can leaſt confute, will moſt contend.

I love the man, I love him from my ſoul,
Whom neither weakneſs blinds, nor whims controul;
With learning bleſt, with ſolid reaſon fraught,
Who ſlowly thinks, and ponders every thought;
Yet conſcious to himſelf how apt to err,
Suggeſts his notions with a modeſt fear;
Hears every reaſon, every paſſion hides,
Debates with calmneſs, and with care decides;
More pleas'd to learn, than eager to confute,
Not victory, but truth his ſole purſuit.

But

But theſe are very rare. How happy he
Who taſtes ſuch converſe, L---, with thee!
Each ſocial hour is ſpent in joys ſublime,
Whilſt hand in hand o'er learning's Alps you climb;
Thro' reaſon's paths in ſearch of *truth* proceed,
And clear the flow'ry way from every weed;
Till from her antient cavern rais'd to light,
The beauteous ſtranger ſtands reveal'd to ſight.

How far from this the furious ~~noiſy crew~~,
Who, what they once aſſert, with zeal purſue?
Their greater right infer from louder tongues;
And ſtrength of argument from ſtrength of lungs,
Inſtead of ſenſe, who ſtun your ears with ſound,
And think they conquer, when they but confound.
Taurus, a bellowing champion, ſtorms and ſwears,
And drives his argument thro' both your ears;
And whether truth or falſhood, right or wrong,
'Tis ſtill maintain'd, and prov'd by dint of---tongue.
In all diſputes he bravely wins the day,
No wonder---for he hears not what you ſay.

But tho' to tire the ear's ſufficient curſe,
To tire one's patience is a plague ſtill worſe.
Plato, a formal ſage, debates with care,
A ſtrong opponent, take him up who dare.
His words are grave, deliberate, and cool,
He looks ſo wiſe---'tis pity he's a fool.
If he aſſerts, tho' what no man can doubt,
He'll bring ten thouſand proofs to make it out.

This,

This, this, and this---is ſo, and ſo, and ſo;
And therefore, therefore---that, and that, you know,
Circles no angles have; a ſquare has four:
A ſquare's no circle therefore---to be ſure.
The ſum of Prato's wond'rous wiſdom is,
This is not that, and therefore, that not this.

Oppos'd to him, but much the greater dunce,
Is he who throws all knowledge off at once.
The firſt, for every trifle will contend;
But this has no opinions to defend.
In fire no heat, no ſweetneſs in the roſe;
The man's impos'd on by his very noſe:
Nor light nor colour charms his doubting eye,
The world's a dream, and all his ſenſes lie.
He thinks, yet doubts if he's poſſeſs'd of thought;
Nay, even doubts his very power to doubt.
Aſk him if he's a man, or beaſt, or bird;
He cannot tell, upon his honeſt word.
'Tis ſtrange, ſo plain a point's ſo hard to prove;
I'll tell you what you are---a fool, by Jove.
Another claſs of diſputants there are,
More num'rous than the doubting tribe by far.
Theſe are your wanderers, who from the point
Run wild in looſe harangues, all out of joint.
Vagarius, and confute him if you can,
Will hold debate with any mortal man.
He roves from Geneſis to Revelations,
And quite confounds you with divine quotations.
Should you affirm that Adam knew his wife,
And by that knowledge loſt the tree of life;

He

He contradicts you, and in half an hour
Moſt plainly proves--- Pope Joan the ſcarlet whore.
Nor head nor tail his argument affords,
A jumbling, incoherent maſs of words;
Moſt of them true, but ſo together toſt
Without connection, that their ſenſe is loſt.

But leaving theſe to rove, and thoſe to doubt,
Another clan alarm us; face about:
See, arm'd with grave authority they come,
And with great names and numbers ſtrike us dumb.
With theſe an error ven'rable appears,
For having been believ'd three thouſand years.
Reaſon, nay common ſenſe, to names muſt fall,
And ſtrength of argument's no ſtrength at all.
But on, my muſe, tho' multitudes oppoſe us,
Alas! truth is not prov'd by counting noſes:
Nor fear, tho' ancient ſages are ſubjoin'd;
A lie's a lie, tho' told by all mankind.
'Tis true, I love the ancients---but what then?
Plato and Ariſtotle were but men.
I grant 'em wiſe---the wiſeſt diſagree,
And therefore no ſufficient guides for me.
An error, tho' by half the world eſpous'd,
Is ſtill an error, and may be oppos'd;
And truth, tho' much from mortal eyes conceal'd,
Is ſtill the truth, and may be more reveal'd.
How fooliſh then will look your mighty wiſe,
Should half their *ipſe dixits* prove plain lies!

But

But on, my muſe, another tribe demands
Thy cenſure yet: nor ſhou'd they 'ſcape thy hands.
Theſe are the paſſionate; who in diſpute,
Demand ſubmiſſion, monarchs abſolute.
Sole judges, in their own conceit, of wit,
They damn all thoſe for fools that won't ſubmit.
Sir Teſty (thwart ſir Teſty if you dare)
Swears there's inhabitants in every ſtar.
If you preſume to ſay this mayn't be true,
You lie, ſir, you're a fool and blockhead too.
What he aſſerts, if any diſbelieve,
How folks can be ſo dull he can't conceive.
He knows he's right; he knows his judgment's clear;
But men are ſo perverſe they will not hear.
With him, SWIFT treads a dull trite beaten way;
In YOUNG no wit, no humour ſmiles in GAY;
Nor truth, nor virtue, POPE, adorns thy page;
And THOMPSON's LIBERTY corrupts the age.
This to deny, if any dare preſume,
Fool, coxcomb, ſot, and puppy fill the room.
Hillario, who full well this humour knows,
Reſolv'd one day his folly to expoſe,
Kindly invites him with ſome friends to dine,
And entertains 'em with a roaſt ſir-loin:
Of this he knew ſir Teſty could not eat,
And purpoſely prepar'd it for his treat.
The reſt begin---ſir Teſty, pray fall to---
You love roaſt beef ſir, come--- I know you do.
"Excuſe me, ſir, 'tis what I never eat."
How, ſir! not love roaſt beef! the king of meat!

"'Tis

" 'Tis true indeed." Indeed it is not true;
I love it, ſir, and you muſt love it too.
" I can't upon my word". Then you're a fool,
And don't know what's good eating, by my ſoul.
Not love roaſt beef!---come, come, ſirs, fill his plate,
I'll make him love it---Sir, G---d---ye, eat.
Sir Teſty finding what it was they meant,
Roſe in a paſſion, and away he went.

RELIGION. *A Simile.*

I'M often drawn to make a ſtop,
And gaze upon a picture ſhop.
There have I ſeen (as who that tarries
Has not the ſame?) a head that varies;
And as in diff'rent views expos'd,
A diff'rent figure is diſclos'd.
This way a fool's head is expreſs'd,
Whoſe very count'nance is a jeſt;
Such as were formerly at court,
Kept to make wiſer people ſport.
Turn it another way, you'll have
A face ridiculouſly grave,
Something betwixt the fool and knave.
Again, but alter the poſition,
You're frighted with the apparition:

A hideous threatening Gorgon head
Appears, enough to fright the dead.
But place it in its proper light,
A lovely face accosts the sight;
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,
We own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true Religion fares. For when
By silly, or designing men,
In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,
'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest.
Here by a set of men 'tis thought
A scheme, by politicians wrought,
To strengthen and enforce the law,
And keep the vulgar more in awe:
And these, to shew sublimer parts,
Cast all religion from their hearts;
Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
Of priests, and politician's fools.

Some view it in another light,
Less wicked, but as foolish quite:
And these are such as blindly place it
In superstitions that disgrace it;
And think the essence of it lies
In ceremonious fooleries:
In points of faith and speculation,
Which tend to nothing but vexation.
With these it is a heinous crime
To cough or spit in sermon-time:

'Tis

'Tis worſe to whiſtle on a *Sunday*,
Than cheat their neighbours on a *Monday*:
To dine without firſt ſaying grace, is
Enough to loſe in heaven their places:
But goodneſs, honeſty and virtue,
Are what they've not the leaſt regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,
Who place it in the bugbear view!
Think it conſiſts in ſtrange ſeverities:
In faſtings, weepings, and auſterities.
Falſe notions their weak minds poſſeſs,
Of faith, and grace, and holineſs:
And as the Lord's of purer eyes
Than to behold iniquities;
They think, unleſs they're pure and ſpotleſs,
All their endeavours will be bootleſs;
And dreadful furies *in æternum*,
In unconſuming fires will burn 'em.

But, O how happy are the few,
Who place it in its proper view!
To theſe it ſhines divinely bright,
No clouds obſcure its native light;
Truth ſtamps conviction in the mind,
All doubts and fears are left behind,
And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

PAIN *and* PATIENCE.

AN ODE.

I.

TO ſcourge the riot and intemperate luſt,
Or check the ſelf-ſufficient pride of man,
Offended heaven ſent forth, in vengeance juſt,
The dire inexorable fury, PAIN;
Beneath whoſe griping hand, when ſhe aſſails,
The firmeſt ſpirits ſink, the ſtrongeſt reaſoning fails.

II.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound receſs,
Her courts ſhe holds; and to the ſons of men
Sends out the miniſters of dire diſtreſs:
Repentance, ſhame, deſpair, each acts her part;
Whets the vindictive ſteel, and aggravates the ſmart.

III.

He whoſe luxurious palate daily rang'd
Earth, air, and ocean, to ſupply his board;
And to high-reliſh'd poiſons madly chang'd
The wholſome gifts of nature's bounteous lord;
Shall find ſick nauſeous ſurfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd pall'd ſtomach loath the daintieſt food.

IV.

IV.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorſe enſues, and agony of ſoul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaſeleſs pain:
Gout, fever, ſtone, to madneſs heighten grief;
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief.

V.

He whoſe hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to ſeek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, ſhall in his face deſcry
The mark indelible of foul diſgrace:
Ulcers obſcene corrode his akeing bones;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt ſighs and groans.

VI.

The wild extravagant, whoſe thoughtleſs hand,
With laviſh taſteleſs pride, commits expence;
Ruin'd, perceives his waining age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies paſt,
Preſenting hollow want, fit ſucceſſor to waſte.

VII.

He too, whoſe high preſuming health defies
Th'almighty hand of heaven to pull him down;
Who ſlights the care and caution of the wiſe,
Nor fears hot ſummer's rage, nor winter's frown:
Some trifling ail ſhall ſeize this mighty man;
Blaſt all his boaſted ſtrength, rack every nerve with pain.

VIII.

Thus nature's God inflicts, by nature's law,
On every crime its proper punishment;
Creating Pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by physical prevent:
In wrath still gracious; claiming still our praise,
Ev'n in those very groans our chastisements shall raise.

IX.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man
Too low should sink beneath the keen distress;
Lest fell despair, in league with cruel pain,
Should drive him desperate in their wild excess;
Kind HOPE her daughter PATIENCE sent from high,
To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trickling eye.

X.

Hail, mild divinity! calm PATIENCE, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-ey'd maid, yet whose firm breath,
And strong persuasive eloquence prevail
Against the rage of pain, the fear of death:
Come, lenient beauty, spread thy healing wing,
And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises sing.

XI.

In all this toilsome round of weary life,
Where dulness teazes, or pert noise assails;
Where trifling follies end in serious strife,
And money purchases where merit fails;
What honest spirit would not rise in rage,
If Patience lent not aid his passion to assuage?

XII.

XII.

No ſtate of life but muſt to Patience bow:
The tradeſman muſt have Patience for his bill;
He muſt have Patience who to law will go,
And ſhould he loſe his right, more Patience ſtill.
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a ſtrife,
How oft, how long muſt man have Patience with his wife?

XIII.

But heav'n grant Patience to the wretched wight,
Whom pills, and draughts, and boluſſes aſſail!
Which he muſt ſwallow down with all his might;
Ev'n then when health, and ſtrength, and ſpirits fail.
Dear doctors, find ſome gentler ways to kill;
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of bill.

XIV.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her theme,
Till loſt and puzzled, ſhe all theme forgets;
Yet ſtill talks on with unabating ſpeed;
Good gods! who hears her out, muſt Patience have indeed.

XV.

So when ſome grave, deep-learned, ſound divine
Aſcends the pulpit, and unfolds his text:
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every ſentence more and more perplext;

Yet ſtill he blunders on the ſame blind courſe,
Teaching his weary'd hearers Patience upon force.

XVI.

Without firm Patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a ſmile?
Then, with a whiſper'd promiſe in his ear,
Wait its accompliſhment a long, long while;
Yet thro' the bounds of Patience if he burſt,
DANIEL's long weeks of years may be accompliſh'd firſt.

XVII.

O Patience! guardian of the temper'd breaſt,
Againſt the inſolence of pride and power;
Againſt the wit's keen ſneer, the fool's dull jeſt;
Againſt the boaſter's lye, told o're and oe'r;
To thee this tributary lay I bring,
By whoſe firm aid impower'd, in raging Pain I ſing.

KITTY. *A Paſtoral.*

I.

BENEATH a cool ſhade, by the ſide of a ſtream,
Thus breath'd a fond ſhepherd, his KITTY his theme:
Thy beauties comparing, my deareſt, ſaid he,
There's nothing in nature ſo lovely as thee.

II.

Tho' diſtance divides us, I view thy dear face,
And wander in tranſport o'er every grace;
Now, now I behold thee, ſweet-ſmiling and pretty,
O gods! you've made nothing ſo fair as my KITTY!

III.

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilſt in ſoft rapture I gaze on thy charms,
The beautiful objects which round me ariſe,
Shall yield to thoſe beauties that live in thine eyes.

IV.

Now FLORA the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and bloſſoms on every thorn;
But look on my KITTY!—there ſweetly does blow,
A ſpring of more beauties than FLORA can ſhow.

V.

See, ſee how that roſe there adorns the gay buſh,
And proud of its colour, wou'd vie with her bluſh,
Vain boaſter! thy beauties ſhall quickly decay,
She bluſhes,—and ſee how it withers away.

VI.

Obſerve that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
In whiteneſs unrivall'd, now droop and look pale;
It ſickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
And bows down its head in ſubmiſſion to you.

VII.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool ſhade,
When panting with heat on the ground I am laid,
Are leſs grateful and ſweet than the heavenly air
That breaths from her lips when ſhe whiſpers--*my dear*.

VIII.

I hear the gay lark, as ſhe mounts in the ſkies,
How ſweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
Go dwell in the air, little warbler, go!
I have muſick enough while my KITTY's below.

IX.

With pleaſure I watch the induſtrious bee,
Extracting her ſweets from each flower and tree:
Ah fools! thus to labour to keep you alive;
Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

X.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
When folded on each other's boſom we lie.

XI.

It glads me to ſee how the pretty young lambs
Are fondled, and cheriſh'd, and lov'd by their dams:
The lambs are leſs pretty, my deareſt, than thee;
Their dams are leſs fond, nor ſo tender as me.

XII.

As I gaze on the river that ſmoothly glides by,
Thus even and ſweet is her temper, I cry;
Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and ſerene,
And virtues, like gems, at the bottom are ſeen.

XIII.

Here various flowers ſtill paint the gay ſcene,
And as ſome fade and die, others bud and look green;
The charms of my KITTY are conſtant as they;
Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

XIV.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing ſo bright,
And darkneſs approaches to hinder my ſight:
To bed I will haſten, and there all her charms,
In ſofter ideas, I'll bring to my arms.

COLIN's KISSES.

SONG I. *The Tutor.*

COME, my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll instruct thee how to kiss.
Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush, and down-cast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:
Then when soft ideas rise,
And the gay desires grow strong;
Let them sparkle in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face,
Kiss me, press me, every thing
To endear the fond embrace.
Every tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
Every extasy sincere.

SONG

SONG II. *The Imaginary Kiſs.*

WHEN Fanny I ſaw as ſhe tript o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, ſoft, artleſs and kind;
Fond love in her eyes, wit and ſenſe in her mien,
And warmneſs with modeſty join'd:
Tranſported with ſudden amazement I ſtood,
Faſt riveted down to the place;
Her delicate ſhape, eaſy motion I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
What raptures muſt dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feaſt, on her breaſt I could die,
O Fanny, how ſweet are thy charms!
Whilſt thus in idea my paſſion I fed,
Soft tranſport my ſenſes invade,
Young Damon ſtep'd up, with the ſubſtance he fled,
And left me to kiſs the dear ſhade.

SONG III. *The Feaſt.*

POLLY, when your lips you join,
Lovely ruby lips, to mine;
To the bee the flow'ry field
Such a banquet does not yield;
Not the dewy morning-roſe
So much ſweetneſs does incloſe;
Not the gods ſuch nectar ſip,
As Colin from thy balmy lip:
Kiſs me then, with rapture kiſs,
We'll ſurpaſs the gods in bliſs.

SONG IV. *The Stolen Kiſs.*

ON a moſſy bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Chloe lay repoſing,
O'er her breaſt each am'rous wind
Wanton play'd, its ſweets diſcloſing:
Tempted with the ſwelling charms,
Colin, happy ſwain, drew nigh her,
Softly ſtole into her arms,
Laid his ſcrip and ſheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breaſt
His delighted fingers roving;
To her lips his lips he preſt,
In the extaſy of loving:
Chloe, waken'd with his kiſs,
Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
Cry'd, true lovers ſhare the bliſs;
Why then, Colin, wou'd you ſteal it?

SONG V. *The Meeting Kiſs.*

LET me fly into thy arms;
Let me taſte again thy charms;
Kiſs me, preſs me to thy breaſt
In raptures not to be expreſt.

Let me claſp thy lovely waiſt;
Throw thy arms around my neck:
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing ſhall our raptures check.

Hearts

Hearts with mutual pleaſure glowing;
Lips with lips together growing;
Eyes with tears of gladneſs flowing;
Eyes, and lips, and hearts ſhall ſhow,
Th' exceſs of joy that meeting lovers know.

SONG VI. *The Parting Kiſs.*

ONE kind kiſs before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Tho' we ſever, my fond heart
Till we meet ſhall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not ſo, my love,
Let me kiſs that falling tear;
Tho' my body muſt remove,
All my ſoul will ſtill be here.

All my ſoul, and all my heart,
And every wiſh ſhall pant for you;
One kind kiſs then e'er we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

SONG VII. *The Borrow'd Kiſs.*

SEE I languiſh, ſee I faint,
I muſt borrow, beg, or ſteal;
Can you ſee a ſoul in want,
And no kind compaſſion feel?
Give, or lend, or let me take
One ſweet kiſs, I aſk no more;
One ſweet kiſs, for pity's ſake,
I'll repay it o'er and o'er.

Chloe heard, and with a ſmile,
Kind, compaſſionate and ſweet,
Colin, it's a ſin to ſteal,
And for me to give's not meet:
But I'll lend a kiſs, or twain,
To poor Colin in diſtreſs;
Not that I'd be paid again,
Colin, I mean nothing leſs.

SONG VIII. *The Kiſs Repaid.*

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiſs,
I, alas! am quite undone;
'Twas ſo ſweet, ſo fraught with bliſs,
Thouſands will not pay that one.

Leſt the debt ſhould break your heart,
Roguiſh Chloe ſmiling cries,
Come, a hundred then in part,
For the preſent ſhall ſuffice.

SONG IX. *The Secret Kiſs.*

AT the ſilent evening hour,
Two fond lovers in a bower
Sought their mutual bliſs;
Tho' her heart was juſt relenting,
Tho' her eyes ſeem'd juſt conſenting,
Yet ſhe fear'd to kiſs.

Since

Since this ſecret ſhade, he cry'd,
Will thoſe roſy bluſhes hide,
Why will you reſiſt?
When no tell-tale ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Who wou'd not be kiſs'd?

Molly hearing what he ſaid,
Bluſhing lifted up her head,
Her breaſt ſoft wiſhes fill;
Since, ſhe cry'd, no ſpy is near us,
Eye not ſees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiſs — or what you will.

SONG X. *The Rapture.*

WHILST on thy dear boſom lying,
Cælia, who can ſpeak my bliſs?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiſs?
Every look with love inſpires me,
Every touch my boſom warms,
Every melting murmur fires me,
Every joy is in thy arms.

Thoſe dear eyes, how ſoft they languiſh!
Feel my heart with rapture beat!
Pleaſure turns almoſt to anguiſh,
When the tranſport is ſo ſweet.

Look

Look not ſo divinely on me,
Cælia, I ſhall die with bliſs;
Yet, yet turn thoſe eyes upon me,
Who'd not die a death like this?

SONG XI. *The Reconciling Kiſs.*

WHY that ſadneſs on thy brow?
Why that ſtarting cryſtal tear?
Deareſt Polly, let me know,
For thy grief I cannot bear.
Polly with a ſigh reply'd,
What need I the cauſe impart?
Did you not this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin, melting as ſhe ſpoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms;
O my dear! that tender look,
Every paſſion quite diſarms:
By this dear relenting kiſs,
I'd no anger in my thought;
Come, my love, by this, and this,
Let our quarrel be forgot.

As when ſudden ſtormy rain,
Every drooping flowret ſpoils;
When the ſun ſhines out again,
All the face of nature ſmiles:
Polly, ſo reviv'd and cheer'd
By her Colin's kind embrace,
Her declining head up-rear'd,
Sweetly ſmiling in his face.

SONG XII. *The Mutual Kiſs.*

CÆLIA, by thoſe ſmiling graces,
Which my panting boſom warm;
By the heaven of thy embraces,
By thy wond'rous power to charm;
By thoſe ſoft bewitching glances,
Which my inmoſt boſom move;
By thoſe lips, whoſe kiſs entrances,
Thee, and thee alone I love.

By thy God-like art of loving,
Cælia, with a bluſh, replies;
By thy heavenly power of moving
All my ſoul to ſympathize;
By thy eager fond careſſes,
By thoſe arms around me thrown;
By that look, which truth expreſſes,
My fond heart is all thy own.

Thus, with glowing inclination,
They indulge the tender bliſs;
And to bind the laſting paſſion,
Seal it with a mutual kiſs:
Cloſe, in fond embraces, lying,
They together ſeem to grow;
Such ſupreme delight enjoying,
As true lovers only know.

THE WIFE.

A

FRAGMENT.

THE virtues that endear and ſweeten life,
And form that ſoft companion, call'd a Wife;
Demand my ſong. Thou who didſt firſt inſpire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.

Hail, lovely woman! nature's bleſſing, hail!
Whoſe charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous heaven,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy ſoft converſe, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowſy bachelor ſurveys,
Alternative, joyleſs nights and loneſome days;
No tender tranſports wake his ſullen breaſt,
No ſoft endearments lull his cares to reſt:
Stupidly free from nature's tendereſt ties,
Loſt in his own ſad ſelf he lives and dies.
Not ſo the man, to whom indulgent heaven
That tender boſom-friend, a wife, has given:

Him, bleſt in her kind arms, no fears diſmay,
No ſecret checks of guilt his joys allay:
No huſband wrong'd, no virgin honour ſpoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child;
No fell diſeaſe, no falſe embrace is here,
The joys are ſafe, the raptures are ſincere.
Does fortune ſmile? How grateful muſt it prove
To tread life's pleaſing round with one we love!
Or does ſhe frown? The fair, with ſoftening art,
Will ſooth our woes, or bear a willing part.

"But are all women of the ſoothing kind?
"In chuſing wives no hazard ſhall we find?
"Will ſpleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate moleſt?
"And is all fear of cuckoldom a jeſt?
Grant ſome are bad: yet ſurely ſome remain,
Good without ſhow, and lovely without ſtain;
Warm without lewdneſs; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with ſenſe to guide.
Such is FIDELIA, faireſt, fondeſt wife;
Obſerve the picture, for I draw from life.

Near that fam'd hill, from whoſe enchanting brow
Such various ſcenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames, meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and riſing towers among,
FIDELIA dwelt: fair as the faireſt ſcene
Of ſmiling nature, when the ſky's ſerene.
Full ſixteen ſummers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every ſenſe, and waken'd every grace;

Her eye look'd ſweetneſs, gently heav'd her breaſt,
Her ſhape, her motion, graceful eaſe expreſt,
And to this fair, this finiſh'd form, were join'd
The ſofteſt paſſions, and the pureſt mind.

Amongſt the neighbouring youths who ſtrove to gain FIDELIA's heart, LYSANDER made his addreſſes. He was a younger brother, of a good family, but ſmall fortune. His perſon was handſome and genteel, his manners eaſy and engaging. With theſe advantages he ſoon obtain'd a place in young FIDELIA's heart; and, as her fortune, which was very conſiderable, was in her own diſpoſe, there was no obſtacle to their happineſs; with all the eloquence of a lover, he preſs'd the conſummation of his wiſhes, a tender ſoftneſs pleads within her breaſt, ſhe yields to the force of his perſwaſions, and they are married.

Who can expreſs the pleaſures which they now enjoy? To make her happy ſeem'd the ſcope of all his actions, and ſuch a growing fondneſs warm'd her heart, that every day endear'd him more and more. The fortune which ſhe brought, he manag'd with prudence and diſcretion; and the pleaſure which he found in her ſweet behaviour, and inchanting beauties, repaid his cares with intereſt. Thus flew the hours, wing'd with delight; the day paſs'd not without ſome new indearment; and the night felt nameleſs raptures, or ſerene repoſe.

Before the end of two years their loves were crown'd with a ſmiling boy. If any thing could encreaſe

encreaſe their fondneſs of each other, 'twas this engaging pledge of their affection. But, alas! how variable is the heart of man! how eaſily are his paſſions inflam'd! how ſoon his beſt affections alter'd! and reaſon, which ſhould be his guide, is but as the light of a candle, which the leaſt guſt of paſſion can puff out, and quite extinguiſh. Of this unhappy truth, LYSANDER ſoon became a fatal inſtance.

It happen'd at this time, whether by accident or deſign, I know not, that a creature of exquiſite beauty, but of infamous character, came to lodge exactly over againſt the houſe of this, till then, moſt happy pair. As LYSANDER was not only poſſeſt of a handſome perſon, but now alſo of an ample fortune, immediately a thouſand arts were try'd by this inveigling harlot, to attract his obſervation, and if poſſible to enſnare his heart. At her window, in his ſight, ſhe would appear in a looſe and tempting diſhabille. Now in a ſeeming negligence diſcover white her naked breaſts, then with a leering ſmile pretend to hide them from his ſight. Her wanton eyes, all ſparkling with delight, ſhe now would fix with eagerneſs upon him; then in a ſoft and languiſhing air by ſlow degrees withdraw, yet looking back as loath to leave the place.

As LYSANDER had too much experience of the world, not to underſtand this amorous language, ſo his heart was too ſuſceptible of the tender paſſion, not to feel its force. And unable to withſtand the daily repetition of theſe provoking temptations,

he at laſt determin'd to go over privately one evening and make her a viſit. It will be needleſs to ſay he was kindly receiv'd, how kindly, will be better imagin'd than expreſs'd. Here had he ſtop'd, this one tranſgreſſion might have been forgiven: But ſuch was his infatuation, that from this time his viſits became frequent: he was ſo intoxicated with her charms (for indeed ſhe was handſome) and ſo bewitch'd with her alluring blandiſhments, that the modeſt beauty of his fair and virtuous wife became at once neglected, and at length deſpis'd.

Poor FIDELIA! who can expreſs the agonies of her heart when firſt the fatal ſecret ſhe diſcover'd? Conſcious on how many accounts ſhe merited his love, pride and reſentment for ſome time ſtruggled with her affection; but ſuch was the ſoftneſs of her nature, ſuch the tenderneſs of her paſſion, that ſhe was not able to reproach him any other way than by a ſilent grief. Alone ſhe pin'd, and like a lily in the ſecret vale droop'd her fair head, unfriended and unſeen. Of what muſt be his heart, that ſuch endearing ſoftneſs could not melt, that ſuch ingaging virtue ſham'd not into goodneſs! But ſuch is the nature of vice, that it hardens the heart to all humane and generous impreſſions. At firſt, perhaps, his virtue made ſome efforts in her favour; but the trouble it coſt him to ſuppreſs them when the rage of his new-kindled flame return'd, made him by degrees unwilling to indulge them. Thus endeavouring to ſmother all remains of gratitude or com-

compaſſion, he became at length as inſenſible to her grief as to her wrongs.

Barbarian! how canſt thou laviſh on abandon'd vileneſs, that wealth, which love and unſuſpecting virtue truſted to thy hand! how canſt thou leave that angel ſweetneſs, that untainted roſe, for paint, polluted charms, and proſtitution! how canſt thou ſee thy tender innocent babe ſuck with its milk thoſe grief-diſtilling drops, that fall inceſſant on her ſnowy breaſt, for thy unkind neglect! Unfeeling wretch! But what is man not capable to do, when blind with paſſion, harden'd with his guilt? Alas! this is but the beginning of her woes; and nothing to the grief this hapleſs fair one is ordain'd to ſuffer. Indifference is ſoon ſucceeded by ill nature and ill uſage. He now no longer makes a ſecret of his baſe intrigue. Whole days and nights are ſpent in her lewd chambers, ſhameleſs and open in the ſight of the world, and in the very face of his inſulted, injur'd, unoffending wife.

But this was not enough. Home, and the ſight of this affronted, yet ſtill patient virtue, became uneaſy and diſguſtful. He is therefore determin'd to remove her from him. But the means of bringing this about were as infamous, as the deſire of doing it was cruel. His valet de chambre, whoſe name was Craven, had liv'd with him ſome years, and was a man whom he found to be capable of any villany he ſhould think fit to employ him in. This man he prevail'd with, by large gifts and many promiſes,

to conceal himſelf in FIDELIA's bed-chamber, and continue there, ſaid he to him, till after ſhe is in bed; when I will come in and pretend to ſurprize you with her: and in the confuſion which will follow, do you ſlip out of the room, and make your eſcape. This deteſtable ſcheme was no ſooner concerted, than it was put in execution. He that very evening found means to hide himſelf in the chamber of this innocent lady, who at her uſual hour repair'd to reſt. After committing herſelf to heaven, and with a ſhower of tears bewailing her hard fate, ſhe clos'd her eyes in ſleep. Protect her, heaven, ſupport her in this hour, when he who ſhould protect her and ſupport, is baſely undermining and betraying her!

Sleep had no ſooner clos'd her grief-ſwoln eyes, than her huſband ruſh'd into the chamber, and with feign'd rage and frightful imprecations demanded the adulterer. Surpriz'd with terror and aſtoniſhment ſhe ſtarted from her ſleep, and in a trembling voice deſir'd to know th' occaſion of his anger. He gave no anſwer to her intreaties, but continuing his pretended rage, ſought every corner of the room; and from beneath the bed at length pull'd out the hidden traitor. This unexpected ſight, and the appearance of ſo ſhocking a diſcovery, ſo terrify'd the poor amaz'd FIDELIA, that, for a time, her ſenſes ſeem'd ſuſpended. While thus her huſband: Is this, madam, the truth, the purity which you ſo much pretended! Is this your innocence! Is this

the

the ſecret idol of your falſe devotion! Diſſembling harlot! I long indeed have had ſuſpicions what you were, at laſt I have pull'd off the maſk, and my pretended ſaint is now detected. O heaven and earth! cry'd out FIDELIA, do you then believe me guilty! do you believe I know aught of this vile man! that I encourag'd, or that I conceal'd him! Suſpected what I am! good heaven, what am I? am I not your wife? would God I were not! O LYSANDER, there needed not this; my heart before was broke, why would you murder too my innocence? Your innocence! return'd the brute; and have you the aſſurance after this to talk of innocence? no, no, madam, I will not murder your innocence, the law ſhall do you juſtice. Saying this, he turn'd from her and was going to leave the room; when falling on her knees, and catching hold of his coat, in broken accents and a flood of tears, ſhe thus addreſt him. O PHILANDER, O my dear huſband! if yet it is permitted me to call you by that name, let me intreat, nay beg upon my knees, you will not thus expoſe my yet untainted name to publick infamy, nor let the lep'rous blaſt of ſcandal-bearing tongues make foul my ſpotleſs honour. I ſhall not long ſtand in the way of your pleaſures; my burſting heart can hold but very little while; O let me leave the world unblemiſh'd! then I ſhall die in peace, and my laſt parting breath ſhall bleſs and call you kind. But if I muſt not, as I ſadly fear, I muſt not ſtay; O let me in ſome friendly darkſome night, when not an eye can ſee me, ſteal

from

from your houſe, my infant in my arms, and wandering to ſome lonely hutt, or diſtant village, die there unknown in ſilent grief, for I will ne'er complain, and ſave you the reproach of having us'd me thus.

This laſt propoſal was the very thing he wiſh'd; ſo turning to her with a ſcornful look, he told her ſhe might take her brat and go whither ſhe wou'd, as ſoon as ſhe pleas'd; then breaking rudely from her, left her on the floor. What language can expreſs the agonies ſhe felt at this hard uſage! ſhe roſe from the floor where his barbarity had left her, and putting on the meaneſt cloaths ſhe had, went to the bed where lay her ſleeping babe, kiſs'd and wept over it for ſome time, then took it in her arms, and laying it to her breaſt, departed from her houſe that very night.

Here for the preſent let us leave this poor unhappy wanderer, with providence her ſole guide, and innocence her comfort; and turn to ſee what puniſhment will be prepar'd for her perfidious and inhuman huſband. Now unreſtrain'd he liv'd with his lewd paramour in all the heights of luxury and extravagance, and every pleaſure for a while appear'd to wait on his command. But ſoon her wanton waſte and boundleſs riot brought him to diſtreſs.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Cætera deſunt.

ROME's

ROME's PARDONS:

A TALE.

If Rome can pardon ſins, as Romans hold;
And if thoſe pardons may be bought and ſold,
It were no ſin t' adore and worſhip gold.
ROCHESTER.

IT happen'd on a certain time,
Two Seigniors, who had ſpent the prime
Of youth in every wickedneſs,
Came to his holineſs to confeſs;
Of which, the one had riches ſtore,
The other (wicked wretch!) was poor.
But both grown old, had now a mind
To die in peace with all mankind;
And go to heaven a nearer way
Than thoſe who all their life-time pray:
Which may effected be they hope,
By buying pardon of the pope.
So calling freſh to mind their ſins,
The rich offender thus begins.

" Moſt holy father, I have been,
" I muſt confeſs, in many a ſin.

" All

" All laws divine I've thought a joke;
" All human laws for intereſt broke.
" And to encreaſe my ill-got ſtore,
" Thought it no crime t'oppreſs the poor,
" To cheat the rich, betray my friends,
" Or any thing to gain my ends.
" But now grown old, and near to die,
" I do repent me heartily
" Of all my vile offences paſt,
" And in particular the laſt,
" By which I wickedly beguil'd
" A dead friend's ſon, my guardian child,
" Of all his dear paternal ſtore,
" Which was ten thouſand pounds or more;
" Who ſince is ſtarv'd to death by want,
" And now ſincerely I repent:
" Which that your holineſs may ſee,
" One half the ſum I've brought with me,
" And thus I caſt it at your feet,
" Diſpoſe of it as you think meet,
" To pious uſes, or your own,
" I hope 'twill all my faults atone.

" Friend, quoth the pope, I'm glad to ſee
" Such true repentance wrought in thee;
" But as your ſins are very great,
" You have but half repented yet:
" Nor can your pardon be obtain'd,
" Unleſs the whole which thus you've gain'd,
" To pious uſes be ordain'd.

" All! cry'd the man, I thought that half
" Had been a pretty price enough.

" Nay, quoth the pope, ſir, if you hum
" And haw at parting with the ſum,
" Go, keep it, do; and damn your ſoul:
" I tell you, I muſt have the whole.
" 'Tis not a little thing procures
" A pardon for ſuch ſins as yours.
Well---rather than be doom'd to go,
To dwell with everlaſting woe,
One wou'd give any thing, you know:
So th' other half was thrown down to't,
And then he ſoon obtain'd his ſuit;
A pardon for his ſins was given,
And home he went aſſur'd of heaven.

And now the poor man bends his knee;
" Moſt holy father, pardon me,
" A poor and humble penitent,
" Who all my ſubſtance vilely ſpent,
" In every wanton, youthful pleaſure;
" But now I ſuffer out of meaſure;
" With dire diſeaſes being fraught,
" And eke ſo poor not worth a groat.

" Poor! quoth the pope, then ceaſe your ſuit,
" Indeed you may as well be mute;

" For-

" Forbear your now too late contrition,
" You're in a reprobate condition.
" What! ſpend your wealth, and from the whole
" Not ſave one ſouſe to ſave your ſoul?
" O, you're a ſinner, and a hard one,
" I wonder you can aſk a pardon:
" Friend, they're not had unleſs you buy 'em,
" You're therefore damn'd, as ſure I am—
" Vice-gerent to the king of heaven:
" No, no, ſuch ſins can't be forgiven.
" I cannot ſave you if I wou'd,
" Nor would I do it if I cou'd.

Home goes the man in deep deſpair,
And dy'd ſoon after he came there;
And went, 'tis ſaid, to hell: But ſure
He was not damn'd for being poor!
But long he had not been below,
Before he ſaw his friend come too;
At this he was in great ſurprize,
And ſcarcely could believe his eyes:
" What, friend, ſaid he, are you come too?
" I thought the pope had pardon'd you.
" Yes, quoth the man, I thought ſo too;
" But I was by the pope trapan'd—
" *The devil could not read his hand.*

AN

AN EPISTLE TO *STEPHEN DUCK*, AT His Firſt Coming to COURT.

FOrgive me, DUCK, that ſuch a muſe as mine,
Brings her weak aid to the ſupport of thine;
In lines, which if the world ſhould chance to ſee,
They'd find I pleaded for myſelf — in thee.
Yet ſome indulgence ſure they ought to ſhew
An infant poet, and unlearn'd as you;
Unſkill'd in art, unexercis'd to ſing;
I've juſt but taſted the Pierian ſpring:
But tho' my ſtock of learning yet is low;
Tho' yet my numbers don't harmonious flow,
I fain wou'd hope it won't be always ſo.
The morning ſun emits a ſtronger ray,
Still as he riſes tow'rds meridian day:

Large

Large hills at firſt obſtruct the oblique beam,
And dark'ning ſhadows ſhoot along the gleam;
Impending miſts yet hover in the air,
And diſtant objects undiſtinct appear.
But as he riſes in the eaſtern ſky,
The ſhadows ſhrink, the conquer'd vapours fly;
Objects their proper forms and colours gain;
In all her various beauties ſhines th' enlighten'd plain.

So when the dawn of thought peeps out in man,
Mountains of ign'rance ſhade at firſt his brain;
A gleam of reaſon by degrees appears,
Which brightens and encreaſes with his years;
And as the rays of thought gain ſtrength in youth,
Dark miſts of error melt and brighten into truth.

Thus aſking ign'rance will to knowledge grow;
Conceited fools alone continue ſo.
On then, my friend, nor doubt but that in time
Our tender muſes, learning now to climb,
May reach perfection's top, and grow ſublime.
The ILIAD ſcarce was HOMER'S firſt eſſay;
VIRGIL wrote not his ÆNEID in a day:
Nor is't impoſſible a time might be,
When POPE and PRIOR wrote like You and Me.
'Tis true, more learning might their works adorn,
They wrote not from a *pantry* nor a *barn*:
Yet *they*, as well as *we*, by ſlow degrees
Muſt reach perfection, and to write with eaſe.

Have

Have you not ſeen? yes, oft you muſt have ſeen,
When vernal ſuns adorn the woods with green,
And genial warmth, enkindling wanton love,
Fills with a various progeny the grove,
The tim'rous young, juſt ventur'd from the neſt,
Firſt in low buſhes hop, and often reſt;
From twig to twig, their tender wings they try,
Yet only flutter when they ſeem to fly.
But as their ſtrength and feathers more encreaſe,
Short flights they take, and fly with greater eaſe:
Experienc'd ſoon, they boldly venture higher,
Forſake the hedge, to lofty trees aſpire;
Tranſported thence, with ſtrong and ſteady wing
They mount the ſkies, and ſoar aloft, and ſing.

So you and I, juſt naked from the ſhell,
In chirping notes our future ſinging tell;
Unfeather'd yet, in judgment, thought, or ſkill,
Hop round the baſis of Parnaſſus' hill:
Our flights are low, and want of art and ſtrength,
Forbids to carry us to the wiſh'd-for length.
But fledg'd, and cheriſh'd with a kindly ſpring,
We'll mount the ſummit, and melodious ſing.

AN

EPITAPH.

HERE lie the remains of CAROLINE,
Queen conſort of Great Britain.
Whoſe virtues
Her Friends, when living, knew and enjoy'd;
Now dead, her Foes confeſs and admire.
Her ambition aſpired to Wiſdom,
And attain'd it;
To Knowledge,
And it fill'd her mind.
Patroneſs of the Wiſe,
And friend of the Good,
She look'd, and modeſt Merit rais'd its head;
She ſmil'd, and weeping Woe grew glad.
Religion, plain and ſimple,
Dignify'd her mind,
Deſpiſing forms and uſeleſs pageantry.
Morals, clear and refin'd,
Dwelt in her heart,
And guided all her actions.
Virtue ſhe lov'd, beneath her ſmile it flouriſh'd;
She frown'd on Vice, and it was put to ſhame.

In fine,
Her Life was a publick bleſſing;
Her Death is an univerſal loſs.
O reader! if thou doubteſt of theſe things,
Aſk the cries of the Fatherleſs, they ſhall tell thee,
And the tears of the Widow ſhall confirm their truth:
The ſons of Wiſdom ſhall teſtify of her,
And the daughters of Virtue bear her witneſs;
The voice of the Nation ſhall applaud her,
And the heart of the KING ſhall ſigh her praiſe.

ON

RICHES.

Humbly Inſcrib'd

To the Right Honble ----------

TO ſuccour all whom grief or cares oppreſs,
To raiſe neglected merit from diſtreſs,
The dying arts t'encourage and revive,
And independent of mankind to live;
This, this is Riches' grand prerogative.
Theſe all the wiſe and good with joy purſue,
And thouſands feel, and bleſs their power in you.

But ſtay, my muſe, nor raſhly urge thy theme,
Examine well thy candidates for fame;
Thy verſe is praiſe. Conſider —— very few
Can juſtly ſay one ſingle line's their due:
Scorn thou with generous freedom to record,
Without his juſt credentials, duke or lord:
An honeſt line prefer to a polite,
So ſhall thy praiſe no conſcious bluſh excite.

But as to paint a lovely female face,
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
Requires a finer hand, and greater care,
Than the rough features of a H——R;
So praiſe than ſatire aſks a nicer touch;
But finiſht well, there's nothing charms ſo much.
A ſhining character when drawn with art,
Like beauty, whilſt it pleaſes, wins the heart.

" MECÆNAS firſt the noble liſt ſhall grace,
Learning's great patron merits the firſt place.
O dear to every muſe! to every art!
Virtue's chief friend! ſupporter of deſert!
Is there a man, tho' poor, deſpis'd, oppreſt,
Yet whoſe ſuperior genius ſhines confeſt;
Whether the uſeful arts his ſoul inſpire,
Or the politer muſe's ſacred fire,
Learning and arts t'encourage and extend?
In thee he finds a patron and a friend.
Wealth thus beſtow'd returns in laſting fame,
A grateful tribute to the donor's name.

Next him from whom true virtue meets reward,
Is he who ſhows to want a kind regard.
CARUS, tho' bleſt with plenty, eaſe, and health,
His every want ſupply'd from boundleſs wealth,
Yet feels humanity: his ſoul o'erflows
To ſee, or hear, or think on others woes.
Is there a wretch with pinching want oppreſt?
His pain, till eas'd, is felt in CARUS' breaſt.

Does any languiſh under dire diſeaſe?
CARUS preſcribes, or pays the doctor's fees.
Has ſad misfortune fatal ruin thrown,
And ſome expiring family undone?
CARUS repairs, and makes the loſs his own.
To hear the widow's or the orphan's cries,
His ſoul in pity melts into his eyes:
O manly tenderneſs! good-natur'd grief!
To feel, to ſympathize, and give relief.
Sure gods are CARUS' debtors. Gold thus given,
Lies out at intereſt in the bank of heaven.

But where's th' advantage then, will CORVUS ſay,
If wealth is only lent to give away?
CORVUS, were that the ſole prerogative,
How great, how godlike is the power to give!
Thou canſt not feel it: True, 'tis too divine
For ſuch a ſelfiſh narrow ſoul as thine.
COMES is rich, belov'd by all mankind,
To chearful hoſpitality inclin'd;
His ponds with fiſh, with fowl his woods are ſtor'd,
Inviting plenty ſmiles upon his board;
Eaſy and free, his friends his fortune ſhare,
Ev'n travelling ſtrangers find a welcome there;
Neighbours, domeſticks, all enjoy their parts,
He in return poſſeſſes all their hearts.
Who, fooliſh CORVUS, who but thee will ſay,
That COMES idly throws his wealth away?

Is then the noble privilege to give,
The ſole advantage we from wealth receive?
Whilſt others wants or merits we ſupply,
Have we ourſelves no title to enjoy?
Doubtleſs you have. A thouſand different ways
Wealth may be ſelf-enjoy'd, and all with praiſe.
Whom truth and reaſon guides, or genius fires,
Never need fear indulging his deſires.
But ſhou'd pretending coxcombs, from this rule,
Plead equal privilege to play the fool;
The muſe forbids. She only gives to ſenſe
The dangerous province to conſtrive expence.
MARCUS in ſumptuous buildings takes delight,
His houſe, his gardens charm the raviſh'd ſight:
With beauty uſe, with grandeur neatneſs joins,
And order with magnificence combines.
'Tis coſtly: True, but who can blame th' expence,
" Where ſplendor borrows all her rays from ſenſe?

SYLVIO retirement loves; ſmooth cryſtal floods,
Green meadows, hills and dales, and verdant woods
Delight his eye; the warbling birds to hear,
With rapture fills his ſoul, and charms his ear.
In ſhady walks, in groves, in ſecret bowers,
Plan'd by himſelf he ſpends the peaceful hours:
Here ſerious thought purſues her thread ſerene,
No interrupting follies intervene;
Propitious ſilence aids th' attentive mind,
The God of nature in his works to find.

If this t' enjoy affords him moſt delight,
Who ſays that SYLVIO is not in the right?

PUBLIUS in curious paintings wealth conſumes,
The beſt, the fineſt hands adorn his rooms;
Various deſigns, from each enliven'd wall,
Meet the pleas'd eyes, and ſomething charms in all.
Here well-drawn landſkips to the mind convey
A ſmiling country, or a ſtormy ſea;
Towns, houſes, trees, diverſify the plain,
And ſhips in danger fright us from the main.
There the paſt actions of illuſtrious men,
In ſtrong deſcription charm the world agen:
Love, anger, grief, in different ſcenes are wrought,
All its juſt paſſions animate the draught.
But ſee new charms break in a flood of day,
See Loves and Graces on the canvas play;
Beauty's imagin'd ſmiles our boſom warm,
And light and ſhade retains the power to charm.
Who cenſures PUBLIUS, or condemns his coſt,
Muſt wiſh the noble art of painting loſt.

Whilſt PUBLIUS thus his taſte in painting ſhews,
CRITUS admires her ſiſter art, the muſe.
Homer and Virgil, Horace and Boileau
Teach in his breaſt poetick warmth to glow.
From theſe inſtructed, and from theſe inſpir'd,
CRITUS for taſte and judgment is admir'd.
Poets before him lay the work of years,
And from his ſentence draw their hopes and fears.

Hail,

Hail, judge impartial! noble critick, hail!
In this thy day, good writing muſt prevail:
Our bards from you will hence be what they ſhou'd,
Pleaſe and improve us, make us wiſe and good.

Thus bleſs'd with wealth, his genius each purſues,
In building, planting, painting, or the muſe.
O envy'd power! --- But you'll object and ſay,
How few employ it in this envy'd way?
With all his heaps did CHREMES e'er do good?
No: But they give him power, if once he wou'd:
'Tis not in riches to create the will,
Miſers, in ſpite of wealth, are miſers ſtill.
Is it for gold the lawleſs villain ſpoils?
'Tis for the fame the honeſt labrer toils.
Does wealth to ſloth, to luxury pervert?
Wealth too excites to induſtry, to art;
Many, no doubt, thro' power of wealth oppreſs,
But ſome, whom heaven reward, delight to bleſs!
Then blame not gold, that men are proud or vain,
Slothful or covetous; but blame the man.
When right affections rule a generous heart,
Gold may refine, but ſeldom will pervert.

THE

THE PETITION.

THE various ſuppliants which addreſs
Their pray'rs to heaven on bended knees,
All hope alike for happineſs,
Yet each petition diſagrees.
Fancy, not judgment, conſtitutes their bliſs;
The wiſe, no doubt, will ſay the ſame of this.

Ye Gods, if you remember right,
Some eighteen years ago,
A form was made divinely bright,
And ſent for us t' admire below:
I firſt diſtinguiſh'd her from all the reſt,
And hope you'll therefore think my title beſt.

I aſk not heaps of ſhining gold,
No, if the Gods vouchſafe
My longing arms may her infold,
I'm rich, I'm rich enough!
Riches at beſt can hardly give content;
But having her, what is there I can want?

I aſk not, with a pompous train
Of honours, all th' world t' outbrave;
The title I wou'd wiſh to gain,
Is, --- *Her moſt fav'rite ſlave:*

To

To bow to her, a greater bliſs wou'd be
Than kings and princes bowing down to me.

To rule the world with power ſupreme,
Let meaner ſouls aſpire;
To gain the ſov'reignty from them
I ſtoop not to deſire:
Give me to reign ſole monarch in her breaſt,
Let petty princes for the world conteſt.

Let libertines, who take delight
In riot and exceſs,
Thus waſte the day, thus ſpend the night,
Whilſt I to joys ſublimer preſs:
Claſp'd in her ſnowy arms ſuch bliſs I'd prove,
As never yet was found, or felt in love.

In ſhort, I aſk you not to live
A tedious length of days;
Old age can little pleaſure give,
When health and ſtrength decays:
Let but what time I have be ſpent with her's,
Each moment will be worth a thouſand years.

AN

EPITHALAMIUM.

HENCE, hence all dull cares,
All quarrels and jarrs,
Ye factious diſturbers of pleaſure, avoid!
Content, love, and joy,
Shall their powers employ,
To bleſs the glad bridegroom and beautiful bride.
Anger ſhall ne'er preſume
To come within this room;
No doubt nor anxious fear,
Nor jealous thought ſhall enter here.
Ill-nature, ill-manners, contention, and pride,
Shall never, ſhall never the union divide.
O the pleaſing, pleaſing raptures,
Read in Hymen's nuptial chapters!
Love commencing,
Joys diſpenſing;
Beauty ſmiling,
Wit beguiling;
Kindneſs charming,
Fancy warming;

Kiſſing,

O cruel and diſaſt'rous caſe,
When in the critical embrace
That only one is burning!
Dear doctors, ſet this matter right,
Give Sarephon ſpirits over night,
Or Chloe in the morning.

A LADY'S SALUTATION *to her Garden in the Country.*

WElcome, fair ſcene; welcome, thou lov'd retreat,
From the vain hurry of the buſtling great.
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrap'd in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.
My ſoul, while nature's beauties feaſt mine eyes,
To nature's God contemplative ſhall riſe.

What are ye now, ye glittering, vain delights,
Which waſte our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements? what your fancy'd joys?
Dreſs, equipage, and ſhow, and pomp, and noiſe.
Alas! how taſteleſs theſe, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleaſures of this rural ſcene?

Come then, ye ſhades, beneath your bending arms
Encloſe the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful gueſt,
Glad to retire, and in retirement bleſt;

Come,

Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry ſweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling ſongs repeat;
And O deſcend to ſweeten all the reſt,
Soft ſmiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue dreſt;
Content unenvious, eaſe with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair ſcene with me to dwell,
All noiſe and nonſenſe, pomp and ſhow farewel.

And ſee! O ſee! the heav'n-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happineſs is here.

The PROGRESS *of* LOVE.

A SONG.

BEneath the myrtle's ſecret ſhade,
When Delia bleſt my eyes;
At firſt I view'd the lovely maid
In ſilent ſoft ſurpriſe.
With trembling voice, and anxious mind,
I ſoftly whiſper'd love;
She bluſh'd a ſmile ſo ſweetly kind,
Did all my fears remove.

Her lovely yielding form I preſt,
Sweet maddening kiſſes ſtole;
And ſoon her ſwimming eyes confeſt
The wiſhes of her ſoul.

In wild tumultuous bliſs, I cry,
O Delia, now be kind!
She preſs'd me cloſe, and with a ſigh,
To melting joys reſign'd.

SONG.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a miſt of lies,
Seeing falſe, or ſeeing double,
Who wou'd truſt to ſuch weak eyes?
Yet preſuming on his ſenſes,
On he goes moſt wond'rous wiſe:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Loſt in error, lives and dies.

An EPIGRAM, *occaſion'd by the Word* ONE PRIOR, *in the Second Volume of Biſhop* Burnet's *Hiſtory.*

ONE PRIOR!—and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' hiſtorian can claim!
No; PRIOR's verſe poſterity ſhall quote,
When 'tis forgot ONE BURNET ever wrote.

An EPIGRAM.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reaſon can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?

There are no Women, he reply'd;
She quick returns the jeſt——
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a Prieſt.

The KINGS *of* Europe.

A JEST.

WHY pray, of late, do Europe's kings
No jeſter in their courts admit?
They're grown ſuch ſtately ſolemn things.
To bear a joke they think not fit.

But tho' each court a jeſter lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind behind their backs
Supply the honeſt jeſter's place.

THE

THE CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF *ENGLAND*,

FROM

The *Norman* CONQUEST unto the preſent Time.

WRITTEN

In the Manner of the ancient *Jewiſh* Hiſtorians.

THE

PREFACE.

NATHAN BEN SADDI, *a ſervant of God, of the houſe of Iſrael, to all and every of his readers, whether Jew or Gentile, greeting.*

Notwithſtanding that many have taken in hand to write the hiſtory of England, it ſeemed good unto me alſo, moſt excellent reader, to ſet forth in order ſome things that have happen'd ſince the conqueſt of William the Norman.

Now this I have choſen to do in the manner of our forefathers, the ancient Jewiſh hiſtorians, as being not only the moſt conciſe, but moſt venerable way of writing.

Howbeit, I would not that thou ſhouldſt be offended, or take in evil part, that I have ad-

ventured to imitate thoſe ſublime originals; neither let it enter into thine heart, that I have done this thing in ſport, or wantonneſs of wit; for verily I abound not therewith, as thou wilt undoubtedly perceive.

Nevertheleſs, in peruſing this delectable hiſtory, thou wilt meet with abundant matter both for information and amuſement, and peradventure alſo for inſtruction.

And it ſhall come to paſs when thou readeſt of the fooliſh kings that have ruled the land, then ſhall thy ſoul be troubled, and thou ſhalt ſay within thyſelf, how ſmall a portion of ſenſe ſufficeth to govern a great kingdom!

But when thou readeſt of the kings that were wiſe and great, then ſhall thy heart be glad, and thou ſhalt compare the paſſed times with the preſent, and rejoice therein, and laugh exceedingly.

Moreover thou wilt find, that the end of the firſt was bitterneſs and ſhame, but the end of the laſt was glory and honour: Theſe ſhall be ſet up as a light unto kings in all ages, but thoſe as a warning from generation to generation.

THE

THE

CHRONICLE, &c.

I. *WILLIAM* the Conqueror.

NOW it came to paſs in the year one thouſand ſixty and ſix, in the month of September, on the eighth day of the month, that William of Normandy, ſurnamed the baſtard, landed in England, and pitched his tent in a field near the town of Haſtings.

Then Harold the king, attended by all his nobles, came forth to meet him with a numerous army, and gave him battle.

And it was fought from the riſing of the ſun even to the going down of the ſame.

But the Lord gave up Harold into the hands of his enemies, and he was pierced with an arrow, and his army was routed with exceeding great ſlaughter.

Then William the baſtard took on him the royal robes, and the ſcepter and the diadem, and was made king of England, and was called the conqueror.

And he ſeized the coffers of king Harold; and the gold, and the ſilver, and the precious ſtones, and all the treaſures he diſtributed to his followers.

And he built a ſtrong caſtle, and he fortified it with a wall and a ditch; and it is called the tower of London unto this day.

And he ſubdued the land, and ſubjected it unto him; and that they might not rebel againſt him, he deſpoiled his ſubjects of all manner of inſtruments of war.

And he cauſed a ſurvey to be taken of all the lands in the kingdom, and how much appertained to each perſon, which he wrote in a book called dooms-day book.

And he raiſed a tribute from every one, according to his ſubſtance, and oppreſſed them greatly.

Moreover he made a law, and cauſed it to be obſerved throughout the whole kingdom, that at the ringing of a bell, all his ſubjects, from the greateſt even unto the leaſt, ſhould extinguiſh their fires, and ſuffer no light to appear in their houſes upon pain of death.

So

So it was called the Curfew-bell; and at the ſound thereof the lights were extinguiſhed, and our fathers ſlept in the dark.

Theſe are the acts of William the baſtard; who after he had reigned twenty and one years, died, and was buried in his own tomb at Roan in Normandy, and Rufus his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

II. *WILLIAM RUFUS.*

NOW Rufus was thirty and one years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England twelve years and ten months, and his mother's name was Matilda.

And he was a very wicked man, and his heart was ſet to do evil continually; and he contemned the gods of his fathers, and believed not; he baniſhed alſo the prieſts, and converted the ſacred revenues to his own uſe.

Wherefore the Lord ſmote him with ſickneſs, and his ſickneſs ſeemed unto death.

Then his heart trembled within him, and he repented him of his ſin; and he ſent for the high prieſt, and beſought him, ſaying,

I have done evil in the ſight of the Lord, in ſeizing the vacant biſhopricks; wherefore now, I pray thee, take back the things which belong to the church, that it may be well with me, and that my ſoul may live.

How-

Howbeit, when the ſickneſs left him, he forgot all that he had promiſed, and returned to his evil ways.

Nevertheleſs he was a valiant prince, and he fought againſt the Welch, and diſcomfited them, and drove them into the mountains, and conquered the ſouthern part of the country.

And Malcolm alſo, king of the Scots, made war upon him; but he ſlew him in battle, and put his army to flight.

And in theſe days were great diviſions in the church, and Urban the pope bethought himſelf how he might put an end to them; and he ſent meſſengers to all the princes of Chriſtendom, ſaying, Behold now, O ye Chriſtian princes, the infidels have taken the city Jeruſalem, even the city of our God; they have poſſeſſed themſelves of the holy land, and profaned the ſacred places: wherefore now, I pray ye, let us unite together, and drive them from the face of the earth, to the end that the holy city may be delivered from the pollutions of evil doers, and from the ſcorn of unbelievers.

So all the Chriſtian princes united together, and raiſed a numerous army; and they diſtinguiſh'd themſelves by a red croſs, which they wore on the upper garment, wherefore this expedition was called the

the Cruſade; and they marched into Paleſtine, and beſieged the holy city, and took it.

And it came to paſs in thoſe days that the ſea over-flowed its banks, inſomuch that great part of the lands of earl Godwin, in Kent, were overwhelmed and loſt in the ſea; and the place is called Godwin's ſands unto this day.

And Rufus builded a great hall, the like of which had not been ſeen in England; the length thereof was two hundred and ſeventy feet, and the breadth thereof was ſeventy and four feet; and he called it Weſtminſter-hall.

And it came to paſs on a certain day, as he hunted in the foreſt which his father had made, that he was ſlain with an arrow; and his body was carried in a cart to the city of Wincheſter, and was buried there; and Henry his brother reigned in his ſtead.

III. HENRY I.

NOW Henry was a learned man, and a prince of exceeding great wiſdom, inſomuch that he was ſurnamed Beauclerk; and he ſet himſelf to enact good laws, and to govern his people wiſely.

And he reſtored to the Engliſh the privilege of having lights in their houſes, after the ringing of the Curfew-bell.

And

And he granted a charter, whereby he confirmed the rights of the church, and relinquiſhed his claim to the vacant biſhopricks; and he forgave all debts due to the crown, all offences committed before his coronation, and confirmed the ſtatutes of Edward the confeſſor.

Moreover, he ordained that the length of his own arm ſhould be the ſtandard meaſure throughout the kingdom, and it is called a yard unto this day.

And he inſtituted the high court of parliament, and aſſembled them together in the city of Saliſbury; he appointed alſo the watch.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Henry, the lampreys that he ate, and the children that he begat, are they not written in the book of Baker the hiſtorian?

And Henry reigned over England thirty and five years, and he died, and Stephen earl of Boloign reigned in his ſtead.

IV. *STEPHEN.*

AND Stephen was a goodly man, and a man of great valour; howbeit, as he was not the rightful heir, he bethought himſelf how he might beſt obtain the affections of the people; and he ſought by all manner of ways to pleaſe them.

To

To the nobles he gave leave to build them forts and caſtles on their own lands; he won favour with the prieſts by exempting them from temporal authority; the gentry he pleaſed with leave to hunt in his foreſts; and he pleaſed the people with freeing them from taxes and impoſitions.

Nevertheleſs his reign was full of trouble, the ſword was not ſheathed, neither ceaſed he from war all the days of his life.

And now the ſin of lazineſs began to prevail in the land, and the great men and the nobles made unto themſelves coaches and chariots, and were drawn through the ſtreets of the city with horſes; moreover, their pride increaſed daily, inſomuch that in proceſs of time they were carried on the ſhoulders of men, and bluſhed not.

And Stephen reigned over England eighteen years and nine months, and he died, and Henry Plantagenet reigned in his ſtead.

V. *HENRY* II.

AND Henry was twenty and two years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England four and thirty years and eight months, and his mother's name was Maud.

And

And he choſe unto himſelf wiſe and diſcreet counſellors of ſtate, he appointed learned and able men to reform abuſes in the laws, he diſbanded alſo the foreign army which his father had kept, and utterly deſtroyed the caſtles and forts which the nobles and prelates had built in his reign.

And it came to paſs, that grievous complaints were made unto the king of divers cruel offences and enormous crimes committed by the clergy, occaſioned by their being exempted in the former reign from the civil power, and encouraged, as was ſaid, by the connivance of Becket the high prieſt.

And the king aſſembled the prieſts and the elders together, and he ſaid unto them, Is it not meet that this law ſhould be aboliſhed? and they anſwer'd him and ſaid, It is meet.

Then Becket the high prieſt ſtood up, and oppoſed the king with great haughtineſs, and refuſed his aſſent.

And the wrath of the king was kindled againſt him, and he cauſed him to be accuſed of divers crimes and miſdemeanors, and he was condemned by the prieſts and the elders, as a perjur'd man and a traytor.

Then Becket fled from the preſence of the king, and became a fugitive in the land of Gaul.

And it came to pass after some time, that the king was reconciled to Becket, and he sent for him, and took him again into favour, and restored unto him all the honours that he before enjoy'd.

Howbeit the pride of his heart was not a jot abated, he burned with choler, and cast about how he might revenge himself of his enemies.

And he suspended some, and some he excommunicated, and became in all respects more insolent than before.

Then certain of the priests and the nobles came unto the king, and complained of Becket, saying, O king! the man whom thou forgaveſt, is now more wicked than he was before, his crimes are increased seven-fold.

Then the king waxed exceeding wroth, and his countenance changed, and he cry'd out, O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this turbulent priest?

Now this saying was heard by certain of the king's servants, and they went forth privily, and finding the high priest at the altar, they fell on him and slew him, and dashed out his brains at the foot of the altar, and his blood stained the holy place.

And

And the prieſts were inflamed with fury, and they ſent unto the pope, accuſing the king for the murder of Becket.

And when the meſſengers came unto the preſence of the pope, they bowed down with great reverence before him, ſaying,

'† O moſt holy father! to whom all power in 'heaven and earth is given, who art appointed 'over empires and nations to bind their kings in 'chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron; behold 'and ſee how the boar of the wood hath rooted up 'the vineyard of the Lord of ſabaoth! If the rage 'of tyranny ſhall embrue with blood the Sanctum 'Sanctorum, what place ſhall be ſafe? Wherefore, 'O moſt mild keeper of the walls of Jeruſalem, 'arm all the eccleſiaſtical power you may, un-'ſheath the ſword of Peter, and revenge the death 'of this holy martyr, whoſe blood cryeth out for 'all the church, and whoſe divine glory is already 'reveal'd in miracles.

And the pope was moved exceedingly, and he ſent unto the king, commanding him to purge himſelf of the crime laid to his charge.

And Henry proteſted his innocence, but it availed not: the words he had ſpoken teſtified againſt

† Theſe are the very words that were uſed in ſeveral of their addreſſes on this occaſion.

againſt him, and he was compell'd to expiate his fault by a penance at the tomb of Becket.

Now the penance enjoyned was this: he cloathed himſelf in woolen, and journyed till he came within ſight of the church wherein Becket was ſlain.

Then he alighted from his horſe, and pulling his ſhoes from his feet, he walked barefoot till he came to the tomb where the holy man was laid, and he proſtrated himſelf before the ſhrine, and prayed, and offer'd rich gifts.

Moreover he uncloathed himſelf and received diſcipline from the hands of the monks; and they ſtrake him with rods, that the blood ran from his ſhoulders.

And the fame of Becket waxed great, and he was canonized, and miracles were wrought at his tomb.

And of the miracles that he wrought, is it not recorded, how he roſe from the coffin and lighted the candles at his own burial? and when the funeral ceremony was ended, how he lifted up his head and bleſſed the people?

He that believeth, let him believe ſtill; and he that doubteth, let him doubt and be damn'd.

And Henry was a great prince, and he conquer'd the kingdom of Ireland, and added it to his dominions.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Henry, the concubine that he kept in the bower of Woodſtock, and how ſhe was poiſoned by Eleanor the queen, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the kings of England?

And Henry ſlept with his fathers, and Richard his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

VI. *RICHARD* I.

AND it came to paſs at the coronation of Richard, that certain of the Jews preſſing in to ſee the ceremony, were ſet upon by the people with great rage and fury, and many of them were murdered.

And it was rumour'd abroad, that the king had commanded that all the Jews ſhould be deſtroy'd; and the tumult increaſed exceedingly, and the Jews were deſtroy'd in ſeveral cities of England with a terrible ſlaughter.

And Richard the king prepared a great army for the holy land; and to ſupport this expedition, he ex-

extorted money from his ſubjects by all manner of ways, and the prieſts were inſtructed to preach up the great merit of this pious undertaking, and the duty of ſupporting it.

And he ſet ſail for the holy land, with the richeſt and moſt powerful fleet that the Engliſh had ever ſeen; and he came to an anchor at Meſſina in Sicily, on the three and twentieth day of the month September.

And Tancred the baſtard, then king of Sicily, had impriſoned Joanna the ſiſter of Richard, whom he had taken to wife: king Richard therefore aſſembled his forces together, aſſaulted the city, and took it.

And in his way to Jeruſalem he conquered alſo the iſland of Cyprus.

And he overcame Saladin the Turk in many battles, and he took from him three thouſand camels, and four thouſand horſes and mules: he took alſo the towns of Aſcalon, Joppa, and Cæſarea, and behaved in all things with exceeding great courage, inſomuch that the glory of the king of England eclipſed the glory of all the chriſtian princes.

And it came to paſs after he returned from the holy land, as he ſat at meat in his palace, word was

dogs, and remained unburied upon the face of the earth.

Howbeit this ſeverity brake not the ſpirit of John, nor humbled him a jot.

And in his wrath he ſware, by the teeth of God, he would be revenged on the pope, and on all that took part with him.

Accordingly he baniſhed the biſhops from the kingdom, and confiſcated the lands and goods of all the prieſts that obey'd the interdict.

Now when the pope perceived the ſtubbornneſs of John, and that the roaring of his bulls availed not; he ſent meſſengers unto Philip the king of France, and they came unto the king, and they addreſſed him, ſaying:

O Philip, thus ſaith the pope: As thou regardeſt the remiſſion of thy ſins, aſſemble now thy army together, and drive out king John from the throne of England, and thou and thy ſons after thee ſhall poſſeſs it for ever.

And Philip raiſed an army, and prepared to invade England.

Then

Then John was ſore troubled, and his heart ſmote him, and he humbled himſelf before Pandolphus the legate of the pope, and he took the crown from off his head, and laid it at the feet of Pandolphus.

He reſigned alſo his kingdom unto the pope, and he took an oath that he and his ſucceſſors ſhould hold it from the ſee of Rome, at the annual tribute of a thouſand marks of ſilver.

Thus ended the conteſt betwixt the temporal and ſpiritual ſword; and John returned to the boſom of the church, and continued a dutiful ſon all the days of his life.

Wherefore the holy father ſupported him againſt his ſubjects in all manner of wickedneſs and oppreſſion.

And he vexed them daily with new taxes and impoſitions, inſomuch that the barons and great men of the kingdom at length made war againſt him, in behalf of their rights and liberties.

Now theſe were called the barons wars; and the ſword of juſtice prevailed, and they compelled the king to confirm their ancient privileges, and he ſigned a charter of rights, which is called Magna Charta unto this day.

Thus wicked princes are ſometimes the inſtruments of good to a people whom the Lord loveth.

Now the reſt of the acts of king John, the * bridge that he built, and † his blaſphemy on the buck, are they not recorded in the book of Baker the hiſtorian?

And John reigned over England eighteen years and five months, and he died, and Henry his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

VIII. *HENRY* III.

AND Henry was nine years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England fifty and five years, and his mother's name was Iſabel.

Now the acts of king Henry, and all the fooliſh things that he did, behold they are written in the book of Speed the hiſtorian.

He

* London bridge, which was before of wood, being burnt down in this reign, it was then rebuilt with ſtone as it now remains.

† It is ſaid, that being a hunting one day, at the opening of a fat buck: ſee, ſaid he, how this deer hath prosper'd, and how fat he is! and yet I dare ſwear he never heard maſs in his life.

He that hath patience to read, let him read.

And Henry lived all the days of his life, and he died, and Edward his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

IX. *EDWARD* I.

AND the Lord pitched his tabernacle in the heart of king Edward, and he became a great prince, and was called Long-ſhanks.

And he conquered the kingdom of Wales, and overthrew Lewellen the king in battle, and ſlew him, and cut off his head and crowned it with ivy, and ſet it upon the tower of London as a terror to Wales.

And great fear came upon all Welchmen, and they ſubmitted themſelves unto Edward, and the two nations became as one people unto this day.

And it came to paſs that Alexander king of Scotland died, and great contentions aroſe between the lords Baliol and Bruce who ſhould be king.

And the matter was referr'd unto Edward, and he gave it in favour of Baliol, and Baliol was made king, and did homage to Edward for his whole kingdom.

And

And Edward the king treated king Baliol with great haughtineſs, and ſummoned him to appear before him on every little complaint.

Wherefore the anger of Baliol was kindled againſt him, and his heart ſwelled with indignation, and he ſought how he might ſhake off the yoke which galled his neck.

And he ſent meſſengers unto the pope, and got himſelf abſolved from the oaths he had taken to king Edward, and renounced his ſovereignty.

Then Edward the king raiſed an army, and marched againſt him, and the Lord gave up Baliol into the hands of his enemies, and he was taken priſoner, and carry'd to the tower of London.

And Edward conquered the kingdom of Scotland, and ſubjected it unto him; and he burnt the records of the kingdom, and he ſeized the crown, and the ſcepter, and all the regalia, and brought them away:

And the ſtone alſo which was Jacob's pillow, and the chair of wood which encloſed it, and it is the coronation chair unto this day.

And Edward the king enacted divers good laws and uſeful ordinances; and he laid great fines on many

many of his judges and other magiſtrates for their corruption; and he raiſed from their crimes two hundred and thirty ſix thouſand marks.

He baniſhed alſo the Jews, to the number of fifteen thouſand, and confiſcated their goods.

And Edward reigned over England thirty and four years, ſeven months, and twenty days; and he died, and Edward his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

X. EDWARD II.

NOW Edward was a wicked prince, and did that which was evil in the ſight of the Lord.

And he departed from the worſhip of his fathers, and made unto himſelf two idols: and the name of the one was Gaveſton, and the name of the other was Spencer.

And he ſet them up in his high places, and commanded them to be worſhiped.

Howbeit certain of the nobles and great men of the kingdom refuſed to bow down before the idols, which Edward the king had ſet up.

And great tumults enſued, and the nobles roſe up againſt the king, and reproved him, ſaying: O king, the gods which thou haſt ſet up are idols, which we nor our fathers ever knew, neither will we worſhip.

Moreover

Moreover they plucked them down from their high places, and daſhed them in pieces, and utterly deſtroyed them.

Nevertheleſs the king repented not, neither turned he from the evil of his ways; wherefore they took from him the crown, and the ſcepter, and the royal robes, and they depoſed him from the government of the kingdom, after he had reigned over England nineteen years, ſix months, and fifteen days; and Edward his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XI. *EDWARD* III.

AND Edward was fourteen years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England fifty years, and his mother's name was Iſabella.

And ſhe took upon her the government of the kingdom during the infancy of her ſon: and her heart luſted after idols, and after all the abominations of her huſband.

And ſhe made unto herſelf an idol, and call'd its name Mortimer; and ſhe fell down before it, and worſhiped with great zeal, day and night.

Howbeit when Edward the king became of age, he was greatly offended at the abominations of his mother: wherefore he put her in priſon, and he plucked

plucked down the idol which ſhe had ſet up, and he hung it on a tree, even the tree of Tyburn.

And Edward became a great and mighty king, and begat a ſon, and called him after his own name: moreover he was afterwards ſurnamed the Black Prince, and he waxed ſtrong and valiant, and became a mighty warriour in the land.

And he fought the battles of his father, and the arm of the Lord was with him, and he conquered the kingdom of France, and took priſoner the king thereof, with his ſon and many of the nobles.

And Edward the king took on him the ſovereignty of France, and he quarter'd the arms of the kingdom; and his ſucceſſors are called kings of France unto this day.

And the Black Prince reſtored alſo to his kingdom Peter king of Caſtile, and defeated his enemies.

And his name became great over all the earth, and the princes thereof ſought his friendſhip.

Howbeit, as it is written of old, *the race is not to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong*, a diſtemper took him, and he died in the forty and ſixth year of his age; and the glory of Edward his father from that time forth diminiſhed.

In

In theſe days lived thilk grete poet, hight Geoffery Chaucere, the fader of Ingliſh poeſie, whoſe workis ben ritten in time, and imprinted in a boke, yclyped the workis of maiſter Geoffery Chaucere: and he ſmothed the tonge of his contrie, and his fame is woxen grete in the lond.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Edward, and the noble order of the garter that he inſtituted, behold they are written in the book of Aſhmole the herald.

And Edward reigned over England fifty years, and he died, and Richard his grandſon reigned in his ſtead.

XII. *RICHARD* II.

AND Richard was a wicked prince, and did that which was evil in the ſight of the Lord, oppreſſing the people, and loading them with grievous impoſitions.

And he laid a tax on the heads of all his ſubjects, from fifteen years old and upwards, of what ſex or condition ſoever, which was called the poll-tax, and it was collected with great ſtrictneſs and ſeverity.

And it came to paſs, that one of the tax-gatherers came to the houſe of a certain tyler at the town of Darford in Kent, commonly called Wat the tyler, and demanded the tax for one of his daughters.

And Wat the tyler ſaid unto him, Nay verily, but thou ſhouldſt not demand the tax of my daughter, for the maiden is not yet fifteen years old.

Howbeit the tax-gatherer believed not the words of her father, for the virgin was fair and comely to look on.

Wherefore he ſtooped down, and put his hand beneath the garments of the maiden, to ſee if peradventure the ſigns of her womanhood might not appear; and he diſcover'd her nakedneſs.

And the virgin was covered with ſhame, inſomuch that ſhe ſpake not a word.

But the impudence of the thing incenſed her father, and his indignation kindled againſt the officer, and he had a hammer in his hand, with which he ſtrake him on the head that his brains came out.

And immediately a great tumult aroſe, and all the people defended the action of Wat the tyler, and praiſed his courage: moreover they choſe him for their captain, and determined to aboliſh the tax.

And they march'd in a body and encamped on Black-Heath, and he was joined there by Jack Straw, and their number encreaſed to an hundred thouſand men.

And

And a certain prieſt named Ball, was chaplain to the army, and he preached to the multitude from theſe words;

When Adam *dalve and* Eve *ſpan,*
Who was then a gentleman?

From hence he taught them that all men were born equal, that it was never the deſign of heaven that one part of mankind ſhould be the ſlaves and vaſſals of the other; and therefore exhorted them to deſtroy the nobility, the clergy, the magiſtrates, and all who pretended to lord it over them.

With theſe pious reſolutions they marched to London, and encamp'd on Tower-Hill, plundering and burning the houſes of all whom they thought their enemies.

And they ſet fire to the Temple, and burnt and deſtroyed the writings of all the lawyers; they burned alſo the palace and all the rich furniture of the duke of Lancaſter in the Savoy.

And they dragged from the churches and from the altars many who had fled for refuge, and ſlew them in the ſtreets.

And they ſtrake off the head of Simon Sudbury archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Hales the high treaſurer, and many more on Tower-Hill.

Then the king ſent meſſengers unto them, deſiring to know what they would have: and Wat the tyler demanded to ſpeak with the king in perſon.

Then Richard the king, attended by many of his nobles, and the mayor and the aldermen of London, went forth to meet him, and they met him in Smithfield.

And he behaved with great arrogance, and his demands were ſo extravagant that the king knew not what anſwer to make unto him.

Moreover he commanded the ſquire who held the ſword of the king to deliver it to him: howbeit the ſquire took courage and refuſed to deliver it, ſaying, The ſword of a king would ill become the hand of a knave.

Now Wat the tyler was vexed at this ſaying, and he advanced with his ſword to ſlay the ſquire.

Then William Walworth, the mayor of London, was exceedingly enraged at the inſolence of the tyler, and he ſtepped forth, and ſmote him with a dagger that he died: wherefore the dagger was added to the arms of the city.

Thus ended the inſurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; and all the rabble returned each to his own houſe.

And Richard the king made unto himſelf idols, as Edward the ſecond his predeceſſor had done: and the thing which he did, diſpleaſed the people, and they took the crown from off his head, and put it on the head of Henry duke of Lancaſter, the ſon of John of Gaunt.

XIII. *HENRY* IV.

AND Henry was thirty and three years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England thirteen years, five months, and one and twenty days.

And he did that which was evil in the ſight of the Lord, as moſt of his fathers had done.

Howbeit he made an act for burning of hereticks; and they that could not believe as the church commanded, were tied to a ſtake till the flames conſumed them: and for this he was called by the prieſts and the monks, the writers of that time, a pious and religious prince.

And he was ſeized with an apoplexy, and he died, and Henry his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XIV. *HENRY* V.

AND Henry was a valiant prince, and a great warriour.

And

And he laid claim to the crown of France, and marched into the kingdom with an army of thirty thouſand men, taking the town of Harfleur, with many other ſtrong towns.

And he defeated the French army at the battle of Agincourt, and ſlew to the number of ſixty thouſand men. And the Lord fought for him, and the whole kingdom was given into his hands, and he appointed John duke of Bedford the regent thereof.

And it came to paſs that the doctrines of Wickliffe the preacher, who had been condemned by the church as an heretick, began now to ſpread over England, and prevailed much.

And the tenets he taught were theſe: That the bread and wine in the ſacrament of the altar, ſtill continued to be bread and wine after the conſecration of the prieſt; that the worſhip of images was idolatry, and a great ſin; that pilgrimages, penances, and confeſſions to the prieſts were not at all neceſſary to ſalvation, but only a good life.

Now theſe were eſteemed deteſtable doctrines, and damnable hereſies.

And great fear came upon all prieſts, leſt the eyes of the people ſhould be opened, and their craft expoſed: wherefore they beſought the king that he

would join with them in extirpating out of the land all who ſhould teach or profeſs theſe dangerous truths.

And Sir John Oldcaſtle lord Cobham, a man of virtue and great reputation, with Sir Robert Acton, and many others, were hanged and burnt in Smithfield for profeſſing the ſame.

Thus truth was defeated, and ignorance again prevailed in the land; the prieſts and the levites triumphed, and the minds of the people were cloathed in darkneſs, and fed with error.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Henry, and all that he did, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England?

And Henry reigned over England thirty and four years, and he died, and Henry his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XV. *HENRY* VI.

AND Henry was eight months old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England thirty and nine years, and his mother's name was Catharine.

And in him was fulfilled what was written of old, *Woe to that nation whoſe king is a child*; for he proved

ed a weak and unfortunate prince, losing by his misconduct all that Henry his father had won.

And in these days there appeared a false prophetess, named Joan of Arc; and she called herself the *maid of God*, and pretended to be sent from heaven to deliver the kingdom of France from the English yoke.

And she wrought miracles, and performed many wonderous things.

She raised also the siege of Orleans, and defeated the English wherever she came, insomuch that the French believed her to be conducted by the finger of God; but the English thought her sent from the devil, and the soldiers began to be terrified at her presence.

Howbeit, she was at length taken by the English at the city of Roan in Normandy; and she was convicted of witchcraft, and they burnt her there, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, *Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.*

In this reign began the cruel war betwixt the two houses of York and Lancaster, where brother fought with brother, the father against his son, and the son against his father, till the rivers flowed with the blood thereof, and rage and slaughter made desolate the land.

At length Edward Plantagenet duke of York, having overthrown the king in many battles, and taken him priſoner, depoſed him from the government, and was crowned king of England.

XVI. *EDWARD* IV.

AND Edward was nineteen years old when he came to the crown, and he was tall and well favour'd, and of an exceeding graceful preſence.

Moreover he was a prince of great courage and wiſdom, and he ſet himſelf to enact good laws, and to reform the abuſes in his government.

And he ſate in the court of juſtice three days himſelf, that he might be a witneſs how his laws were executed.

And many more good qualities had Edward; howbeit he luſted after women exceedingly, and he was a gallant prince, and young and handſome to look on, wherefore the hearts of the ladies were in his hand.

And it came to paſs that Matthew Shore, a goldſmith in London, had taken to wife the moſt beautiful virgin in all the city.

And

And the fame of her beauty reached the ears of the king, and he diſguiſed himſelf as a merchant, and went to the houſe of Shore, pretending to buy jewels.

And when he ſaw how exceeding fair ſhe was, even beyond what fame had reported unto him, his heart was ſmitten with love, and he burned to enjoy her.

Wherefore he diſcovered himſelf, and took her home to his bed, and ſhe lived in adultery with him all the days of his life.

In his reign was born Thomas Parr, of the county of Salop, who lived during the reign of ten kings, even to the days of king Charles I. when he died, being an hundred fifty and two years old.

Moreover he did penance for the ſin of fornication at the age of an hundred years.

And Edward reigned twenty and three years, and he died, and was buried in his own tomb at Windſor, and Edward his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XVII. *EDWARD* V.

AND Edward was eleven years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England nine weeks and three days, and was murdered in the

tower by his uncle Richard, the crooked duke of Glouceſter,

XVIII. *RICHARD* III.

AND Richard took on him the government of the kingdom, and ſet the crown upon his own head.

And in order to clear his way to the throne, and ſecure to himſelf the poſſeſſion thereof, he murder'd all who ſtood in his way.

Wherefore the anger of the Lord was kindled againſt him, and he ſmote him by the hand of Henry earl of Richmond, of the houſe of York, and he died in the field of battle, even Boſworth field.

Thus ended the war betwixt the two houſes of York and Lancaſter, after twelve pitched battles had been fought, in which there were ſlain two kings, one prince, ten dukes, two marqueſſes, twenty one earls, twenty ſeven lords, two viſcounts, one lord prior, one judge, one hundred and thirty three knights, four hundred and forty one eſquires, and eighty four thouſand nine hundred ninety and eight private ſoldiers.

And they took the crown from the head of king Richard, and put it on the head of Henry earl of Richmond; and all the army ſhouted for joy, and they cry'd out, *Long live king Henry the ſeventh.*

And

And the body of Richard was found in the field of battle, and they laid it on a horſe, and brought it to the city of Leiceſter, and it was buried there, and Henry of Richmond reigned in his ſtead.

XIX. *HENRY* VII.

NOW Henry was a wiſe and politick prince, and he ſet himſelf, by all manner of ways, to ſecure the throne to himſelf and his ſucceſſors for ever.

And he extorted from his ſubjects great ſums of money, and filled his coffers, and the whole ſtudy of his life was to heap up riches.

To this end he made uſe of two men, and the name of the one was Empſon, and the name of the other was Dudley.

And he gave them power and authority to plunder and oppreſs his ſubjects; and they exerciſed all manner of injuſtice upon them, accuſing the innocent of crimes, and amercing and fining them in great ſums without trial, converting law and juſtice into rapine and cruelty.

Now whether it were out of an affectation of ſtate and grandeur, or peradventure that he feared ſome ſudden attempt upon his perſon, (for he

was not beloved of the people) he appointed a band of tall men to attend him, called the yeomen of the guard, which all the kings of England ſince have kept unto this day.

And in his reign there aroſe two impoſtors one after the other, laying claim to the crown of England.

And the name of the one was Simnel, a baker's ſon; and the name of the other was Perkin Warbeck; each pretending to be Richard duke of York, brother to king Edward the fifth.

Howbeit the firſt was quickly ſuppreſs'd, and after having been crown'd king in Dublin, had the honour to be made king Henry's turnſpit.

As to the other, after many honours done him in the courts of France, Spain and Scotland, as a prince of the royal blood, he was at laſt advanced to the pinnacle of Tyburn.

And in theſe days a ſtrange diſeaſe aroſe, and was called the ſweating ſickneſs; and it continued for the ſpace of a month, and ſwept away great numbers.

But woe unto you whoremongers, adulterers, and fornicators, and woe unto you harlots and ſtreet-walkers, that lie in wait for prey, and ſpread your nets

nets in every corner; for a diſeaſe * hath ſtricken ye through the reins, and the heat of your luſts ſhall burn ye up.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Henry, and the magnificent chapel that he built, are they not written in the book of Bacon the hiſtorian?

And Henry reigned over England twenty and three years, and eight months, and he died, and Henry his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XX. *HENRY* VIII.

AND Henry was eighteen years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England thirty and eight years, and his mother's name was Elizabeth.

And he gat the love of his ſubjects in the beginning of his reign, by cauſing to be executed as traytors and oppreſſors, thoſe wicked inſtruments of his father, Empſon and Dudley.

Moreover he won favour in their eyes, by ſpending among them in balls and ſhows, and ſumptuous feaſts, thoſe immenſe treaſures which had been drained from them, and hoarded up in the coffers of his father.

And

* In this reign the pox was firſt known in England.

And in theſe days the iniquity of the popedom was arrived at its full height, inſomuch that indulgences for all manner of crimes were publickly ſold for money; and all kinds of people, how vile and profligate ſoever, were promiſed everlaſting happineſs on purchaſing them.

Now the impiety of theſe things provoked the indignation of Martin Luther, and he expoſed the abſurdity of them in many books. Moveover, he cenſured the uſurpation of the pope, and made a mock of his authority.

Then Henry the king, in the zeal of his heart, wrote an anſwer to Martin Luther, defending the pope; and from henceforth he and his ſucceſſors are honoured with the title of *Defender of the faith.*

Howbeit he afterwards threw off the pope's authority, and departed from many of the errors of the church of Rome.

Wherefore the thunder of the pope was levelled againſt him, and he was excommunicated; his ſubjects alſo were abſolved from their obedience, and all the princes of Europe were excited to make war upon him.

But Henry was beloved at home, and feared abroad; wherefore the thunder of the pope was deſpiſed,

ſpiſed, neither was he terrified with all the fiery bolts of his wrath.

And Henry made unto himſelf a great idol, the likeneſs of which was not in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath. And he reared up his head unto the clouds, and extended his arm over all the land.

His legs alſo were as the poſts of a gate, or as an arch ſtretched forth over the doors of all the publick offices in the land; and whoſoever went out, or whoſoever came in, paſſed beneath, and with idolatrous reverence lift up their eyes, and kiſſed the cheeks of the poſtern.

And all the people, both ſmall and great, fell down before him, and worſhiped; for they feared his power.

Prieſts alſo and biſhops brought him water to waſh, and dukes and nobles held the towel.

Howbeit he fell down from the pinnacle of his greatneſs, and was daſhed in pieces even as a potter's veſſel. Wherefore let him that ſtandeth, take heed leſt he fall.

And Henry was a gracious king, but a tyrannical huſband.

And he took unto himſelf ſix wives, but they pleaſed him not; wherefore he accuſed them of in-

con-

continence and divers crimes, and put them away. Moreover, he beheaded ſome, and ſome he put in priſon, and he dealt cruelly with them.

And it came to paſs, when a certain prieſt in one of his ſermons defended the king in this matter, that all the women of the town roſe up againſt him, and they ſtoned him with ſtones, and drove him from amongſt them.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Henry, and all that he did, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England?

And Henry was a man of great parts and much experience, and could penetrate very far into hidden things; yea, ſo great was the opinion of his capacity, that the meaſure of his abilities is preſerved in the tower of London unto this day; and it behoveth all men to humble themſelves before him, and confeſs his ſuperior greatneſs.

And Henry ſlept with his fathers, and Edward his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XXI. *EDWARD* VI.

NOW Edward was nine years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England ſix years and five months.

And

And he was a pious prince, and he loved the truth, and promoted the reformation which Henry his father had begun.

Howbeit he was cut off as a flower in its bud, or as a roſe in the morning ſun; his days alſo were as a ſpan, and the years of his reign as a ſhadow that paſſeth away; but his memory ſmelleth ſweet for ever.

And he appointed for his ſucceſſor the lady Jane Grey, and ſhe was proclaimed queen; but the party of Mary prevailing, Jane was beheaded in the tower of London, and Mary her ſiſter reigned in her ſtead.

XXII. *MARY.*

AND Mary adhered to the church of Rome, and ſhe revived the errors thereof, and reſtored all the ancient forms and fooliſh ceremonies.

Moreover ſhe was of a cruel nature, and ſhe perſecuted unto death all who oppoſed her doctrines, and her reign ſtinketh of blood unto this day.

Old men and children, young men and maidens, they alſo that gave ſuck, with the infant at the breaſt, ſhe burned at the ſtake; and the fire of perſecution was not quenched all the days of her life:

But the vengeance of the Lord overtook her, and ſhe was torn from the face of the earth as a bramble that choaketh the field, and her name is an abomination.

And from the time that ſhe was crown'd, to the day which the Lord ſmote her with ſickneſs, was five years and four months, and ſhe died, and Elizabeth her ſiſter reigned in her ſtead.

XXIII. *ELIZABETH.*

NOW Elizabeth was twenty and five years old when ſhe began to reign, and ſhe reigned over England forty and four years, four months, and ſeven days, and her mother's name was Anna Bullen.

And ſhe was endow'd with wiſdom from above, and the ſpirit of the Almighty gave her underſtanding; ſhe choſe unto herſelf wiſe and able miniſters; ſhe hearkened unto their counſels, and ſhe governed her kingdom with power and great glory.

The ſea alſo was ſubject unto her, and ſhe reigned on the ocean with a mighty hand.

Her admirals compaſſed the world about, and brought her home treaſures from the uttermoſt parts of the earth.

The

The glory of England ſhe advanced to its height, and all the princes of the earth ſought her love; her love was fixed on the happineſs of her people, and would not be divided.

The æra of learning was alſo in her reign, and the genius of wit ſhone bright in the land.

Spenſer and Shakeſpear, Verulam and Sidney, Raleigh and Drake adorned her court, and made her reign immortal.

And woe unto you Spaniards; woe unto you, ye haughty uſurpers of the American ſeas; for at the lightning of her eyes ye were deſtroy'd, and at the breath of her mouth ye were ſcattered abroad; ſhe came upon your armado as a whirlwind, and as a tempeſt of thunder ſhe overwhelmed you in the ſea.

Wiſdom and ſtrength were in her right hand, and in her left were glory and wealth.

She ſpake, and it was war; ſhe waved her hand, and the nations dwelt in peace.

Her miniſters were juſt, her counſellors were ſage; her captains were bold, and her maids of honour ate beef-ſteaks for breakfaſt.

Now the reſt of the acts of queen Elizabeth, and all the glorious things that ſhe did, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England?

And Elizabeth ſlept with her fathers, and ſhe was a virgin; ſhe taſted not of man, neither ſubjected ſhe herſelf unto him all the days of her life.

And ſhe was bury'd in the chapel of king Henry the ſeventh, and James of Scotland reigned in her ſtead.

XXIV. *JAMES* I.

AND Jamie thought himſelf a bonny king, and a mickle wiſe mon. Howbeit he was a fool and a pedant.

But the ſpirit of flattery went forth in the land, and the great men and the biſhops offered incenſe unto him, ſaying,

O moſt *ſacred* king! Thou art wiſer than the children of men! thou ſpeakeſt by the ſpirit of God! there has been none equal to thee before thee, neither will any ariſe after thee like unto thee.

Thus they abuſed him daily with lying and fulſome adulation.

And

And the ear of James was tickled therewith, and he was puffed up, and he thought himself wise; whereupon he began to diſpute with the doctors, and to decide controverſies, and to write books; and the world was undeceived.

Howbeit a new tranſlation of the bible was ſet on foot in his reign, and it was executed with great care and exactneſs, and the ſame is read by the people unto this day.

In this reign alſo the two kingdoms of England and Scotland were united together, and he gave unto them the name of Great Britain; and the two nations became as one people.

Moreover he iſſued a proclamation to enforce the act of uniformity; and of ten thouſand pious miniſters that diſpenſed the word, but forty and nine were found that did not conform.

And the forty and nine who had conſciences were ſuſpended; but the nine thouſand fifty and one who had no conſcience, were continued as faithful miniſters of the word.

And it came to paſs in the third year of his reign, that the pope and the devil laid their heads together, and contrived a moſt grievous plot.

And the pope ſaid unto the devil, Wherewith ſhall we deſtroy him? And the devil ſaid unto the pope, I will do it with gunpowder.

Howbeit the wiſdom of James was greater than the wiſdom of the pope and the devil, and he ſmelled out their plot, and prevented it.

And James was glad that he was alive, therefore he appointed the fifth day of the month November as a day of thankſgiving for ever. And bonfires are made, and ſquibs and crackers are let off in the ſtreets, in deriſion of the devil and his gunpowder plot unto this day.

Now James the king was of a ſociable and loving nature, and he could not be without a boſom friend, with whom he might communicate his *internos ſenſus*, and upon whoſe ſhoulders he might ſometimes lay a burthen, which he was not willing to bear himſelf.

Wherefore he caſt an eye of favour upon ſir Robert Carr, a gentleman of Scotland, of ſuch exquiſite beauty, and ſo delicate a compoſure of body, as if nature had framed him on purpoſe to be a king's favourite.

And the king loved him, and he pleaſed the king; nor was any man partaker of the royal influence like

like unto him; all matters of grace and favour paſſing from the king by him, inſomuch that the queen was jealous.

Moreover it came to paſs, that on Eaſter monday, in the year 1611, for his great ſervice done unto the king, he was created viſcount Rocheſter; on the two and twentieth of April 1612, he was ſworn a privy counſellor; on the fourth of November 1613, he was created earl of Somerſet; and on the tenth of July following, he was made lord chamberlain; ſo true is that ſaying,

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

But this ſunſhine of fortune laſted not long. Whether the king grew weary of him, as not being ſo agreeable as when he was firſt taken into favour, or whether the machinations of the jealous queen wrought his deſtruction, we cannot ſay; but being ſuſpected of contriving the death of ſir Thomas Overbury by poiſon, he was arraign'd and condemn'd for the ſame; and though, through the clemency of the king, his life was ſpared, he was never after ſuffered to ſee the king's face, nor to come near his court.

Howbeit the king could not be long without an *alter idem*; wherefore he took unto himſelf a beautiful youth named George Villiers; and he loaded him with honours, and uſed him in all reſpects like unto the other.

And James believed himſelf a great king, and conceived high notions of the royal prerogative; inſomuch that he looked upon the parliament as a troubleſome and unneceſſary thing; and thought it extremely hard, that ſo great a king ſhould be bound by the laws of the land, or his coronation oath, or that he ſhould be obliged to call a parliament to make laws, when he might do it alone by his abſolute power.

Moreover he approved the book of doctor Blackwood, which laid it down as a principle, that the Engliſh were all ſlaves by reaſon of the Norman conqueſt.

With theſe notions he poiſoned himſelf and his ſon, and laid the foundation of thoſe troubles which ended in the ruin of his family.

And it came to paſs in theſe days, that a certain impoſtor named Richard Hadock pretended to preach in his ſleep, in ſuch ſort, that though he were called aloud, or ſtirred and pulled by the hands or feet, yet he ſeemed not to hear or to feel.

And he continued to do this in the preſence of many perſons who reſorted to hear him; inſomuch that in a ſhort time his fame was ſpread through the land by the name of the *ſleeping preacher*, and many were brought to believe that theſe his mighty preachings were by inſpiration from heaven.

Tantum religio potuit ſuadere foolorum!

But the king diſcovered the cheat, and commanded him in all places to declare himſelf an impoſtor.

Howbeit the race of reverend ſleepers continue, and infeſt the land with large long-labour'd volumes of heavy and ſomniferous lumber unto this day.

And it came to paſs in the ſeventeenth year of the reign of king James, that the wife of his boſom fell ſick, and her ſickneſs was unto death.

Then James the king was ſore troubled, and he put on ſackcloth and bewailed himſelf; and ſo great was his ſorrow, that he ſpake not, neither did he eat for many days.

Howbeit he was a wiſe man, and he ſaid within himſelf, Why ſhould I be any longer troubled, or why ſhould my ſpirit be ſunk within me? Our tears avail not to the dead, neither do they hear our cries.

Sorrow dimmeth the eyes, and grief withereth the countenance, but the ſmile of a friend reviveth the heart.

So the king aroſe, and waſhed himſelf, and did eat bread.

Now the reſt of the acts of king James, and his wiſdom, and his learning, and all the books that he wrote, behold thou mayeſt find them in the chandlers ſhops unto this day.

And James ſlept with his fathers, after he had reigned over England twenty and two years, and Charles his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XXV. *CHARLES* I.

AND Charles was twenty and five years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England twenty and two years and ten months, and his mother's name was Anne.

And he was a pious and religious prince, and wrote many godly books; hymns alſo and prayers, and ſundry meditations were the works of his hands.

Howbeit he did that which was evil in the ſight of the Lord, in following the ſteps of his father, and aſpiring to abſolute power.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled againſt him, and he cauſed a ſpirit of diſcontent to go forth among the people, and they came unto the king and beſought him, ſaying:

Moſt gracious ſovereign! incline thine ears, we beſeech thee, unto the voice of thy people, and let their

their cry come unto thee: behold we are a free people, we and our fathers have been free men unto this day.

Wherefore now then are we oppreſſed with arbitrary power, with forced loans, with tonnage and poundage, with ſhip-money, and with divers taxes impoſed on us without the authority of parliament?

Wherefore is the yoke of bondage laid upon us? a yoke which we nor our fathers were able to bear.

Howbeit this remonſtrance pleaſed not the king, neither was he moved therewith, except unto wrath; moreover he diſſolved the parliament, and continued in his evil ways.

Then the anger of the people waxed great, and they ſaid amongſt themſelves, The king is ill adviſed, his counſellors are naught; let us remove the wicked from before the king, and his throne ſhall be eſtabliſhed in righteouſneſs.

So they accuſed Villiers, duke of Buckingham, who was the king's prime favourite and chief miniſter, of divers crimes and miſdemeanors; namely, That he engroſſed into his hands by evil means a great number of offices and employments, ſome whereof could hardly be executed by a ſingle perſon: That he favoured and promoted the worſhip of Rome: That he neglected to guard the ſeas and protect the merchants:

merchants: That he conſtrained ſeveral perſons to purchaſe titles of honour, particularly the lord Robartes of Truro, whom he inforced to pay ten thouſand pounds for the title of baron: That he procured to his kindred and allies, and other unworthy perſons, many titles and honours without their having done the ſtate any ſervice: With divers notorious crimes and heinous offences.

Wherefore they moſt humbly beſought the king, even for his own honour and the honour of Almighty God, for the ſafety and welfare of his kingdom, and for the love which as a kind father he bore unto his people, that he would be graciouſly pleaſed to remove this perſon from acceſs to his ſacred preſence, and that he would not ballance this one man with all theſe things: proteſting, that until this great man was removed from intermeddling with the affairs of ſtate, they were out of all hopes of any good ſucceſs.

Nevertheleſs their petition was rejected.

Moreover the king was exceeding wroth, and he commanded the petition to be conſumed with fire, and all the copies thereof to be deſtroyed. And he protected his favourite from the publick rage.

Howbeit he eſcaped not the hand of juſtice: for the anger of the lord was kindled againſt him, and he

he ſtirred up the zeal of Felton the lieutenant, who ſmote him to the heart that he dyed.

And it came to paſs in theſe days, that great troubles aroſe in England on account of religion; many being ſmitten with the tinſel beauties of the church of Rome, went a whoring after her Gods, and gave up their hearts unto the luſts thereof.

And foraſmuch as many tokens of his love appeared, it was thought that Laud the archbiſhop was corrupted by her fornications, that he had bowed the knee unto her idols, and luſted in his heart after her abominations.

Certain it is, he was very punctual in obſerving all the ſuperſtitious geſtures, the bowings, the waſhings, the veſtments, and all the painted ornaments in which the ſcarlet whore delighteth.

And he drew many after him, and occaſioned much trouble in the land, and much nonſenſe, and many trifling diſputes.

Moreover he was ſuſpected of debauching the king into this lewd amour, and impoſing on his royal affections with the paint and patches of this inveigling harlot. Wherefore the people roſe up againſt Laud, and in the fury of their zeal they put him to death.

Now

Now theſe things were done that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken by the prophet, Bleſſed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, leſt he walk naked and they ſee his ſhame.

And it came to paſs that the whole kingdom was poſſeſſed by two evil ſpirits, the ſpirit of prelacy and the ſpirit of fanaticiſm. And the two ſpirits ſtrove together with great fury, and the land was involved in blood and confuſion.

Howbeit the ſpirit of fanaticiſm prevailed, and the king was diſcomfited and taken priſoner, and committed to the priſon of Cariſbrook caſtle in the iſle of Wight.

Then Charles lift up his voice unto the Lord, ſaying, Judge me, O God, and plead my cauſe againſt an ungodly nation.

Mine enemies have purſued and overtaken me, but do thou deliver me out of the hand of the wicked, out of the hand of the unrighteous and cruel men: deliver me in thy righteouſneſs, and cauſe me to eſcape; incline thine ear unto me and ſave me.

Caſt me not off in the time of old age, forſake me not when my ſtrength faileth.

Mine

Mine enemies ſpeak evil againſt me, and they that lay wait for my ſoul take counſel together, ſaying, God hath forſaken him, let us perſecute and take him, for there is none to deliver him.

But let them be confounded and conſumed that are adverſaries to my ſoul, let them be covered with reproach and diſhonour that ſeek my hurt.

Howbeit the prayer of Charles availed not, he was delivered up into the hands of his enemies; and they erected a new court of juſtice for the tryal of the king, and they brought an accuſation againſt him, ſaying,

He hath endeavoured to deſtroy the rights and liberties of the people, and to rule with an unlimited and tyrannical power; for which end he hath levy'd war againſt the parliament of England and the people thereof, and hath been the cauſe of all the blood which hath been ſhed in the land.

Now Charles deny'd the juriſdiction of this court, and demanded to know by what authority he was brought before them, or by what law of England he could be try'd. But they anſwer'd him not a word.

Howbeit a ſolemn faſt was appointed, to ſeek the Lord, and beg his direction in the murder of the king.

Moreover an inſpired virgin was brought out of Hertfordſhire, who pretended a revelation from heaven to encourage the ſaints in their pious work.

So they proceeded to this tryal, and condemned him as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a publick enemy to the commonwealth of England, to be put to death by ſevering his head from his body.

Moreover, during the time of his tryal, the head of his cane fell off, and no man knew why; wherefore it was thought the cane prophecied of what ſhould come to paſs.

And they treated him with great inſolence, ſpitting upon him, and puffing tobacco in his face, which they knew was hateful unto him.

Howbeit he bore with patience their inſults, neither opened he his lips againſt them.

And on the 30th day of the firſt month, which is called January, a ſcaffold was built before the gates of his own palace, and he was brought thereon, and his head was cut off and ſhow'd unto the people. And ſome rejoiced, but many ſuppreſs'd the groans which they durſt not utter.

XXVI.

XXVI. *The* COMMONWEALTH.

AND it came to paſs after the death of king Charles, that the commons paſſed an act for annulling the houſe of lords, and aboliſhing the regal power as uſeleſs, burthenſome, and dangerous; and the government of England was changed into a commonwealth.

And the duke of Hamilton, the earl of Holland, the lord Capel, and many others, who had been of the king's party, were put to death.

Moreover it was enacted, that all who poſſeſſed any publick poſt, ſhould take out freſh grants, and new oaths, to qualify themſelves for holding the ſame.

This grand alteration in the government occaſioned alſo many others. The oaths of allegiance and ſupremacy were aboliſhed: Juſtice was no longer adminiſtered in the king's name, but in the names of the keepers of the liberties of England: A new council of ſtate, conſiſting of thirty nine perſons, was choſen for the adminiſtration of publick affairs under the parliament: New money was coined, and a new great ſeal was made; on one ſide of which was ſeen the parliament ſitting, with this inſcription, *The great ſeal of the parliament of the commonwealth*

of

of England; on the other ſide the arms of England and Ireland, with theſe words, *The firſt year of freedom by God's bleſſing reſtor'd.* And this ſeal was committed to a certain number of perſons, who were ſtiled *Keepers of the liberties of Great Britain.*

Many alſo were the changes that were made in religion. Epiſcopacy was aboliſhed, the common prayer deſpiſed; canting and hypocriſy, and doing all kinds of wickedneſs in the name of the Lord, were the ſigns of grace; and every one worſhiped God after the fooliſhneſs of his own heart.

Howbeit the ſon of king Charles, who had fled beyond the ſeas, was invited into Scotland, where he was proclaimed king; and he raiſed an army of eighteen thouſand men, and marched into England to the city of Worceſter, and encamped there.

And Cromwell with an army of thirty thouſand men purſued him to the gates of the city, where he pitched his tents, and prepared to give him battel.

Now Cromwell was a valiant man, and his ambition was great; and behold he was tempted of the devil to ſell himſelf unto him, on condition that he ſhould have ſucceſs in all his undertakings for twenty and one years.

But the devil is a cheat and a liar from the beginning; and it ſhall come to paſs, that whoſoever putteth

putteth his truſt in him ſhall be deceived. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

At ſome diſtance from the army of Cromwell was a very thick wood, in the middle of which the devil appointed Cromwell to meet him, and to ſign the contract.

And it came to paſs on the third day of the month September, early in the morning, that Cromwell aroſe from his bed, and took with him one of his ſtouteſt captains, whoſe name was Lindſey, and they entered the wood.

Howbeit the heart of Lindſey was ſeized with terror, his hair ſtood up, he turned pale, and his joints knocked together:

And he ſpake unto Cromwell, ſaying, Behold now mine heart is ſmitten with dread, my ſpirit faileth, and I am even as a dead man, yet I know not for why.

And Cromwell upbraided him with cowardice, and ſaid unto him, Fear not, come on.

But Lindſey the captain anſwered and ſaid, Thou knoweſt I am no coward; yet verily, verily I ſay unto thee, my joints at this time are frozen with terror and aſtoniſhment, inſomuch that it is impoſſible for me to ſtir a ſtep.

Then Cromwell ſaid unto him, Stand ſtill, and attend to what thou ſeeſt. And he went a few paces from him, and lo the devil roſe up before him in the likeneſs of an ancient man, with a roll of parchment in his hand.

His horns were in his pocket, his tail alſo and his hoof were concealed beneath his garment; wherefore Lindſey the captain reſumed his courage, and he liſtened unto them with great attention.

And Cromwell ſaid unto the devil, Satan, why haſt thou deceived me? The contract I made was for one and twenty years, and behold thou haſt drawn it for ſeven.

And the devil ſaid unto Cromwell, Seven years is the utmoſt that I can allow unto thee, take it or leave it.

Then the anger of Cromwell was kindled againſt the devil, and he ſpake unto him with great fierceneſs, ſaying, Fourteen years thou ſhalt allow me, deny it if thou dareſt.

Howbeit the devil was obſtinate, and they ſcolded together with great fury; and the devil ſaid unto Cromwell, If thou likeſt not the bargain, another ſhall have it.

But

But Cromwell ſnatching the parchment from his hand, ſigned the contract for ſeven years; whereupon the devil in a cloud of ſmoke and ſulphur vaniſh'd from his ſight.

Then Cromwell returned to Lindſey in triumph, ſaying, The battle is our own, let us engage this day, for the devil hath given them into mine hand.

But the heart of Lindſey was ſmitten within him, and he fled from the preſence of Cromwell, and he rode day and night till he came to the houſe of a certain prieſt, whoſe name was Thorowgood, unto whom he told all that he had ſeen.

Moreover he propheſied, ſaying, Mine eyes have ſeen it, the hand of death is upon him, and at the end of ſeven years he ſhall ſurely die.

And Thorowgood the prieſt was a man of great faith, and he believed the tale, and he cauſed it to be written in a book, and the book is preſerved unto this day. Yet I would not that thou ſhould'ſt look for it, leſt peradventure it ſhould be hard to find.

And Cromwell return'd to his army, and he drew them up in battel array, and he aſſaulted the city and took it; and the army of the king was diſcomfited, and many were ſlain by the edge of the ſword.

Nevertheleſs he fell not into the hands of his enemies, neither was he taken in their ſnares: He was beſet with dangers round about, but the hand of the Lord conducted him in ſafety.

And it came to paſs that he was purſued into the middle of a wood, called Boſcobel, and he got up into a tree and concealed himſelf, that his purſuers paſſed by and ſaw him not.

And the tree is called the royal oak unto this day.

In a barn alſo he hid himſelf; two days and two nights concealed he himſelf from the rage of his enemies; ſtraw only was his bed, and he was fed by the hand of a poor woman with buttermilk and bread.

Moreover he ſtripped off his royal robes, and diſguiſed himſelf in poor array; his hands alſo and his face he dy'd with walnuts; a hempen ſhirt was next his ſkin, and his outward garment was a leathern doublet: in the night alſo he fled, in the darkneſs of the night he eſcaped.

And he walked from the going down of the ſun even till the morning-ſtar appeared, inſomuch that his feet were galled with blood.

Many

Many other diſguiſes put he on, and many other perils did he encounter; now on a miller's horſe with duſty bags, and now before a country dame on horſeback; till at laſt arriving at the ſea-ſide, he eſcaped to France in a ſmall veſſel belonging to a poor fiſherman.

Mean time the power of Cromwell encreaſed, and his glory grew unto the height; inſomuch that he ſet himſelf at the head of the commonwealth, and was called the protector thereof.

XXVII. *OLIVER CROMWELL*, Protector.

NOW Cromwell was a valiant man, but a great hypocrite; and he humour'd the times, pretending to piety, and to conſult the Lord in all his doings.

Howbeit his character is doubtful, whether he was a righteous man or a rogue; neither is it determined by which appellation to call him unto this day: Peradventure he was a mixture of both.

Thoſe who ſpeak evil of him ſay, that he ſet up himſelf as an idol, and made the very ſtreets of London like unto the valley of Hinnom, by burning the bowels of men as a ſacrifice to his Molockſhip: that his pretence was freedom for all men, and that by

the help of that pretence he made all men his ſlaves, ſetting up himſelf above all that were ever called ſovereign in England: that he ſummoned parliaments with a word of his pen, and diſperſed them again with the breath of his mouth: that he took arms againſt taxes of ſcarce two hundred thouſand pounds a year, and raiſed them himſelf to above two millions: that under the pretence of reforming religion, he robbed it even to the ſkin, and then expoſed it naked to the rage of all ſects and hereſies: that he fought againſt the king under a commiſſion for him, and then took him forcibly out of the hands of thoſe for whom he had conquer'd him, and butcher'd him in the open face of all t' e whole world, with as little ſhame as conſcience or humanity.

Thus he is made a monſter of baſeneſs, ingratitude, hypocriſy, rebellion and uſurpation.

Howbeit there are others who defend him; ſaying, He was an illuſtrious warrior, a great politician, a man of the moſt conſummate prudence, and who had the art of making himſelf both fear'd and reſpected: that if his government be compared with thoſe of the two laſt kings, there will appear a very great diſparity with regard to the glory and reputation of the Engliſh nation: that he made himſelf equally dreaded by France and Spain, and the United Provinces, who all courted his friendſhip with ſuch ardour, that they may be ſaid to have cringed to him beyond what was becoming: that if his ambition

on led him to aggrandize himſelf, it alſo led him to advance the glory of the Engliſh name, and the terror of their arms, even to the pitch of Roman greatneſs: that as to his morals, he was guilty of few of the vices to which men are commonly addicted; gluttony, drunkenneſs, gaming, luxury, and avarice, were crimes with which he was never reproached: and as to his religion, his principle was, to leave every man at liberty, and to perſecute no one on that account: In fine, that by his great capacity and uncommon abilities he raiſed himſelf to the ſupreme dignity, ſupported himſelf in it with great glory, and dying in peace, bequeathed it to his poſterity.

And now behold, he that was a monſter is become an hero! Wherefore, gentle reader, out of the two characters here given, thou mayeſt form ſuch a one as ſeemeth beſt in thine eyes, and call him Oliver Cromwell.

And it came to paſs on the third day of the month September, the day on which he had ſigned the devil's contract, that day his life was required of him; that it might be fulfilled which was ſpoken by Lindſey the prophet, *The hand of death is upon him, and at the end of ſeven years he ſhall ſurely die.*

Now the reſt of the acts of this ruler, and the ſurprizing things that he did, behold they are writ-

ten in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England.

And Cromwell ſlept with his fathers, and was buried in the chapel of Henry the ſeventh, and Richard his ſon was protector in his ſtead.

XXVIII. *RICHARD CROMWELL* Protector.

AND it came to paſs that the man Richard was preſently found to be incapable of the reins of government; he had neither capacity to manage, judgment to guide, nor reſolution to hold them; wherefore the parliament took from him the protectorſhip, and depoſed him from the government.

And now the commonwealth was left to drive at random, the government being ſometimes adminiſter'd by a council of officers, and ſometimes by a thing called a commitee of ſafety, and great confuſion enſued in the land.

And there dwelt a man in the northern part of the iſland which is called Scotland, whoſe name was Monk: moreover he was the governor thereof, and a great warriour.

Now this man, taking advantage of the publick diſtractions, aſſembled an army and marched to London, declaring for a reſtoration of the king.

And

And the people were terrified at his preſence, or peradventure they were weary with perpetual changes and commotions; wherefore they agreed to his propoſals, and ſent meſſengers unto the king, who was then in Holland, deſiring his return.

And it came to paſs on the 29th day of the fifth month, which is called May, that the king was conducted in great ſtate to his palace at Whitehall, and all the people ſhouted, ſaying, *Long live the king.*

XXIX. *CHARLES* II.

NOW as many enormous crimes had been committed by men of all degrees, inſomuch that it was apprehended great numbers, not thinking themſelves ſafe, would depart out of the land; the firſt thing that the king ſet himſelf to do was to publiſh an act of indemnity.

Howbeit, he excepted out of it forty and nine perſons, who had been principally concern'd in the murder of his father. Nevertheleſs, only ten of them were executed.

And the king repealed all laws that had been made in favour of a popular government; moreover he reſtored the ancient diſcipline of the church, and replaced the biſhops in their former dignity and juriſdiction.

About

About this time an inſurrection happened in London, ſet on foot by a ſmall remnant of enthuſiaſts, not more than fifty, in order to deſtroy all the monarchies of the earth.

Theſe mad religioniſts were called *fifth monarchy men*, who by reading the prophecies of Daniel, and the revelations of John, had perſuaded themſelves that the time of our Saviour's viſible reign on earth was come; and therefore it was their duty to take up arms for king JESUS againſt the powers of the world, and that no weapon formed againſt them ſhould proſper, but that one ſhould chaſe a thouſand, and two put ten thouſand to flight.

In confidence of this prophecy being fulfilled, they declared that they would riſe up againſt the carnal, and poſſeſs the gate of the world; that they would never ſheath the ſword till Babylon (as they call'd monarchy) ſhould become a hiſſing and a curſe, and there were left neither remnant, ſon, nor nephew: And that when they had led captivity captive in England, they would then go into France, Spain, and Germany, and bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in fetters of iron.

Howbeit theſe miſerable men were deluded, being cut off in the city by the edge of the ſword, even by the train-bands of the city were they deſtroyed.

Now

Now it came to paſs that Charles gave a looſe to his appetites, and indulged himſelf in all manner of delights; and he ſent forth his pimps and his nobles throughout all the land to ſearch for the moſt beautiful women that could be found.

And they miniſtred unto the king according to his wiſhes; One brought him eyes that melted with a dying ſoftneſs, another lips that ſeemed to ſay come kiſs me; this brought him ſnowy breaſts whoſe heaving ſoftneſs ſwelled with love, and that a ſhape whoſe wanton motions ſeemed to promiſe bliſs luxuriant.

Now the king was pleaſed therewith, and he was enamoured of them all; and he put forth his ſcepter unto them, and the land was filled with royal baſtards.

Moreover the nation taking example from the court, ran headlong into all manner of licentiouſneſs and immorality. And having ſeen in the former reign all kinds of wickedneſs committed under the maſk of piety, the leaſt appearance thereof was now thought hypocriſy.

All the wit of the nation was turned to the ridicule of religion and morality. The ſtage became a ſchool of debauchery; and even the pulpit, fearing to be too grave for the times, abounded with wit:

And whereas before, they uſed to ſeek the Lord and implore his direction even in the moſt trifling affairs, it was now deemed almoſt ſuperſtitious to believe in him.

Howbeit the religion of the king, ſays a noble * author, was, that which is vulgarly, though unjuſtly, called *none at all*, namely deiſm.

But the anger of the Lord was kindled againſt the king and againſt the people of England, and he ſmote the land with a dreadful peſtilence, inſomuch that there dyed in one year upwards of ſixty and ſeven thouſand perſons: moreover in the following year a terrible fire fell on the city of London, which in four days time conſumed the greateſt part thereof.

Nevertheleſs theſe judgmente made no impreſſion on the ſpirit of Charles, who abandoned himſelf to his pleaſures, and was carry'd away ſo violently by his luſts, that his whole time and his treaſures were ſpent amongſt harlots; and all matters relating to the government of his kingdoms were left unto the management of his brother the duke of York.

And Charles was guided by his brother in all things, inſomuch that the people murmur'd greatly. Wherefore Killigrew the jeſter reported unto the courtiers, ſaying, The king is very ill, and hath got a ſore noſe.

Then

* The duke of Buckingham.

Then went the courtiers in unto the king and condoled with him, ſaying, We are ſorry to hear your majeſty hath got a ſore noſe. Whereat the king marveled greatly, aſking who told them ſo? And they anſwered and ſaid, Killigrew told us.

Then the king ſent meſſengers unto Killigrew, commanding him to come before him: and when he was come, the king ſaid unto him, Why ſaideſt thou, Killigrew, that I had got a ſore noſe? And Killigrew anſwered and ſaid, I concluded it muſt be ſore, becauſe your majeſty hath been led ſo long by it.

Howbeit the king liked not the jeſt; moreover he reproved his jeſter very ſeverely. And (whether it was thought that majeſty was too ſerious a joke to be laughed at, leſt peradventure it ſhould be made ridiculous; or that it was of too dangerous example, as it might ſometimes ſet the whole nation a laughing at the king's expence; but) from that day no jeſter hath been kept in the king's court, only plain and ſolemn fools.

Now the reſt of the acts of king Charles the ſecond, and his wit, and his gallantries, and all his intrigues, behold thou mayeſt find them in bawdy novels unto this day.

And Charles ſlept with his fathers, after he had reigned over England from the time of his reſtoration twenty

twenty and four years, eight months and nine days, and James his brother reigned in his ſtead.

XXX. *JAMES* II.

NOW James was a worſhiper of the church of Rome, he bowed the knee unto her idols, and went a whoring after all her abominations: her bowings, her waſhings, her ſprinklings, her holy veſtments, her incenſe, her ointments, her abſolutions, her maſſes, her croſſes, her idols, her miracles, her lies.

Moreover he was a zealous bigot to all the abſurd and fooliſh tenets, which the cunning of her prieſts have invented to delude the ignorant and enſlave the mighty.

Nevertheleſs, when he aſcended the throne of England, he made a ſpeech to the people, declaring he would ſupport the conſtitution both in church and ſtate, as it was by law eſtabliſhed.

Howbeit he afterwards thought fit to act contrary to this declaration in every inſtance, peradventure he made it with a mental reſervation for that very purpoſe.

And it came to paſs, that the Lord ſtirred up the heart of the duke of Monmouth, and he rebelled againſt him, and entered the land with an army; but he

he was defeated and taken priſoner, and his head was ſmitten off on Tower Hill.

Many of his ſoldiers alſo were taken, inſomuch that the priſons of the weſt were filled therewith.

And Jeffries the judge was appointed to try them: and behold it was judgment without mercy; he looked on them, and they were condemned; he opened his lips, and it was death unto them.

Yea, ſo great was his cruelty, that when their eyes rolled in the agonies of death, then he mocked; and when their legs quivered in the air, then he ſent for muſick, and called it dancing. Wherefore let his name periſh from the face of the earth, and let all his generation be hanged by the neck.

But woe unto thee, O † Kirk! woe unto thee, thou barbarous inſulter of wronged innocence! let thy ſin be deteſted in all ages, and let thy name be accurſed from generation to generation! for behold thou has done iniquity in the ſight of the Lord, the cry of thine abomination is gone up unto heaven; and

† Major-general Kirk was appointed to attend on Jeffries in this bloody buſineſs with a troop of ſoldiers, to keep the people in awe, who hanged ſeveral by his own authority, without any trial. It was not poſſible for the king to find in the whole kingdom two men more deſtitute of religion, honour and humanity. They were two cruel and mercileſs tigers, that delighted in blood. RAPIN.

and it ſhall come to paſs, that whoſoever heareth thy tale ſhall curſe thee.

Now the thing which he did was this:

It came to paſs in the town of Taunton, that he had condemned an ancient man unto death, and he was to be executed on the ſign-poſt of the houſe where Kirk was ſitting.

Then came the daughter of the poor old man, a lovely maiden, her cheeks were waſhed with tears as a roſe in the morning-dew, and the look of her eye was innocence diſtreſs'd.

And ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and embraced his knees for ſome time in ſilent grief, and in the utmoſt agony of heart.

At length, when words could find a paſſage, ſhe lift up her eyes, ſtill dropping with tears, and beſought him ſaying,

O ſave my father! let not his grey hairs be diſhonour'd with a violent death! alas he is an old man, and hath not many days to live; ſuffer him to go down to the grave in peace, that my ſoul may bleſs thee.

Then Kirk commanded the virgin to ariſe, and he looked on her, and his heart was ſmitten with her beauties, inſomuch that he burned to enjoy her. And

he ſpake unto the maiden, ſaying, Behold now the life of thy father is in mine hand, and I can do unto him whatſoever ſeemeth good in mine eyes: howbeit, thy beauty hath ſoftened mine heart; if therefore thou wilt hearken unto my voice that I may enjoy thee, I ſwear unto thee his life ſhall be ſafe, not a hair of his head ſhall be in danger.

Then fell the maiden down at his feet, and bedewed the ground with her tears, and her anguiſh was very great; and ſhe ſaid unto him, O take my life, my life I will give for my father's willingly; but let not my lord deſire this thing, do not this evil unto thine handmaid: alas! I am a poor virgin, mine innocence is mine only portion. I am beſides my father's only child, and his heart is fond of me, he hath no other; and if I do this thing, what benefit ſhall I have of his life? for behold he will die with ſorrow.

And her tears flowed ſo faſt, that ſhe could ſpeak no more; and ſhe continued with her face towards the ground weeping.

But the heart of Kirk was hardened, and his ſoul was ſet in him to do evil; and he ſpake unto the virgin, ſaying, If thou do not inſtantly comply, thy father dieth, nay I will hang him up before thy face, and thine eyes ſhall behold his agonies: and he ſeemed to be going.

Then the damſel caught hold of the ſkirt of his garment, and ſhe wept bitterly; and ſo moving was her grief, that it would have melted any human heart. And ſhe cryed out, Kill not my father! O let me ſpeak! I cannot ſee him die, indeed I cannot. Here grief once more ſtopt up her voice, and for ſome time ſhe could not ſpeak or weep; at length, lifting up her eyes, Forgive me heaven, ſhe cry'd; father forgive me, I will ſave thy life, but I will not ſurvive mine honour.

So ſhe yielded unto him, and was undone. For no ſooner had he ſatiated himſelf with her ruin'd innocence, than he brought her to the window, and with an inſulting ſmile ſhow'd her her father hanging on the ſign-poſt.

Transfixt with grief and horror, ſhe ſuddenly cry'd out ——— My father! O my father! what have I done! ———Then ſhe ſunk upon the ground ſpeechleſs and without motion: but life, unhappily for her, returned; ſhe awaked from her trance all wild and diſtracted, nor did her ſenſes ever return to her any more.

Many other cruelties did they commit, and many other barbarities; inſomuch that the land ſtunk of blood, and the face of the earth looked dreadful with the quarters of men, which they hanged up in every

place, as a terror to all that ſhould oppoſe the meaſures of this violent and bigotted prince.

But it came to paſs that James was ſo eager in his advances to popery and arbitrary power, that the great men and the nobles, and all the people were alarmed at his proceedings: wherefore they ſent over meſſengers privily unto William the prince of Orange, who had married the king's daughter, deſiring his aſſiſtance, to preſerve the religion and the liberties of the people.

Then William raiſed an army and came over to England; and great fear came upon James becauſe of his miſdoings. Wherefore James fled from the preſence of William, and became a fugitive all the days of his life.

Moreover his throne was declared vacant, and William his ſon-in-law reigned in his ſtead. This is the grand revolution, this is the epocha of Engliſh freedom.

XXXI. *WILLIAM* III.

AND William was called the deliverer, in as much as by him the land was delivered from popery and arbitrary power, and the liberties of the people both civil and religious were ſettled and eſtabliſhed upon a new foundation: the prerogatives of the crown were limited, and the rights of the ſubject were aſcertained.

For the lords and the commons of England, on the day that they offered him the crown, explained alſo the conditions on which he muſt accept it, ſaying,

Thou ſhalt not ſuſpend or diſpenſe with laws, or the execution of laws, by royal authority, without conſent of parliament, it is illegal.

Thou ſhalt not levy money for the uſe of the crown, by pretence of prerogative, it is illegal.

Thou ſhalt not infringe the right of the ſubjects to petition the king, neither ſhalt thou proſecute or commit any one for ſuch petitioning, it is illegal.

Thou ſhalt not keep a ſtanding army within the kingdom in time of peace, unleſs it be with conſent of parliament, it is illegal.

The election of members of parliament ſhall be free, and no freedom of ſpeech and debate in parliament ſhall be impeached or queſtioned in any place or court out of parliament.

Exceſſive bail ſhall not be required, nor exceſſive fines impoſed, nor cruel and unuſual puniſhments inflicted.

Jurors ſhall be duly impannelled and returned:

And finally, for redreſs of all grievances, and for the amending, ſtrengthening and preſerving of the laws, parliaments ſhall frequently be held.

And we the people of England do claim, demand, and inſiſt upon all theſe things as our undoubted rights and liberties.

And William was a wiſe prince, and he ruled the kingdom with power and great glory; howbeit he had many oppoſitions, and it was with great trouble that he managed the haughty ſpirits of the Engliſh.

Moreover he made war upon the French, and he led on his armies himſelf; and the hand of the Lord was with him, and he diſcomfited them by land and by ſea in many battles.

Now the reſt of the acts of king William, his courage at the Boyne, the grand alliance that he made, the projects that he form'd, and the battles that he fought, behold they are written in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England.

And William reigned over England thirteen years and one Month, and he died; and Anne his ſiſter-in-law reigned in his ſtead.

XXXII. ANNE.

NOW Anne was thirty and ſeven years old when ſhe began to reign; and ſhe reigned over England twelve years and five months.

And ſhe purſued the meaſures which William her predeceſſor had begun, in order to oblige king Lewis of France to recall his grandſon Philip, whom he had ſeated on the throne of Spain, and to place that crown on the head of Charles, the emperor Leopold's ſecond ſon.

Wherefore war was declared by the confederate powers of England, Holland and Germany, againſt France and againſt Spain; and Marlborough the general was made commander of their armies; and he marched into Flanders and encamped there.

And the arm of the Lord was with him, and he was mighty in battle, and he defeated the French whereſoever he came: In all the battles that he fought, he conquered; and whatſoever town he beſieged, it ſurrendered unto him.

Let Ramillies confeſs the wonders of his courage, let the ſiege of Liſle proclaim his conduct; Blenheim ſhall ſpeak aloud the glory of his arms, and Oudenarde declare his invincible proweſs; Tournay

alſo ſhall remember him for ever, and bloody Malplaquet ſhall tremble at his name.

And great fear came upon all Frenchmen, and upon Lewis their king; wherefore he ſought unto queen Anne for peace, and in an evil hour ſhe hearkened unto him: A ſhameful peace was concluded at Utrecht, and the conqueſts of Marlborough were made in vain.

Now it came to paſs in theſe days, that the land was divided between two famous giants; and the name of the one was Whiganza, and the name of the other was Toribundos. And there was enmity between the partizans of Whiganza, and the partizans of Toribundos, inſomuch that they ſpake of each other with great bitterneſs and many reproaches.

And the giant Toribundos ſent forth an evil ſpirit in the ſhape of a prieſt, and he called his name Sacheverel; and when he was ſtrongly poſſeſſed, he would rave of Falſe Brethren, of Evil Communication, of Paſſive Obedience, of Non-Reſiſtance, and many other abſurdities.

Now the party of Toribundos adored him as a God; many pictures of him were taken, and prints of his face were diſperſed in every corner; yea, ſo worthily was he diſtinguiſhed, that the very piſs-pots of the land diſplay'd his countenance at their bot-

toms, and ſhowers of honour were daily poured upon him.

Many hardy champions alſo enliſted themſelves beneath his banners, and fought his battles with a deſperate and zealous fury.

Howbeit there aroſe at length from the tribe of Whiganza, a valiant hero whoſe name was Benjamin; and he buckled on him the ſhield of reaſon, and graſping in his hand the ſword of truth, he marched into the hoſt of Toribundos, and the whole army fled from before him, or fell by his hand; yea ſo totally were they defeated, that they turned not again unto this day.

Now the reſt of the acts of queen Anne, and all her glorious conqueſts; her piety alſo to the clergy, and the fifty churches that ſhe built, behold, if thou liveſt to ſee them, thou mayeſt die an old man.

And Anne ſlept with her fathers, and was buried in the chapel of Henry the ſeventh, and George of Hanover reigned in her ſtead.

XXXIII. *GEORGE* I.

AND George was fifty and ſix years old when he began to reign, and he reigned over England twelve years and ten months, and his mother's name was Sophia.

Now

Now it came to paſs that the ſon of king James the ſecond, who had been abroad ſince his father's abdication, attempted to ſet himſelf on the throne of Great Britain.

And there were great commotions in the land, and the ſpirits of the people were ſtirred up to rebellion in many places.

And the friends of James aſſembled an army and marched to Preſton; and they were encounter'd there by the king's forces under the command of Wills and Carpenter, and entirely defeated.

Foſter alſo their general, with the lords Derwentwater, Witherington, Nithiſdale, Wintoun, Kenmure, and many others, were taken captive and committed to the tower of London; and the heads of ſome were ſmitten off on Tower-Hill, but ſome eſcaped.

The earl of Marr alſo aſſembled an army in Scotland, but he was diſcomfited and put to flight by the duke of Argyle.

And now the crown of Great Britain began to ſit firm on the head of king George; his virtues alſo began to appear, and thoſe that ſpake evil of him were confounded and put to ſhame.

And

And behold it came to paſs in theſe days, that a ſtrong deluſion was ſent amongſt them, and all the people of the land were ſtricken with madneſs.

They looked towards the Southern ſea, and behold a ſurprizing bubble aroſe on the ſurface of the water; its circumference filled the firmament of heaven, and its height reached unto the clouds.

And in the midſt of the bubble were ſeen the appearance of ſumptuous palaces, fine gardens, gilt chariots, gold, ſilver, and precious ſtones, and whatſoever the heart of man could deſire.

And the people ran together in crowds, ſaying, *We will be rich; we will all be lords and princes of the earth.*

Many alſo diſpoſed of their lands and their houſes, their goods and their merchandiſe, their plate, their jewels and their cloaths, in order to purchaſe the ſhadows in the bubble.

Howbeit the deluſion began to abate, and whilſt they were looking, lo the bubble brake, and all the gay appearances vaniſhed into ſmoke!

Then were heard weepings and wailings, and bitter lamentations: he whoſe deluſive dreams had flatter'd

ter'd him with delicious gardens and a ſumptuous palace, awakes and finds himſelf in a wretched garret, or ſweeping thoſe walks which he had planted for himſelf: He whoſe gilt liveries had glitter'd in his imagination, is compelled for want to wear one himſelf; and he who fed on veniſon at five guineas a haunch, now dines in Pudding-Lane on a two-penny chop.

But woe unto you managers, woe unto you jobbers, woe unto you the directors thereof! for the miſeries of the land are at your doors; the cries of the poor are againſt you; the ruin of thouſands compel them to curſe you, and the vengeance of heaven ſhall fall heavy on your heads.

Now the reſt of the acts of king George, and all that he did, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of the kings of England?

And George ſlept with his fathers, and was buried in his own tomb at Hanover, and George his ſon reigned in his ſtead.

XXXIV. *GEORGE* II.

AND George was forty and four years old when he began to reign, and behold the ſcepter continueth in his hand, the crown is alſo on his head; and he ſitteth on the throne of his majeſty unto this day,

Where,

Where, that he may long continue in power and great glory, let us pray, That his miniſters be juſt, that his counſellors be wiſe, and his captains courageous; ſo ſhall he become the ſcourge of Spain, the terror of France, and the wonder of Europe.

Then we will come before his preſence with thankſgiving, and enter into his court with praiſe; we will be thankful unto him and ſpeak good of his name.

And now behold theſe are the names of the kings of England, and theſe are their generations.

George the ſecond, was the ſon of George the firſt, who was the couſin of Anne, who was the ſiſter-in-law of William the third, who was the ſon-in-law of James the ſecond, who was the brother of Charles the ſecond, who was the ſon of Charles the firſt, who was the ſon of James the firſt, who was the couſin of Elizabeth, who was the ſiſter of Mary, who was the ſiſter of Edward the ſixth, who was the ſon of Henry the eighth, who was the ſon of Henry the ſeventh, who was the couſin of Richard the third, who was the uncle of Edward the fifth, who was the ſon of Edward the fourth, who was the couſin of Henry the ſixth, who was the ſon of Henry the fifth, who was the ſon of Henry the fourth, who was the couſin of Richard the ſecond, who was the grandſon of Edward the third, who was the ſon

of

of Edward the ſecond, who was the ſon of Edward the firſt, who was the ſon of Henry the third, who was the ſon of John, who was the brother of Richard the firſt, who was the ſon of Henry the ſecond, who was the couſin of Stephen, who was the couſin of Henry the firſt, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the ſon of William the conqueror, who was the ſon of a whore.

Thus endeth the chronicle of the KINGS of ENGLAND.

The Right of Mankind to do what they will, asserted:

A

SERMON.

PLEASURE the beſt RELIGION;

OR,

The Right of Mankind to do what they will, aſſerted:

A

SERMON.

PROVERBS iii. Ver. 17.

Her Ways are Ways of Pleaſantneſs, and all her Paths are Peace.

IN conſidering theſe words, I ſhall endeavour to ſhow,

1ſt, That if the ways of religion are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths the paths of peace, mankind muſt have a right to do what they will.

2dly, I ſhall prove that there is no pleaſure in the practice of any one virtue whatſoever, and conſequently that virtue can be no part of that religion whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs.

3*dly*, I ſhall anſwer ſome objections, and ſo conclude.

In the firſt place I am to ſhow, that if the ways of religion are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are paths of peace, mankind muſt have a right to do what they will.

There is no propoſition more evident, no maxim more generally granted, than that liberty is eſſential to happineſs. This therefore I hope will not be conteſted with me. Now I ſhall endeavour to prove, that the very eſſence of liberty conſiſts in doing what one will. Man is a free agent; obſerve, I beſeech you, the ſtrength and conciſeneſs of my reaſoning; man, I ſay, is a free agent. Now whatſoever is a free agent, muſt be ſuppoſed in all circumſtances to have a liberty of acting or not acting; therefore every man has a liberty of doing what he will. But ſome of you perhaps will object, that there is a difference between the *liberty* of doing what one will, and the *right* of ſo doing. Now, tho' the reaſoning of the pulpit might very well countenance me in ſuch a trifling inaccuracy, yet I ſcorn to take ſanctuary under ſo poor an indulgence. I will make this matter ſo plain, that the meaneſt capacity in this congregation ſhall moſt eaſily comprehend it. I love to preach to the common level of the common people; and this ought to be the rule of every preacher, who has not more at heart the oſtentation of his own learning, than the inſtruction

of his hearers. But to the point. Mankind have a right to happineſs; liberty is eſſential to happineſs; therefore every man has a right to liberty. Now if every man has a right to liberty, and the very eſſence of liberty conſiſts (as before aſſerted) in doing what one will, then every man has undoubtedly a right ſo to do. This reaſoning is ſo ſtrong and concluſive, that I am under no apprehenſion of its being thought that the privilege of the pulpit alone ſecures me from contradiction. The thing ſpeaks itſelf, and every action we do confirms the truth of it. How ready are we upon all occaſions to cry out, I will do ſo and ſo, or I will not do ſo and ſo? Now if mankind had not a right to do what they will, theſe phraſes would be abſurd and ridiculous. Beſides, we have the authority of ſcripture to ſupport this our opinion. St. Paul, ſpeaking of a young man, ſays, *let him do what he will he ſinneth not.* In the twelfth chapter of Deuteronomy it is written, *we do here this day every man whatſoever is right in his own eyes.* And in the twenty-fifth chapter of Leviticus, the Jews are commanded to proclaim liberty (that is, a right of doing what they will) throughout all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. Nay David, the man after God's own heart, declares, Pſalm cxix. ver. 45. that he will *walk at liberty.* Now if any man ſhould pretend to ſay that theſe texts are not fairly quoted, I will ſhow him a hundred texts in the very graveſt authors more perverſly quoted by half. And thus I think I have ſufficiently prov'd, both from reaſon and ſcripture, that mankind have an undoubted right to do what they will.

2*dly*, I am to prove, That there is no pleaſure in the practice fo any one virtue whatſoever, and conſequently that virtue can be no part of that religion whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs.

Every body is ſenſible of, and cries out upon the miſchiefs which ariſe from religious diſputes. The warmth and animoſity with which men are divided againſt each other, and the rage and fury with which they hate and perſecute each other on account of their different opinions, are melancholy conſiderations. Happy were it for mankind, if a way could be found to put an end to this tumultuous extravagance, to tune their jarring paſſions, and unite them all in brotherly love and affection; and well would that man deſerve from his fellow creatures who ſhould accompliſh the glorious taſk. Let us try what can be done.

It has been allow'd by the beſt divines, that the only end, or at leaſt the chief motive, which God could have for creating us, was our own happineſs: I ſhall therefore take this for granted, without enquiring any farther into the truth of it, and confine myſelf only to ſeek by what means this great end is beſt to be acquir'd.

Some late writers have made a great ſtir with virtue, the real, the intrinſick pleaſures of virtue. But I am in hopes that one ſingle obſervation will be ſufficient to eſtabliſh it in the minds of all this good congre-

congregation, that pleaſure and virtue are two different things. It is this: Mankind are naturally prone to ſeek their own pleaſure or happineſs, this is allow'd, this they are upbraided with, and on all hands blam'd for; but if their hypotheſis is to be granted, who place happineſs or pleaſure in the practice of virtue, it will evidently follow that mankind are prone to virtue; which I am perſuaded, my dear brethren, you all know and feel to be ſo far from truth, that I need not inſiſt any further on the falſity of it. No, I believe it will eaſily be granted me, that the ſtrongeſt bent of mankind is to what ſome call vices, but what I ſhall call natural pleaſures, and which, if happineſs is the end of our creation, muſt conſequently be allowed to be the readieſt means of accompliſhing that end. But I am now, for the ſake of ſome few who may be obſtinate in this error of the happineſs of virtue, and harden'd infidels with reſpect to the duty of natural pleaſure; for the ſake of ſuch as theſe, I ſay, I am now to prove more particularly, that there is no ſuch thing as happineſs in the practice of any one virtue whatſoever.

Let us try firſt in Charity.

Charity, according to St. Paul's definition of it, *beareth all things, hopeth all things, believeth all things.* Now I wonder where the happineſs or the ſenſe of practiſing ſuch a virtue as this can lie? I appeal to all mankind, whether he that beareth all things is not a great fool, whether he that hopeth all things is not a greater fool, and whether he that believeth all things is not the greateſt fool of all? But charity is ſaid to cover a multitude of ſins; ſo does hypocriſy,

my beloved, as I doubt not but you all very well know; and if that is all that can be ſaid for it, I think I have diſpatch'd this pretended virtue with great dexterity.

Let us try next what pleaſure there is in the practice of Juſtice. Juſtice is that virtue which enjoins us to do and ſay what is right to every one with whom we converſe or have any dealings. But do you think, my brethren, that it would be a very pleaſant thing to be calling fool or knave at every turn? Now I am afraid this muſt be the caſe if we were to do ſtrict juſtice to the greateſt part of thoſe with whom we converſe. And what would be the conſequence? perpetual broils and quarrels. And can this be conſiſtent with that religion, *whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all whoſe paths are peace?* I am perſuaded, my beloved, you are convinced of the contrary; and that you will never be ſo fooliſh as to practiſe this virtue in ſo obſtinate a manner as to draw yourſelves into ſuch unpleaſant and unpeaceful ſituations. Beſides, do but obſerve the common practice of the world: Are all our nobles honourable? Are all our clergy reverend? Who is there that ſuppoſeth it? Yet who refuſeth them the titles? Nay, ſhould we but direct a common letter to the diſhonourable Lord A, or to the irreverend Parſon B, however juſtly they might be directed, 'tis ten to one a Proſecution might enſue for ſcandal and defamation; ſo dangerous, ſo imprudent, ſo unſafe is the practice of juſtice,

Let

Let us hear next what Chaſtity can ſay for itſelf; that impudent virtue, which dares to contradict the very firſt command of God almighty, *encreaſe and multiply*. This virtue relates only to our commerce with the other ſex; and would a man recommend himſelf to any woman by telling her that he was chaſte? I fancy not. It is a cold uncomfortable quality, and the man that is born with it will do wiſely to conceal his infirmity from all the world. But it will be ſaid, perhaps, this virtue belongs in a more peculiar manner to the female ſex. Let me aſk you, my beloved; would any of you like a woman the better for coldneſs and indifference? I tell ye no. If then this pretended virtue will neither recommend a man to his miſtreſs, nor a lady to her lover, of what uſe is it in the world? You will ſay, the honour of families is concerned in it; perhaps it may; let every man look to that as well as he can: but ſure the peace and harmony of families depend on ſomething elſe. I could, my beloved, but at preſent I will not puſh this virtue any further; but ſhall leave it to your own pious endeavours, and doubt not but to the utmoſt of your abilities you will ſtrive to puſh it out of the world.

Let us now hear what the ſneaking virtue of Temperance can pretend to. Nature has given us appetites, and the goodneſs of heaven has abundantly furniſhed the world with agreeable gratifications; but this ſtern, this rigid pretender would debar us

the enjoyment of them; would impiouſly contradict the good and gracious deſigns of heaven, and condemn us to faſting and mortification. But be not deceived with idle pretences; almighty wiſdom has created nought in vain: the good things of this world were made to be enjoy'd, and all our appetites were given to be indulg'd therein. Let us eat then, my beloved, and drink without meaſure; always remembering the words of the wiſe ſon of Sirach, *What life is there to a man that is without wine? for it was made to make men glad.* Yea, let us treaſure up in our hearts that golden ſaying of Solomon, the wiſeſt man on earth, *There is nothing better for a man than that he ſhould eat and drink, and make his ſoul enjoy good in his labour: for God giveth to a man that is good in his ſight, wiſdom and knowledge, and JOY.* Thus you ſee, my brethren, that the wiſdom and knowledge which God giveth is accompanied with joy; and he that pretendeth to either without it, his knowledge is vain, his wiſdom is a miſery and a burden unto him.

I could go on with great facility to all the other virtues; I could ſhow the ſtupidity of Patience, the poor-ſpiritedneſs of Humility, the weakneſs of Good-nature, the folly and danger of Courage, and the abſolute madneſs of Sincerity; but I doubt not that what I have ſaid is ſufficient to confirm you all in the worthy principles which have hitherto influenc'd all your actions. I appeal to your hearts, my beloved, whether I have not ſpoken their own ſenti-

ſentiments, and whether what I have ſaid is not ſecretly whiſper'd to every one of you from his own ſoul. I doubt not therefore of your hearty acquieſcence in my ſecond propoſition, that there is no pleaſure in the practice of any one *virtue* whatſoever, and conſequently that *virtue* can be no part of that religion whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs.

I proceed then, in the third and laſt place, to anſwer ſome trifling objections, and ſo conclude. And firſt, it may perhaps be objected on the behalf of Charity, that it is humane and generous to feel and compaſſionate the diſtreſſes and misfortunes of our fellow creatures. If a man is ſo utterly loſt to all ſteadineſs and fortitude of ſoul, as to be affected, or in the leaſt moved with any thing that does not concern himſelf; to that man I have nothing to ſay; his heart perhaps may be ſo ſtrangely conſtituted, that for aught I know it may be a pleaſure to him to pity and relieve the miſeries of others; but his caſe is ſo very uncommon, and ſo directly contrary to the general practice of the world, that it is not worth while to take up your time in expoſing his weakneſs; eſpecially as I am fully perſuaded there are but few of you, if any, that envy him his pleaſure, or will imitate him in it.

In the next place, it may be objected with regard to Juſtice, that the man that is not juſt and fair in all his dealings, very often runs the hazard of his life, and always of his character. I cannot help owning there is

is ſome truth in this objection, which I am perſuaded you are all very ſorry for. However, I hope you have ſagacity enough to render it of no force, no conſideration. The rule which I ſhall give you is only this; take particular care never to be diſcover'd; For to confeſs the truth, it is not a deſirable thing to be hang'd, neither is it quite prudent to loſe one's character.

Thirdly, it may perhaps be urg'd againſt the pleaſures of Luxury and Concupiſcence, that they expoſe a man to many inconveniencies, ſuch as the loſs of time, health, fortune, character, and ſome few more ſuch trifles as theſe. I am afraid we muſt alſo allow that there is ſome weight in this objection. But what then? the man that has not ſpirit enough to ſacrifice theſe trifling conſiderations to the ſublime pleaſures of eating, drinking, and whoring, is undeſerving of them. What are the pains of a fever or a ſurfeit, or what the loſs of health, ſtrength, and appetite, in comparriſon with the voluptuous pleaſures of a table, or the ſprightly joys of midnight bowls? Is the loſs of a noſe to be brought in competition with the dear delights that occaſion'd it? The wretch who can be ſo ungrateful to think ſo, is unworthy to wear the honourable ſcar.

In fine, it may perhaps be objected againſt all manner of Vices in general, that they are the conſtant parents of anxiety, care, repentance and miſery; and that Virtue on the contray is forever attended

tended with health, peace, and pleaſure. The contraſt is ſtrong, my beloved, it muſt be confeſs'd; but whether it is juſt or not, I am perſuaded none of you know. What then ſhall I adviſe? or how ſhall I direct you? Suppoſe for once you ſhould try, and enter on a courſe of Virtue: It cannot be more diſagreeable than a courſe of phyſick, perhaps not ſo much ſo; and then, to uſe the doctor's phraſe, it is perfectly ſafe, and cannot poſſibly do you any harm. At firſt indeed, as you are quite ſtrangers to the reliſh of it, it may ſeem ſomething nauſeous and unpalatable; but if you once get over the difficulty of the firſt trial, who knows, thro' cuſtom, how agreeable it may become? Should it operate kindly, you will be as a man whoſe appetite thro' a long courſe of ſickneſs has been ſo viciated as to nauſeate every thing which would nouriſh and ſupport him; and how delightful muſt be his ſurprize to find, upon his recovery, every thing that is good and wholſome, agreeable to his palate, and the eſtabliſhment of his health following the rectitude of his appetite! If this ſhould be your condition, who knows but you may live to be enamour'd of VIRTUE, to court her beauteous form, and cry out with the wiſe man in my text, *Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.*

THE

THE CONTENTS.

THE Toy-Shop Page 1
The King and the Miller of Mansfield 37
Sir John Cockle at Court 75
The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green 119
Rex & Pontifex 151
The Art of Preaching 161
Epiſtle to Mr. Pope 177
On Good and Ill-nature, to Mr. Pope 181
The Cave of Pope. A Prophecy 182
On the Death of Mr. Pope 184
Modern Reaſoning. An Epiſtle 186
Religion. A Simile 191
Pain and Patience. An Ode 194
Kitty. A Paſtoral 198
Colin's Kiſſes 202
The Wife. A Fragment 210
Rome's Pardons: A Tale 219

An

An Epiſtle to Stephen Duck, at his firſt coming to Court 223
An Epitaph 226
On Riches 228
The Petition 234
An Epithalamium 236
The Advice 237
A Lamentable Caſe. Submitted to the Bath Phyſicans 238
A Lady's Salutation to her Garden in the Country 239
The Progreſs of Love. A Song 240
Song 241
An Epigram, occaſion'd by the words One Prior ibid.
An Epigram 242
The Kings of Europe. A Teſt ibid.
The Chronicle of the Kings of England 243
Pleaſure the Beſt Religion: A Sermon 337

FINIS.

BOOKS Printed for R. DODSLEY, *at* Tully's Head *in* Pall-Mall.

1. A New Tranſlation of Don QUIXOTE, by the late Mr. *Jarvis*, in two Volumes in Quarto, adorn'd with 69 Copper-plates, deſign'd by *Vanderbank*, and engrav'd by *Vandergucht*; with a curious Preface and Notes by the Tranſlator, an Account of the Cuts by Dr. *Oldfield*, and the Life of *Cervantes* tranſlated from the *Spaniſh* of Don *Gregorio de Meyans Siſear*, Library Keeper to the King of *Spain*. Written at the Requeſt of the Earl of *Granville*. Price 2*l.* 10*s.*

2. LEONIDAS. An heroic Poem. By Mr. *Glover*. Price 3*s.*

3. *Les Aventures de Telemaque, Fils d'Ulyſſe*, in two neat Pocket Volumes, printed on a ſuperfine writing Paper, with an *Elziver* Letter, and a compleat Set of new Cuts, 26 in Number, done from the Deſigns of that fine Edition printed in *Holland*, and engraved by the beſt Maſters. Being a very handſome Preſent for young Gentlemen or Ladies at Boarding Schools. Price 14*s.*

4. *The Æneid of Virgil*, tranſlated by the Rev. Mr. *Pit*. In two ſmall Pocket Volumes. Price 5*s.*
Alſo in the ſame Size and Letter, *Vida's Art of Poetry*, tranſlated by the ſame Author. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

5. PLATO *Redivivus*: or, Dialogues concerning Government. Wherein, by Obſervations drawn from other Kingdoms and States, both ancient and modern, an Endeavour is uſed to diſcover the preſent politic

politic Diſtemper of our own, with the Cauſes and Remedies. By the Hon. *Henry Neville*. The Third Edition.

6. The *Decameron*, or one hundred ingenious and diverting Novels, written originally in *Italian* by *John Boccace*, newly tranſlated into Engliſh by a Gentleman. In one Volume 8*vo*. Price 6*s*.

N. B. Theſe beautiful Stories are divided into ten Days Entertainment, ten Novels for each Day. I. On various Subjects. II. and III. Great Troubles and perplex'd Adventures crown'd with Succeſs. IV. Such Amours and Love Adventures as have had an unfortunate Concluſion. V. Amours that have ended happily. VI. Subjects of Wit and Humour. VII. and VIII. Stratagems that Women have contrived to deceive their Huſbands. IX. Miſcellaneous Novels. X. Gallant or generous Actions done for the Sake of a Miſtreſs, a Friend, *&c*.

7. A Collection of OLD PLAYS, from the earlieſt Account of the *Engliſh* Stage to the Death of *Charles* the Firſt. Selected, according to the Order of Time, from our beſt Dramatic Authors, ſerving to ſhow the gradual Improvement of our Language, and the Taſte, Humours, and Manners of the Times in which they were written. In 12 Pocket Volumes. Price 2*l*. 2*s*.

N. B. To each Play is prefix'd (where any Materials were to be had) a brief Account of the Life and Writings of its Author; alſo, by Way of Preface, an hiſtorical Deduction of the Riſe and Progreſs of the *Engliſh* Stage.

8. The *Inſtitution of a Prince*; or, an Introduction to the Science of Politicks, in 2 Volumes, 8*vo*. Price 8*s*. Treating in particular on the Origin of Royal Authority. On Laws; with Rules to be obſerved in making new ones. On Peace and War. On Taxes. On Uſury. On Trade and Commerce. On

On Agriculture and Manufactures, On encouraging Arts and Sciences. On Truth and Flattery. On diſtributing Juſtice and rewarding Merit. On the Government of Provinces. On Royal Example, *&c.* Very proper for the Study of young Noblemen, young Senators, and all who would underſtand minutely the Nature of Government, and the Art of managing public Buſineſs in all its Branches.

9. Select Eſſays on the BELLES LETTERS, tranſlated from the *French*, *viz.* On the Eſſence of Poetry, by Mr. *Racine*. On the Origin and Progreſs of Rhetoric, by Mr. *Hardion*. On the Riſe and Progreſs of Sculpture and Painting, by Mr. l'Abbe *Gedoine*. On the Antiquity of Painting, by the Abbe *Fraquier*. A Diſcourſe on Perſpective in Painting, by the Abbe *Sallur*. Some Reflections on the Politeneſs of the *Romans*, by Mr. *Simon*. On Imitation, by Mr. *Racine*. *Plato* and *Homer* compared, by the Abbe *Maſſieu*. With many other Eſſays on curious Subjects by the moſt celebrated Wits of *France*, in one Volume Octavo. Price 5*s*.

10. An Hiſtorical and Critical Account of the THEATRES in *Europe*, *viz.* The *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Engliſh*, *Dutch* and *German* Theatres. Intermix'd with many curious Diſſertations on the Stage; particularly an Eſſay on Action, or the Art of ſpeaking in public, and a Compariſon of the ancient and modern Drama. Tranſlated from the *French* of *Lewis Roccoboni*, the moſt famous Actor of *Paris*. In one Volume, 8*vo*. Price 5*s*.

11. Mrs. *Rowe*'s Works in Proſe and Verſe, in two Volumes 8*vo*. Conſiſting of Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, Dialogues, Letters to ſeveral Ladies of Quality. To which is perfix'd a particular Account of her Life and Writings. Price 9*s*.

12. The Dramatic Works of *Roger Boyle* Earl of *Orrery*. Containing, The *Black Prince*, *Tryphon*,

Henry the Fifth, *Herod the Great*, *Altemira*, Tragedies; and *Guzman*, a Comedy. To which is added, *As you find it*, a comedy, by the late Earl of *Orrery*. In two Volumes 8*vo*. Price 10*s*.

13. Letters of the Hon. *Algernon Sydney*, to the Hon. *Henry Saville*, Ambaſſador in *France* in the Year 1679. Price 3*s*.

14. *England*'s Heroical Epiſtles. Written in Imitation of *Ovid*'s Epiſtles. By *Michael Drayton*, Eſq; Containing, I. *Roſamond* to King *Henry* II. and his Anſwer. II. King *John* to *Matilda*, and her Anſwer. III. Queen *Iſabel* to *Mortimer*, with his Anſwer. IV. The Black Prince to the Counteſs of *Saliſbury*, with her Anſwer. V. Queen *Iſabel* to *Richard* II. with his Anſwer. VI. Queen *Katharine* to *Owen Tudor*, and his Anſwer. VII. *Elinor Cobham* to Duke *Humphrey*, and his Anſwer. VIII. The Duke of *Suffolk* to Queen *Margaret*, and her Anſwer. IX. *Edward* IV. to *Jane Shore*, and her Anſwer. X. *Mary* the *French* Queen, to *Charles Brandon* Duke of *Suffolk*, and his Anſwer. XI. The Earl of *Surrey* to Lady *Geraldine*, and her Anſwer. XII. Lady *Jane Grey* to Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and his Anſwer.

15. Three Diſſertations. *One* on the Character of *Auguſtus*, *Horace*, and *Agrippa*; with ſome Reflections on the Characters of *Auguſtus*, *Mecænas*, and *Horace*, and on the Works of *Horace*. By the Earl of *Shaftſbury*. *Another* on the Gallery of *Verres*, in which many ancient Pieces of Statuary, Sculpture, and Painting are deſcrib'd. A *Third*, on the Origin and Uſe of Maſks in Theatrical Repreſentations among the Ancients. Price 3*s*.

16. Seven Conferences on Painting. Tranſlated from the *French* of *Felibien*. Price 4*s*.

17. *Grobianus:* or, the compleat Gentleman. An Ironical Poem in three Books.

18. The Sailor's Companion; ſhewing the Duty and Buſineſs of all the ſuperior and inferior Officers in the Royal Navy of *Great Britain.* Alſo the Duty of Privateers, with Inſtructions relating to Captures; and Abſtracts of ſeveral Acts of Parliaments concerning Commerce and Navigation. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

19. The Conduct of the Clergy, ſo far as relates to Civil Affairs, from the Conqueſt to the Revolution. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

20. A Journey through *Ruſſia* into *Perſia*, by two *Engliſh* Gentlemen in the Year 1739. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

21. The Child's new Play Thing; or beſt Amuſement. Intended to make the Learning to read a Diverſion inſtead of a Taſk. For the Uſe of Prince *George.* Conſiſting of Scripture Hiſtories, Fables, Stories, Moral and Religious Precepts, Dialogues, Proverbs, Songs, Riddles, and other Childiſh Diverſions. The whole adapted to the Capacities of Children, and divided into Leſſons of one, two, three and four Syllables, with entertaining Pictures to each Story and Fable, and a new-invented Alphabet for Children to play with, and a Preface ſhewing the Uſe of it. Deſign'd for the Uſe of Schools, or for Children before they go to School. Price 1*s.*

22. Odes and Epiſtles on ſeveral Occaſions. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* Alſo an Ode to Mankind. Price 1*s.*

23. Leiſure Hours Amuſements. Being one hundred and fifty Stories ſelected from the beſt *Engliſh* Authors. Price 3*s.*

24. Thoughts on Dreaming.

25. The

25. The Complaint; or Night Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality.

26. The Inſtitution of the Order of the Garter. A Dramatic Poem. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

27. The Pleaſures of Imagination. A Poem, in three Books. Price 2*s.*

28. The Danger of writing Verſe.

An Eſſay on Ridicule.

An Epiſtle from *Ann Boleyn* to King *Henry* VIII.

On Nobility. An Epiſtle. By Mr. *Whitehead*, of *Clareball* in *Cambridge*. Price 1*s.* each.

29. PHILOMEL. Being a ſmall Collection of only the beſt *Engliſh* Songs. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

30. COMUS. A Maſk. Alter'd from *Milton's* Maſk at *Ludlow-Caſtle*. Price 1*s.*

31. A ſhort Courſe of ſtanding Rules for the Government and Conduct of an Army, deſign'd for, or in the Field. With ſome uſeful Obſervations drawn from Experience. By a Lieutenant-General of his Majeſty's Forces. Price 4*s.*

32. Three Sermons. 1. On mutual Subjection. 2. On Conſcience. 3. On the Trinity. By the Rev. Dr. *Swift*. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

33. The Microſcope made eaſy. 1. The Nature, Uſes, and magnifying Powers of the beſt Kinds of Microſcopes, deſcrib'd, calculated, and explain'd. Together with full Directions how to prepare, apply, examine, and preſerve all Sorts of Objects.

2. An Account of what ſurprizing Diſcoveries have been made by the Microſcope. Alſo a great Variety of new Experiments and Obſervations, pointing out many

many uncommon Subjects for the Examination of the Curious. The whole illuſtrated with Copper-plates. Third Edition. By *Henry Baker*, F. R. S. Price 5*s*.

34. An Attempt towards a natural Hiſtory of the POLYPE. In a Letter to *Martin Folkes*, Eſq; Preſident of the Royal Society. Deſcribing their different Species, the Places where to ſeek and how to find them, their wonderful Production and Increaſe, and their amazing Re-production after being cut in Pieces. Alſo full Directions how to feed, clean, manage and preſerve them at all Seaſons of the Year. The whole explain'd by great Numbers of proper Figures. By *Henry Baker*, F. R. S. Price 4*s*.

35. The GEOGRAPHY of ENGLAND: Done in the Manner of *Gordon*'s Geographical Grammar, each County being conſidered under the following Heads, *viz*.

The Name.	Chief Towns.
Situation.	Noblemens Seats.
Air.	Curioſities Natural and Artificial.
Soil.	Remarkable Perſons.
Commodities	Various Particulars.
Rivers.	

To each County is prefix'd a compleat Map from the lateſt and beſt Obſervations, ſhewing the chief Towns, Parks, Rivers, and Roads, both direct and acroſs. Alſo a ſeparate Map of *England*, of the Roads, Chart of the Channel, and a Plan of *London*. Likewiſe, by way of Introduction, a clear and diſtinct View of our Conſtitution, and every Branch of the Legiſlature. In one Volume 8*vo*. Price 6*s*.

36. *Adam*'s Luxury, and *Eve*'s Cookery; or, the Kitchen Garden diſplay'd. In two Parts.

1. Teaching the beſt and moſt approved Methods of raiſing and bringing to the greateſt Perfection all the Products of the Kitchen-garden: With a Calendar

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 06351 2274
A 509237
DO NOT CIRCULATE